



Cathedrals

♦ and ♦

Cloisters

of

Northern

France



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“ The entrance to this venerable
shrine.”

Saint-Dié.

CATHEDRALS
and CLOISTERS

OF
NORTHERN FRANCE

BY
ELISE WHITLOCK ROSE

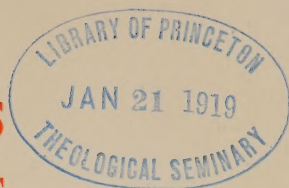
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

BY
VIDA HUNT FRANCIS

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French Flanders.

FRENCH FLANDERS.

Thérouanne.

The history of unfortunate cities, like Les Baux and Pompeii, reads like some wild, romantic tale of the Arabian Nights; and the story of Thérouanne, less familiar, is none the less strangely dramatic. The first mention of the settlement is found in a fantastic legend of bygone ages, which tells that it grew up about the castle of one "Maurus" or "Maurineus," a mysterious, young African Prince, and that the province in which it lay was called "Morinie,"—either in honour of this personage, who was then living near the Channel, or in commemoration of the "Marini" or sailors who formed a considerable proportion of the people.

Whatever the origin, and it is so remote as to be wholly problematical, Thérouanne not only survived the fall of the Roman Empire and the Dark Ages, but emerged in the XV century as a coveted stronghold and a great and powerful Bishopric which included the subsequent dioceses of Yprès in Belgium, Saint-Omer, and Boulogne.

The stronghold belonged to France; and situated at the extremity of the County of Artois, in the border district, it was looked upon by its sovereign as a gate-

way to the kingdom, and by the surrounding Flemish as "a wolf in the midst of the sheepfold."

Maximilian of Germany desired its destruction; Henry VIII, wishing to humiliate Francis I, of whom he was jealous, joined forces with the Emperor; and the two monarchs personally "travelled to besiege" the Capital of the Morini. Having taken it, in 1513, they allowed the overjoyed inhabitants of neighbouring towns to tear down its fortifications. "Everything was dismantled and burned," reads the chronicle, "save only the religious edifices."

As soon as the enemy's armies were withdrawn, Francis I promptly reconstructed the ramparts; and was wont to remark jovially, "Thérouanne and Aix-en-Provence are the two pillows on which the King of France can sleep in peace."

The ancient quarrel was, however, continued by Henry II and Charles V; and the astute Hapsburg, realising that a heavy blow could be dealt to his foe by the demolition of the north-eastern fortress, began its last epic siege on the thirtieth of April, 1553.

The French garrison, which had often "pillaged the crops," was naturally unpopular with the peasants; and the chronicle further relates that the latter poured into the Imperial Camp, "ardently offering their aid. . . . Flemings came in crowds, many asked to serve as soldiers . . . and others brought waggons to carry materials which had to be transported. Women accompanied the men . . . and all, in order to prove



"THE GREAT LORD," . . . FROM THE CATHEDRAL OF THÉROUANNE.

that they confidently expected the fall of the city, marched about it with instruments as if to celebrate their triumph in advance. They were never weary of shouting in pleasure and derision, and the women howled patois songs against the French. . . .

“On their side, the townsfolk, observing from the heights of the battlements the difficulty with which their opponents moved the pieces of artillery, mockingly offered to lend their own, . . . making every manner of fun, ironically alluding to the inglorious result of the siege of Metz, and leading a lamb around the walls” to show how safe they were.

Furious and determined, the Imperials replied with a hundred and forty-two thousand cannon-balls. After two months, they made a large breach in the fortifications and entered the streets, and the ferocity of their sack is even yet mourned in the songs of the land.

The Lord of Vitré was now commanded to preside at the “entire annihilation” of the place, two thousand labourers were sent from Saint-Omer to accomplish the gigantic task and were ordered “to complete it in fifteen days.” Voluntary workers from far-away settlements in Flanders and Artois hastened gleefully to assist in “the downfall” and to be able to testify that they had contributed to it; “so that in less than a month, no . . . form of any building was left, nor were any houses where formerly at least twelve . . . thousand people had dwelt.

"Salt was then scattered on the ground in token of irrevocable extermination."

Charles V declared himself "as happy as if he had conquered Constantinople." "Terra avenæ," he exclaimed, "fertile land of grain. I will give the words a



" 'THÉROUANNE WAS—AND IS NO MORE.' "

new and real significance,—Terra vana, land that is in vain."

The Traveller drove from Saint-Omer, through little towns, through a gently rolling country and past field after field of high-growing wheat, oats, and barley. Finally he reached a village that was smaller and poorer than the rest,—that consisted only of quiet, shady lanes, a modest, parish church, and cross-roads bordered by few houses.

He walked along one of these lanes, and at its end perceived before him another stretch of fields, and some

mounds, remains of masonry, and a stone block which still showed traces of sculpture,—a crumbling waste in the midst of the green fertility, white and arid and scorched by the sun. He stopped aghast before this bit of devastated earth, before the immensity, the totality of the obliteration. Not a sound, not a murmur broke the silence of the countryside and the hot afternoon.

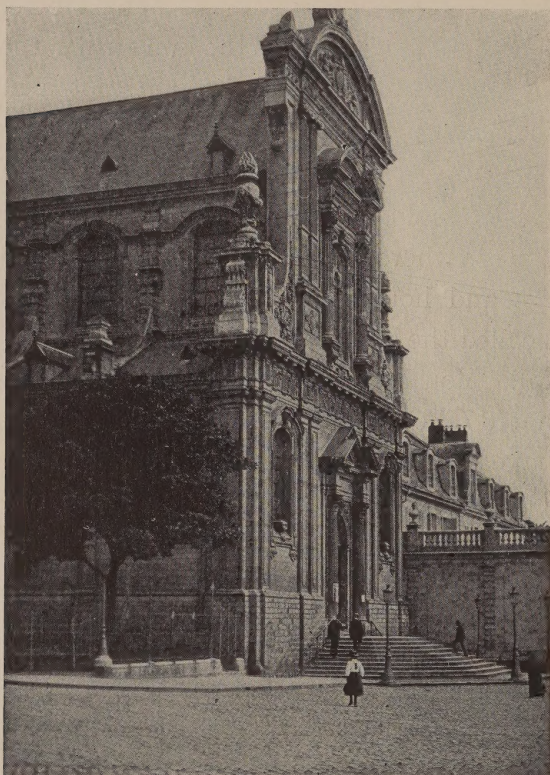
“You see,” said the Abbé who had accompanied him, “you see where the famous city once stood, with its towers and houses and gates,—you see the spot which is called the site of the pure and beautiful Gothic Cathedral. You have seen also the hamlet which is denominated Théroüanne. But, as the great Englishman, Shakespeare, has written, ‘What is in a name?’ Look about you, Monsieur! ‘Nunc seges ubi Troja fuit!’ Théroüanne was—and is no more.”

Cambrai.

A worldly-wise statesman is said to have given this advice to an aspiring follower, “Above all things, keep yourself from obscurity; and if you cannot be remarkable, be at least notorious.” It would seem as if the makers of Notre-Dame of Cambrai had been actuated by a similar sardonic thought. They did not have money enough to erect a glorious edifice, and so they built the ugliest Cathedral in France. Saint-Louis of Blois is mean, Nice is humble; but from Nice and Toulon in the south to Rennes in the north, the Pseudo-Classic

has achieved nothing poorer than "Our Lady of Grace."

It has the usual conventional plan, and a low exterior



THE FAÇADE OF "THE UGLIEST CATHEDRAL IN FRANCE."
CAMBRAI.

with a typical Renaissance façade, a semi-Romanesque campanile near the northern flank, squat and over-ornamented aisles of the worst XVIII century type, and new stained-glass which represents poorly some very interesting historical subjects. As there is only

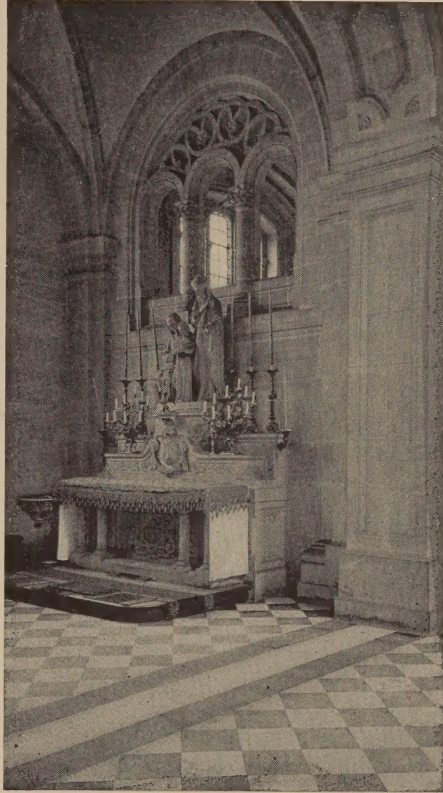
one redeeming architectural detail within the structure, the pretty arcades between four of the chapels, so there is only one redeeming external detail, the tiny court-yard with the enclosed claustral walk, which is comparatively new, characterless, and pleasing by virtue of contrast with the awkward, adjacent church.

In a word, the Cathedral was "re-made after the fire of 1859 in its former tasteless style."

The town is scarcely more beautiful. It has none of the dignity of Arras or the lin-

gering Old-World charm of Douai. It is frankly commercial, suggestive rather of a pleasant, mediocre prosperity than of the luxurious elegance of a line of merchant princes.

History tells of dramatic events which belong to its



"THE PRETTY ARCADES BETWEEN . . . THE CHAPELS."—CAMBRAI.

records,—of the celebrated “League” of 1509 signed against Venice by Pope Julius II, Maximilian of Germany, Louis XII, and Ferdinand of Aragon; of the “Ladies’ Peace” made in 1529; and of Archbishops,—Fénelon and Cardinal Dubois, the minister of Louis XV. But Cambrai does not now appear to be a city of Princes and prelates; it looks like the home of Baptiste, the weaver of the XIII century, and of succeeding thrifty makers of thread, “cambric,” and fine linen.

Yet no description of the place would be complete without the story of its greatest priest, the most gracious and most affable of Churchmen, a fascinating personality and saintly Christian, whose monument, carved by David d’Angers in 1826, has been placed behind the High Altar of the Cathedral in the niche usually called the Lady Chapel.

It was six years after he had begun the education of the “Little Prince” that the devoted preceptor was informed of his appointment to the eastern See; and “surprised, for he never sought promotion for himself, . . . Fénelon replied that he could hardly rejoice in a change that would remove him from the tuition of the Prince.

“The King answered that ‘he was too useful to be spared; he was to retain his office and not reside in his diocese’; and when Fénelon objected that the commandments of the Church and his . . . conscience made this impossible, Louis overruled by declaring, ‘the Canons require . . . nine months’ residence.

You will spend three months with my grandsons; and during the rest of the year, you will superintend their education from Cambrai just as if you were at Versailles.'

"The point settled, the Abbé declared that if he must accept the Archbishopric, he must also resign the Abbey of Saint-Valery which furnished most of his present support,—an act of disinterestedness which Louis refused to allow.

"Fénelon quietly persisted, pointing out to the monarch that the revenues of Cambrai were such as to make it an infringement of canonical law to hold any other preferment with it, . . . conscientious indifference to his own interest which excited . . . astonishment and gossip at the Court.

"De Baumelle writes that the Archbishop of Reims, fearing the result of so dangerous an example, said brusquely to Fénelon, 'Rumour runs that you have given up your benefice—what folly!'

"'If it be one,' was the reply, 'it is committed.'

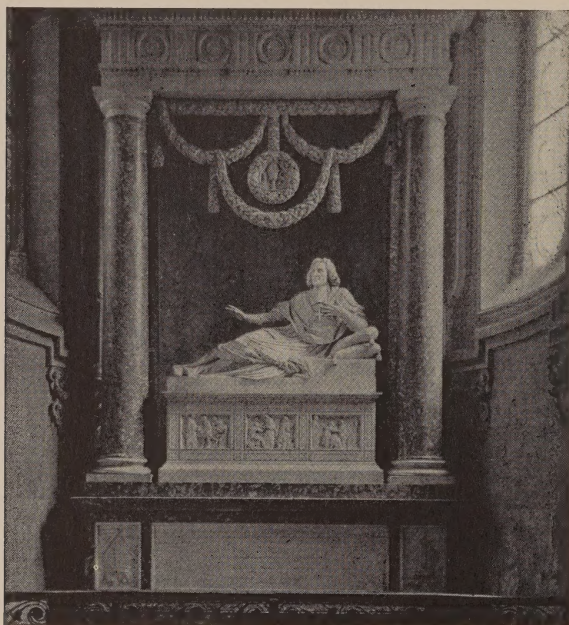
"'You will destroy us,' answered the Archbishop. 'What do you wish the King to think of Monseigneur of Meaux who holds several Abbeys, of Monseigneur of Reims who asks for more of them, of the many Bishops who believe that a See is a title for holding an Abbey, of the many prelates who are soliciting for them and the many who can never be satisfied therewith?'

"'I condemn no one,' said Fénelon.

"'That,' retorted Monseigneur, 'is to say that each

should follow his . . . conscience. Well! My conscience orders me to hold to my Abbeys.”

A whole series of petty jealousies and disputes arose as to precedence in the “Cambrai Consecration,” the



FÉNELON'S TOMB IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CAMBRAI.

candidate's part being self-repression; and when the “ceremonial took place, as Madame de Maintenon had wished, in presence of the royal family and in the Chapel of Saint-Cyr, Bossuet appeared as the chief consecrator, the Bishop of Châlons and the Bishop of Amiens being the . . . assistants. The new Archbishop left immediately for his diocese.”

Two years later, all these powerful friends had become his enemies. Bossuet bitterly denounced him as a defender of Quietism; the prelates who had once admired him, now feared "the Jansenist"; Madame de Maintenon withdrew her favour; and Louis, "striving to make amends for a youth of profligacy by an old age of bigotry," harshly bade the Archbishop "to remain in his See," and declined to permit him personally to defend his book, "The Maxims of the Saints," before the Court of Rome.

Fénelon was now practically in exile. He never again saw the King.

In the Journal of that amusing and small-minded chronicler, Le Dieu, Canon of Meaux, who went to Cambrai in 1704, we have a minutely detailed account of the Archbishop in his home. The matter of dress first impressed the visitor. His Grace "wore long violet garments, cassock, and gown, with cords, buttons, and buttonholes of crimson scarlet; . . . and no golden tassels or fringes to his cincture, nothing on his hat except a plain, green silk cord, . . . and neither cane nor cloak."

The Abbé Galet tells us that Fénelon's wardrobe was always meagre, and of the simplest materials. He accepted the splendid pastoral Cross given him by the Elector of Cologne,—resolving in his own mind that he would never use it.

"Would the holy Bishops who are our examples have worn it?" he exclaimed. "Not they. God forbid that

the Cross, meant to be a memorial to me of the poverty and nakedness of Jesus Christ, should be insulted and despised by worldly pomp on my breast."

The Canon of Meaux continues, "As I saw no tables in his dining-room save that for . . . twenty-four covers, I could only conclude that the prelate always does his clergy the honour of receiving them at his . . . table,—which is more than the Archbishop of Reims and . . . the Cardinal de Noailles at Paris do, who have separate service for secretaries and others. It is a sign of much modesty in Monseigneur of Cambrai, with his titles of Duke and Prince of the Empire and all his wealth, to gather his priests about him. Also he eats very little, and of the plainest food. I never saw such temperate feeding; and in consequence, he is extremely thin. . . .

"After the mid-day dinner, every one went to his large bedroom, furnished in crimson damask and hung with portraits of the royal family and religious pictures." Here Fénelon received them; but he slept always in a "cell-like chamber adjoining, hung in plainest grey serge, and adorned simply with a few engravings." This knowledge led the Canon to reiterate that "while the Archbishop in everything connected with his office was splendid, in everything personal he was as unassuming as possible."

"Situated on the borders of France and Flanders, surrounded by hostile armies and belligerents, . . . Cambrai was at that time a central point, . . . a thoroughfare,



A SIDE-AISLE OF THE CATHEDRAL.—CAMBRAI.

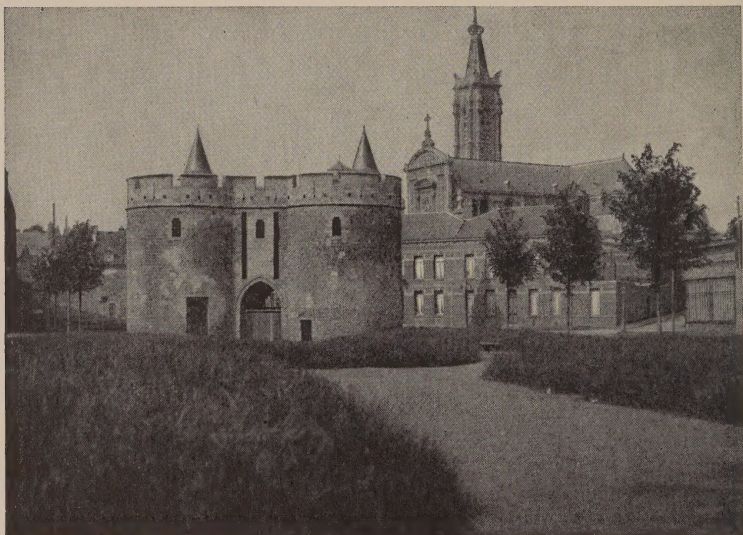
and 'nothing,' says Saint-Simon, 'could surpass the courtesy, charm, and discrimination with which Fénelon received all comers. . . . The quantity of people to whom he afforded a cordial hospitality, . . . the devoted care he bestowed on the sick and wounded who were frequently brought to the city, . . . won the hearts of . . . the troops,—and he watched for their souls with that knowledge which led multitudes to seek him.'

"Besides his boundless hospitality to the officers and soldiers of the French army, he practically provided large corps with subsistence when famine and financial pressure were desolating the land; . . . and so real was the veneration in which he was held by . . . European nations that the enemy's generals invariably respected his lands and stores. Often, by the free goodwill of Eugene or of Marlborough, a special guard was mounted over his property; and in 1709, when the Duke . . . could not . . . permanently protect it," a strange sight was observed,—“a long cortège of cars laden with the precious grain,” escorted by France's enemies to the Place d'Armes of Cambrai and given over to a French prelate by Marlborough's own followers.

"Fénelon's first act was to give his entire stores to the army; . . . and when the Comptroller General asked him to name a price for these invaluable supplies, he merely replied that 'he placed them at the King's service'; and writing at the same time to the Duke de

Chevreuse, he repeated that 'he was ready to give his plate and all he possessed, wishing to devote money and life,—not to court favour.'"

Gratitude is a cumbersome virtue, and Louis XIV accepted his subject's gifts without acknowledgment.



THE OLD CITY GATE AND THE CATHEDRAL.—CAMBRAI.

The Court ignored him. Fénelon's beloved pupil, the prince from whom he had been so long and so cruelly separated, died in Paris; and finally, "in sadness and in peace," the Archbishop himself passed away on the seventeenth of June, 1715.

"He was the only prelate of Cambrai," claims his biographer, "who was laid in the grave without a funeral oration,"—but there was a proper fear of the

royal displeasure. "It was also remarked that in the Académie Française, neither his successor nor Dacier, the Director, dared to mention 'Télémaque,' although in those days it was considered one of the . . . masterpieces of literature."

Cardinal Quirini stated that the Pope, Clement XI, wept when he heard of the distinguished Churchman's death, because he had failed to carry out his wish to make Fénelon a Cardinal.

"To think like Pascal, to write like Bossuet, to speak"—and it might be added, to live—"like Fénelon, has been considered," writes the Marquis de Vauvenargues, "the sum of human gifts."

Arras. Facile comparisons and analogies are always popular, and it has become a literary fashion to call Arras "the Nürnberg" of France. Actually, there is more significance in the contrast than in the analogy between the two places. The capital of Artois has at once less archaic quaintness and less bustling commercial spirit than Nürnberg. Even traders in the busy rue Gambetta respect the old-time customs; and each "transaction," from the quick sale of the cheap bazaar to the purchase of a missal in the quiet book-shop, is conducted with simple ceremony.

Penetrating farther into the maze of streets, one sees Robespierre's house and recollects that he was "a native"; and still farther, in the rue Saint-Maurice

stands the home of Joseph Lebon, the faithless priest, distinguished for revolutionary ardour and cruelty, who organised "the Terror of Arras." Reading the tablets which commemorate the existence of the wolfish heroes, the traveller is reminded that, as a consequence of 1793, a "glorious" Cathedral of the XII, XIII, XV, and XVI centuries, once the pride of the diocese, was first sold and then demolished.

These events seem like the details of a dreadful, sporadic storm which broke suddenly and as suddenly passed away, leaving in its wake some destruction, causing otherwise little change,—for Arras is still the dignified city of the epoch of Charles V; and its fine Town Hall with the tower nearly two hundred and fifty feet high, the portal of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, the slender Ursuline belfry, and the burgher mansions of the Grand' Place and the Petite Place, are precious relics of French Flanders. Evidences of a lost local art, the tapestries in the museum, recall to memory the widespread commerce and diplomatic "relations," by which the "woven pictures" were carried not only "in the kingdom," to Beauvais and the remote Chaise-Dieu, but to far-away Turkey, where to-day visitors admire hangings that have adorned the Sultan's seraglio since they were given to Bajazet by "a captive Burgundian prince."

The story of the downfall of the famous industry is another example of mediæval ruthlessness, its eager sacrifice of anything—however useful or beautiful—



"AN AISLE . . . IN THE PSEUDO-GREEK STYLE."—ARRAS.

for the satisfaction of its insatiable lust, conquest by war.

"In 1477," writes a chronicler of the times, "when Louis XI . . . hastened in person to invade Flanders, . . . the desire of his heart was the Artesian stronghold. . . . The Flemings, who held every other French province cheap, were very tenacious and very proud of the town, averring that it was the hereditary patrimony of their Count. Their battle-cry was 'Arras! Arras!'" and their celebrated couplet ran:

"When mice eat cats,
The King will take Arras."

"To secure it to himself, Louis confirmed the former franchises, many . . . as they were, remitted what was owing on the taxes, reduced the gabelle so as to obtain, by the cheapness of wine, the adhesion of the lowest classes, and went so far as to bind himself, the King, for . . . unpaid debts left by soldiers,"—sealing the compact by a fearful oath, "If I contravene . . . , I pray the Blessed Cross, here present, to punish me with death."

"Nevertheless, Arras revolted and sent messengers to its Duchess, the despoiled Mary.

"Louis quickly retook it; . . . and in the excess of his wrath, swore that it should cease to be, that all its inhabitants should be driven out, that it should be re-peopled by families and workmen" brought from "vast distances," and should be "henceforth called 'Franchise.'"

"The cruel sentence was executed to the letter, the

fortress was left a desert, and for . . . days, there was not . . . one priest to say Mass." The manufacture of the tapestries, which were the admiration of Europe, summarily ceased, "as well as the wealth which flowed from it, . . . Louis's vengeance was costly to himself and his kingdom."

At his accession, Charles VIII restored "the venerable name and the ancient privileges, but the . . . art, the skilled workmen, were lost forever."

With its political restoration, Arras began a lesser history of prosperity; and it has since added, outside the Franco-Flemish confines, the various edifices which act as an unostentatious setting for the more splendid and original buildings which are its architectural jewels. Among these formerly stood the Gothic Cathedral of Notre-Dame; and after its demolition, the episcopal throne was first removed to Saint Jean-Baptiste, and finally, in 1833, to its present Sanctuary, Saint-Vaast.

Commenced in 1755 and completed in the Pseudo-Greek style, this monument bears, unfortunately, no resemblance to the great Saint-Vaast which was the scene of ratification between Armagnac and Burgundian. Except a few relics, a canvas attributed to Van Dyck, the curious "memorial" paintings of the Canons, a "Descent from the Cross" ascribed to Rubens, and two triptychs of the XVI century, the church perfectly typifies the spirit of its age.

Viewed from a distance, its huge frame looms above

the clusters of roofs like the back of a ponderous elephant above a group of little animals. In closer view, the exterior is not less plain and ugly, but it is partly hidden by the different structures which are crowded about it. Here one sees a small door; there, an angle or a flank of gaunt, grey wall; and an imposing flight of steps, which might fitly precede the porch of an immense temple, leads to a commonplace, Pseudo-Classic façade.

In its sincere admiration—and incomplete appreciation—of the Grecian prototype, the Mansardian School too often produced imitations which were either grotesque or so futile as to be utterly “pale and ineffectual.” Of such are the outer walls of Arras. To claim that the interior departs from the general rule and is the noble reproduction of an antique model would be absurd; yet, in spite of the incongruity of its mediocre stained-glass and of some of the decoration, it is not meretricious. In mere size, the plan is liberal; and apart from dimensions, the succession of tall, white pillars, the high barrel-vaulting, and the absence of a chaos of rococo ornaments, give to the nave “a presence,” a grave dignity, which is rarely found in ecclesiastical edifices of the Renaissance. The perspective from the High Altar is genuinely impressive; and it is pleasant to study the inner aspect of the main portal, with the bas-relief, appropriate sculpture, and fine proportions which make it one of the best works of its period.

The dependencies of the Cathedral, the Cloister, "the peristyle," and the larger episcopal Palace, have



"ONE OF THE BEST WORKS OF ITS PERIOD."—ARRAS.

been converted into museums; and from the technical viewpoint, the change is not significant. The former residence of the Bishops might conceivably be a Govern-

ment House or a mammoth State Library; the Cloister, supposedly "Grecian" and comfortably enclosed with glass windows, seems adapted to the ideals of a courtly Commendatory Abbot of whom Saint Bernard would scarcely have approved.

Taken all in all, Saint-Vaast adds little to the magnificence of Arras. It is an admirable specimen of the formal, uninspired manner of the XVIII century, and in its interior shows the exceptionally worthy example of an exceptionally barren style.

Saint-Omer.

The name of Saint-Omer is especially familiar to the British because of the famous Jesuit College opened there in 1592 for the education of the Catholic children of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The school was noted for the devotion and learning of its pupils, who endeavoured in every way to bring their country back to the "Faith of its Fathers." Vast buildings which belonged to the institution still exist and are used as a military hospital.

An event, also remembered by the English, because it is intimately connected with their expulsion from France, occurred at Saint-Omer in this wise: "Within ten months after the death of his devoted . . . wife, Anne of Burgundy, John of Lancaster, Duke of Bedford and Regent of France, fascinated by the exceeding beauty of Jacqueline of Luxembourg, led her to the altar without consulting or even notifying Philip the

Good, her father's liege lord,—a direct violation of all feudal laws and courtesy, as well as a contemptuous dismissal of the late tie between them."

Bedford celebrated the ill-fated nuptials at the episcopal Palace of Thérouanne; and in commemoration presented the Cathedral with two magnificent bells, "brought from England at his own expense. . . .

"After the coronation of Charles VII at Reims," continues Vallet de Viriville, "the retainment of the English conquests in France depended mainly on the alliance of Burgundy and Bedford. The effect produced by the rash marriage of the latter . . . was quickly visible. The Duke of Burgundy's bitter remarks about the insult to his seigneurial authority and his sister's memory were reported to the Regent, whose angry replies were as promptly carried back to the Frenchman. Cardinal Beaufort strove earnestly to mediate between the estranged kinsmen, and at length persuaded them to meet at Saint-Omer.

"Arrangements had been carefully made for an interview between the two Dukes, without impairing the dignity of either or exacting any particular attentions. . . .

"But here Bedford committed an irremediable error . . . he suddenly insisted that Burgundy should first visit him.

"Well wishers of both hurried to and fro with anxious solicitations, . . . trying to get the one to submit, the other to waive the disputed point,—both remained stubbornly obstinate.

"Cardinal Beaufort made a final appeal to Burgundy's hospitality, and said in a friendly manner,

"How is it, fair nephew, that you refuse to compliment a prince, son and brother of a King, by calling on him, when he has taken so much trouble to meet you in your own territory? How is it that you will neither visit nor speak with him?"

"The Duke answered that he was quite ready to pay his respects to the Regent of France at the appointed place."

The deadlock was absolute, and the Cardinal saw the haughty nobles depart from the town without meeting,—each more discontented than ever.

"The way was thus slowly opened for negotiations with the party of Charles VII," and history leaves Saint-Omer for a time, and moves onward to Arras and the final "expulsion of the English from France."

Those who have read the great novels which tell of provincial life will recall descriptions of quiet cities with wide and regular streets, and homes whose windows are always discreetly bowed,—cities whose atmosphere is that of undeviating orthodoxy and conventionality. Such is Saint-Omer. Many of its citizens enjoy the comfort of modest and respectable fortunes, and live without ostentation. Ladies, who pass pleasant days behind high fences, in peaceful courts and gardens, are perhaps a trifle narrow, certainly very kind, and somewhat oblivious of the struggles and trend of the travelling world. Religion and a complex theology are

still united, and "progress" is a suspected word, too frequently synonymous with innovations that are unnecessary when they are not pernicious.

Beyond the encircling limits of the outer boulevards lies the "country of rich grain"; and not far from the



"HOUSES WITH MINIATURE GARDENS."—LYZEL—SAINT-OMER.

Abbey of Saint-Bertin are the quaint suburbs which have been classified "among the principal curiosities of the north of France." It is a unique experience to quit the correct, formal town and to come almost immediately upon the picturesque canals of the Haut-Pont and Lyzel, where houses with miniature gardens line waterways which are often equally tiny.

The dwellers in the little houses speak Flemish as well as French, and "are known for their cleanliness, probity, and industry. It is by diligent labour that they have acquired the ground which they cultivate.

They have rescued the swampy land by digging numerous channels into which the water is drained, and have created soil suitable for truck farms. The majority of the fields . . . communicate only by the canals, and everybody has a boat in which to carry hoes and rakes and to bring back vegetables." Before each door, steps lead down to one or two of these boats which are moored before them, and the inhabitants are constantly poling about their water-streets.

"Each 'watergand' has a particular appellation and varies from its neighbour in breadth and depth; and the ponds, . . . which are larger, are usually bordered by willow-trees." If there is a "little France" and a "little Venice" in Strasbourg, there is as truly a "little Holland" near Saint-Omer; and no excursion in all of Artois is more charming than the walk through Lyzel to the ruins of Clairmarais, the Abbey of the Clearing to which Thomas à Becket fled in 1165.

Saint-Omer was not originally the seat of a Bishopric. At the lower end of the stronghold stood the wealthy Benedictine monastery of Saint-Bertin, now marked by a tower and a few gaping arches; and in the upper town, on the gentle slopes of Sithiu, another Abbey, called "On High," had been established in the VII century by a holy prelate of Thérouanne and soon became the scene of wonderful miracles. The village which grew about the renowned Sanctuary took the name of its Patron and prospered; and after the fall of episcopal Marinie, it seemed fitting that part of

the government of the diocese should be transferred to a place founded by its noted Saint, and that the edifice in which he was buried should receive the rank of Bishop's church.

Here, too, relics from the ruined Cathedral were transported; and by an "act" of the tenth of July, 1553, the Emperor Charles V offered its "grand portal" to the Chapter of Saint-Omer; but as every entrance-way of their "Collégiale" already had its door, the gift could not be used, "and merely the images and the most beautiful ornaments were accepted."

Of the "images," the "Great God of Thérrouanne" is an unfortunate example,—a huge group which represents the Virgin, Saint John, and the Christ Who is sitting on the tower of the fortress. Although the work is not without interest, it lacks the care and detail of less colossal figures. It formerly decorated a pinnacle of the transept; and in its present position, the comparatively narrow aisle of Notre-Dame, it looks almost grossly big and ill-proportioned.

To obtain an adequate conception of the demolished church, it is necessary to study the old plan of Thérrouanne and the actual remains which are collected in the Archæological Museum of the "Hôtel Colbert."

In a small, bare room, removed from ecclesiastical surroundings, the visitor sees Gothic sculptures of a very pure type, bits of pinnacles, friezes, and capitals; and is impressed by the fragmentary size and the restricted number of the pieces,—by the finality of the

voluntary, wanton destruction of a religious building.

In one corner, a stone carved with Latin words is labelled, "found in the substructure," and its inscription reads:

"THE CITY OF THE MORINS TO THE EMPEROR CÆSAR
MARCUS ANTONIUS GORDIAN, PIOUS AND HAPPY
AUGUSTUS, SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, INVESTED
FOR THE THIRD TIME WITH THE TRI-
BUNAL POWER OF HIS COUNTRY."

This quiet corner of the Hôtel is always deserted; and pausing in the midst of the scant evidences of the rich Cathedral and of the remote antiquity of a vanished metropolis, one realises as vividly as in the fields which were its site, that "Théroüanne was—and is no more."

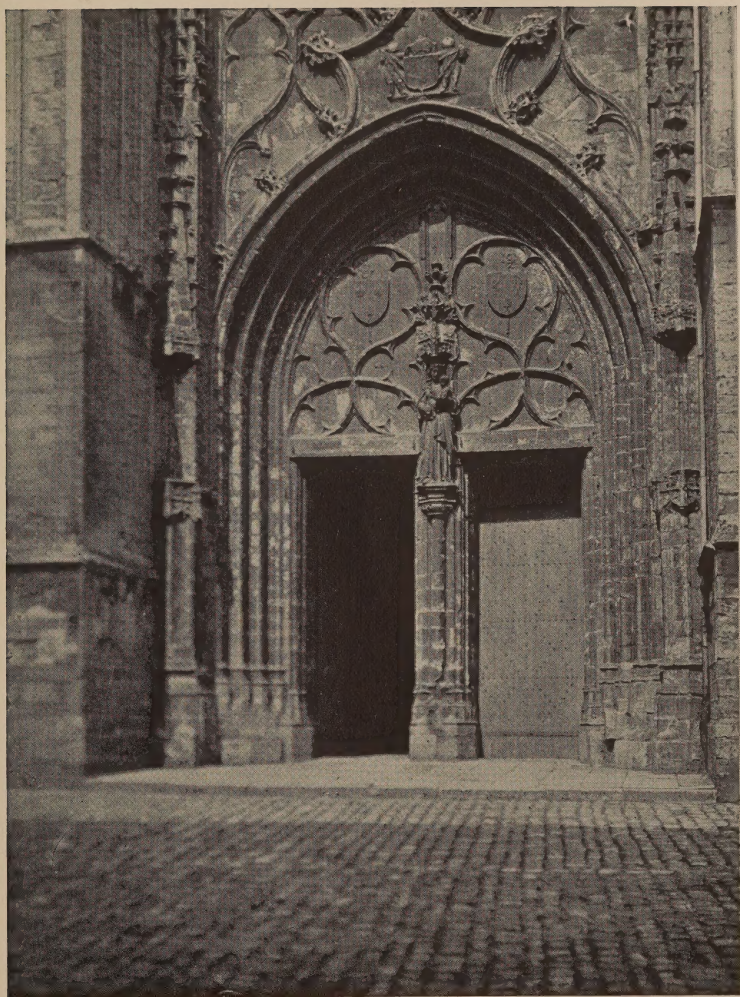
The new Audomaroisian See, created in 1561, has also passed away, suppressed by the Concordat of Pius VII; but "no material desolation was caused," the Bishops of Arras retain the title "of Saint-Omer," and during the Novena of July, they come to the town and go in solemn procession through its streets to visit Our Lady of Miracles.

The Church of Notre-Dame, the shrine of the precious statue and for nearly three hundred years a Cathedral, occupies the situation of the Sanctuary which was under the care of the Benedictines in the VII century. Commenced in the XI century by the Chapter which succeeded the monks, its construction and em-

bellishment were continued during five hundred years. Having been still further changed by Canons of the XVII and XVIII centuries, the edifice is of several styles, "a veritable . . . artistic museum." The phrase, a favourite among priestly authors who wish to speak kindly of architecture that is poor and venerable, is here employed solely as an explanatory statement,—for if neither vast nor splendid, Notre-Dame is valuable in itself as well as in its treasures.

The diminutive, apse-like Chapel of the Dead, which is in an angle of the northern transept; the rounded arcades of the ambulatory and of its chapels, which have been restored; cornices; and the bases of a few columns,—in a word, the lower portion of the choir whose archaic character is obvious,—belong to the manner of the XI century. Another relic of the epoch, the octagonal tower which rises south of the apse, in an essentially isolated position, is an important legacy. Each of its two stories consists within of a chapel-like room; and the exterior shows simple and elegant proportions of the Romanesque.

The central spire having been "cast down by a tempest" in 1606, the only tower is that which virtually composes the façade and represents a School which is the antithesis of the Romanesque,—the late Gothic of 1499. In ordering "the work," the Canons undoubtedly intended to imitate—if not to surpass—the Flamboyant belfry of Saint-Bertin. The province, however, was impoverished by incessant wars; through



"THE HEAVY BASE IS PIERCED BY A PORTAL ERECTED IN 1514."—SAINT-OMER

lack of money, their plan materialised slowly and was economically modified, and their tower suffers in comparison with its majestic and magnificent model. Yet it is beautiful; standing beneath its big interior, it is most interesting to look up into the well-lighted height; and its external stages of delicate, blind arcades, its upper story of large windows, and its four little turrets can be seen for miles around.

The heavy base is pierced by a portal, erected in 1514, that portrays the decadent Gothic in unpretentious and graceful mood. The stone etchings in the tympanum and above its arch, together with the three ecclesiastical coats-of-arms, illustrate the weakness of the artistic imagination; the tall, lateral niches are empty; and the figures of the Virgin and Child, on the dividing-pier, are modern.

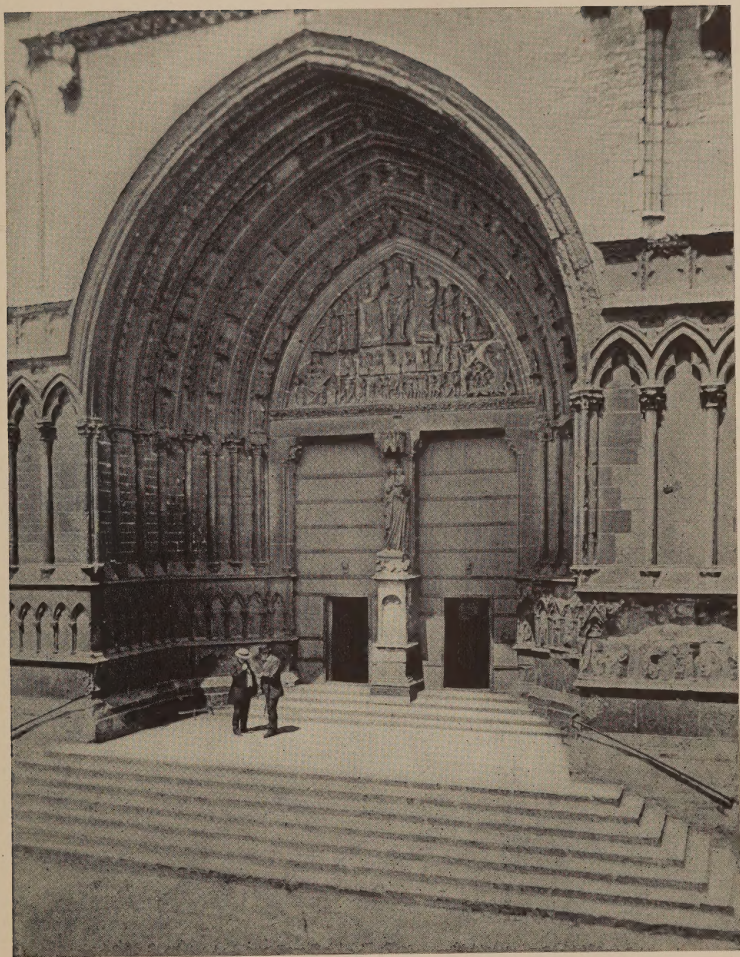
To the left, there is an insignificant door; and the arch in the wall near-by was formerly open, and led to a "night refuge" which the Church offered to vagabonds and the waifs and strays of humanity who had no other shelter.

The north transept of the XV century contains a good, if not distinguished, portal; and there is a symmetrical and almost denuded portal at the end of the northern aisle. The south transept has the noble "Doorway of the Holy Virgin." Its two divisions, separated by a pier, are surmounted by a broad band, a carved frieze, and the tympanum with its bas-relief of the Last Judgment. The subject, so familiar to the

XIII century, is treated with much vigour. At the top of the arch, the Just Judge triumphs. On either side of Him, His Mother and Saint John kneel in supplication for the world, and Angels hold the instruments of the Passion as if to remind their Lord of His deeds of love and mercy. Another Angel is blowing "the last trump"; the dead are emerging from their graves; and sinners who have been condemned turn to Satan, who forces them, pell-mell, into the mouth of a huge dragon, Hell. Far from the scene of horrors sits God the Father, Who is gathering the souls of the Redeemed into a sort of curtain, which is Paradise; and the Elect are joyfully hastening toward this haven.

The triple vaulting of the great porch was decorated in the XIV century with fifty miniature figures; and at the same time, the statues of four colossal Angels and two "personages" were placed between the slender columns of the side-walls. The "surbase" was covered with characteristic geometric designs; and above it, a series of sculptured "pictures of the life of Saint-Omer" were framed in small, pointed arcades. The Virgin of the dividing-pier is of the School of the XV century,—a young, frivolous mother. Finely proportioned and of finished execution, it is a charming conception which, like the "Gilded Virgin" of Amiens, is singularly devoid of spirituality.

Near the figure and attached to the doors themselves are two bronze rings of a period anterior to the XIII century. "They probably commemorate," sug-



"THE NOBLE 'DOORWAY OF THE HOLY VIRGIN.'"—SAINT-OMER.

gests the learned Abbé Dusautoir, "the . . . right of refuge" which a few churches of the Middle Ages granted to all who fled to their altars or clung to the rings of their portals. As the privilege was soon abused by guilty persons, it was abrogated; and the rings were hung where nobody could reach them.

In its higher stages, the transept is not remarkable. The XVII century traced a curious sun-dial on its wall, and the XVIII century added scrolls and pedestals and vases. Some of these unwelcome additions have already disappeared, the others will be "condemned" in the restoration which is being accomplished, statues will again occupy the empty niches, and the entire transept will be completed "according to the primitive pattern." Its deep porch, preceded by the wide flight of steps and adorned with many handsome carvings, is worthy even of the Royal Domain and will be the most imposing entrance-way of any Cathedral of "Northern France."

The flanking walls of Notre-Dame with the conspicuous windows of chapels and clerestory, the "turrets" of the straight piles, the cornices, and the set yet elaborate designs of the flying-buttresses and the balconies, belong to a late and rather delicate pointed type, and are in harmony with the Flamboyant tower.

The less ornamental cornice, buttresses, and pinnacles of the apse represent the earlier Gothic; and the chapels with their peaked roofs, re-built in the XIX

century, are in happy consonance with the upper and older story.

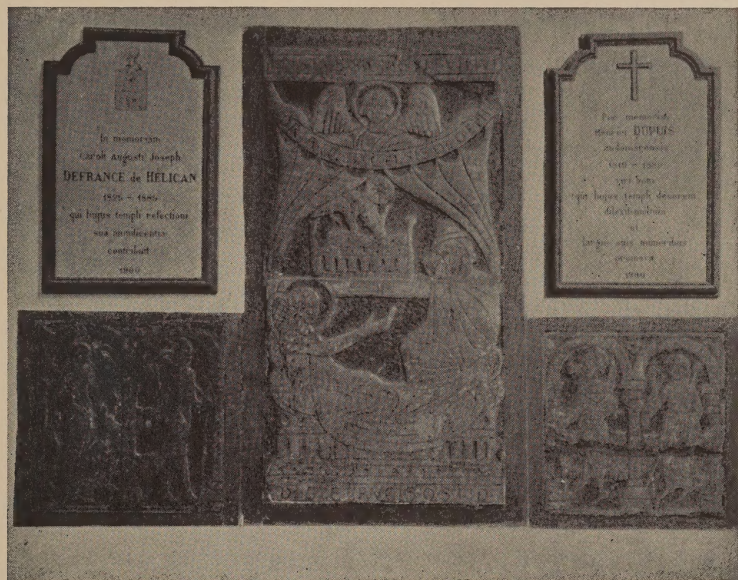
In the interior, no part can equal the unaffected and beautiful Gothic of the XIII century choir. Here are tall, narrow arches, that have exquisite, foliated capitals and abaci, a triforium with long and slender columns, a comparatively modest clerestory, and a simple vaulting. Unfortunately, to be appreciated, a structure must be seen, and the "Louis XV" stalls hide at least half of the big pillars and ruin the perspective. Over three hundred years ago, a workman, employed "in the arranging" of heavy wooden enclosures, tried to protest by writing on one of the columns, "Taillebert, waiting for better things. 1609." The Canons who discovered the inscription in 1753 were not impressed by its significance, but it is to be hoped that the authorities of the XX century will be of the opinion of the humble and enlightened Taillebert, and more powerful than he, will remove the unsuitable and ugly brown walls.

Although the dimensions in the choir are almost exactly reproduced in the nave, the latter was not re-constructed until the XV century, and its detail is at once effective and intrinsically inferior.

The first massive arches, broad and barely pointed, rest on well-cut, foliated capitals and robust columns, the frieze above the arches is pretty, and the clerestory's wall of glass is held by admirable stone traceries. The triforium, on the contrary, has a mono-

tonous row of arcades of the plainest and poorest conception.

In the outer ambulatory wall, a stage of rounded, blind arcades is surmounted by immense Gothic



"THE BIRTH OF CHRIST."—SAINT-OMER.

windows. The apsidal chapels, which continue this agreeable, decorative plan, have been intelligently restored; and that of the Sacred Heart, commonly called the Lady Chapel, was enlarged without change in its original style. The visitor is delighted to find that four valuable tiles of the XIII century have been reset in the paving, several are preserved in the depths of the northern transept and in the Chapel of Saint-

Omer; and seventy, brought from the Cathedral of Thérouanne, have been appropriately assembled in front of the "Great God."

Three, which are especially good, have been attached for safe keeping against the wall of the north ambulatory. The principal panel portrays with touching artlessness the Birth of Christ and the Angel singing "Gloria in Excelsis Deo"; and the smaller scenes show the figures of pilgrims and are believed to commemorate a pious journey.

The Labyrinth at the entrance of the choir is a copy of that which formerly existed in the Abbey of Saint-Bertin, and is another reminiscence of the neglected art of paving.

The transepts are spacious, and tradition states that their unwonted size is due to the spirit of emulation which seized the Canons as they watched the growth of the neighbouring Abbey-church. Towards the close of the XIV century, they became discontented with the "arms" of their architectural Cross and added two bays to its length. To accomplish the desired end, the XIII century portal had to be taken down "bit by bit, which was carefully done and as carefully re-edified; and in 1449, the Gentlemen of the Chapter began anew the north transept, making it a very dignified walk."

The white side-aisles, too, are stately, and even the succession of coloured chapel-screens does not destroy their excellent proportions. On the north side, the

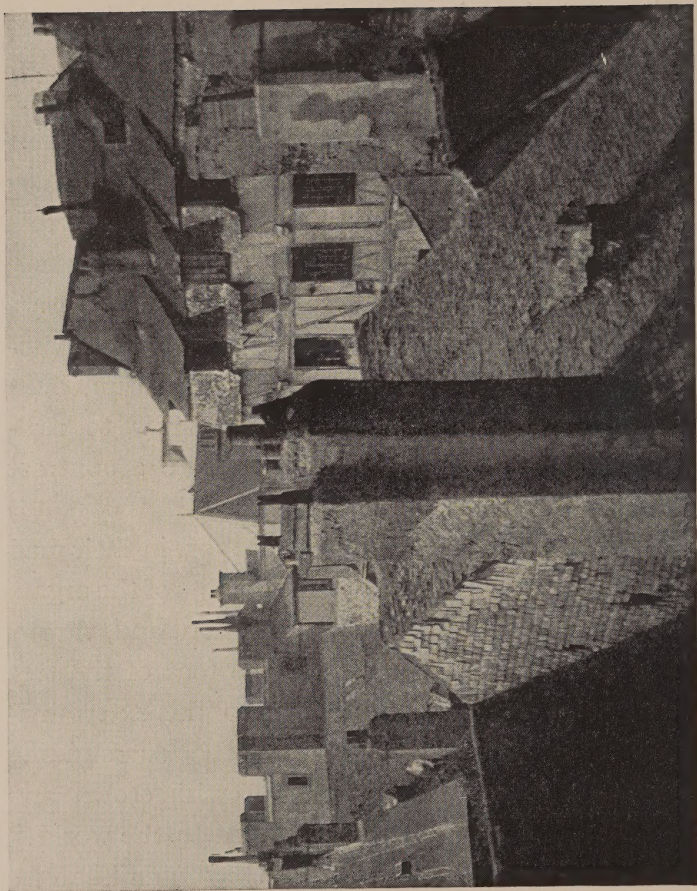
chapels belong to the XIV century; and nearly all those of the southern aisle, as their vaults testify, were completed in the next hundred years.

As is usual, there is a colossal organ-loft at the western extremity of the nave, and as is also usual, the loft is dark and wooden. It was embellished in the XVIII century with statues of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, Faith with the Cross, and Hope with her anchor; and at its summit, David and Saint Cecilia are seated, holding their instruments, and apparently accompanying the Angels that are gathered around the Christ. The sculptures are handsome, yet one need only remember the western galleries of Meaux and Autun, built of stone similar to that of their Cathedrals, to realise that harmony of tone is preferable to a contrast that is over-accentuated.

It is said that the Revolutionists of 1793, in their mad hatred of "royalty," climbed to the heights of the organ, pulled King David from his lofty position, and, throwing him in a cart, dragged him to the foot of the tree of Liberty and were about to proceed to "his extermination by fire" when a voice from the surrounding crowd cried, "Kill the tyrant! Off with crown and sceptre, that a fine player may be born to the world!"

Such logic appealed to the people, they "annihilated" the emblems of monarchy,—and David the Musician was saved.

Except in a monograph, it would be impossible to describe all Notre-Dame's wonderful possessions. Some



"THE ROOF LINE OF THE QUAIN SUBURES."—LYZEL, SAINT-OMER.



"THE WHITE SIDE-AISLE."—SAINT-OMER.

of the ugly, ostentatious chapel-screens are most cunningly adorned with little friezes. The enclosure of the Chapel of the Fonts has a gracious figure of Our Lady, and tiny, carven pictures of the Flight into Egypt and the Repose of the Holy Family in the Desert. The frieze of the Chapel of Saint-Erkembode has six miniature panels which illustrate the life of the good monk who was the donor's Patron; and one northern chapel has a marvellous series,—the Annunciation, Jesus and the Doctors, the Adoration of the Magi, the Circumcision, the Manger at Bethlehem, and the Flight.

Behind these monstrous gates, so exquisitely ornamented, are treasures too numerous to mention,—diptychs and triptychs of the Flemish type, noteworthy tombs, relics of the Saints, and at least one remarkable reredos.

The south aisle is not less rich in details. A charming bas-relief in alabaster, familiarly called "The Virgin of the Cat," hangs at the left of the Chapel of the Wissocq; and to the right, another small bas-relief represents the Angels and Saint Joseph. Both works are of the Renaissance; and near the next enclosure, a Calvary and the Descent from the Cross are depicted after the XVI century manner. The last alcove of the nave illustrates the luxurious style of the XV century, with niches, pedestals, and daïs, and has a moulding of "raised sculpture" of fine execution and very perfect, late Gothic design.

In the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, an Entombment

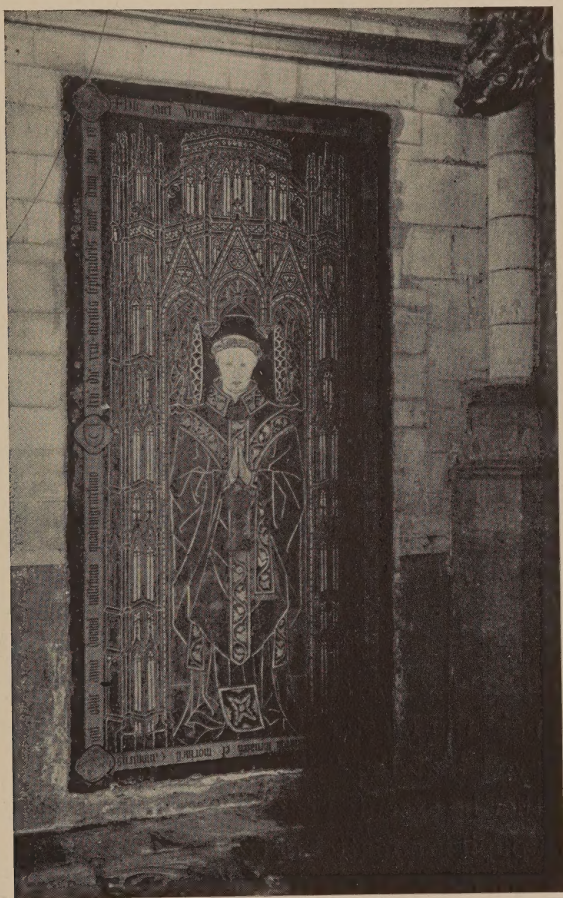
is framed within a recess of the wall; and a low door at either end opens into the diminutive and beautifully vaulted passage-way which leads behind the group. The mourners who are caring for the Body of Jesus,



"A HEAVY, HANDSOME CONFESSIONAL . . . WITH THE
. . . FOUR GREAT PENITENTS."—SAINT-OMER.

His Mother, Saint John, Saint Mary Magdalene, and Joseph of Arimathea, formerly faced the corridor; and persons who wished to pray before the Dead Christ formed a procession, entered the passage by one door, and went out by the other.

A heavy, handsome confessional, placed near-by, and not of a kindred School, is appropriately decorated



"THE RARE 'GRAVESTONE.'"—SAINT-OMER.

with the Statues of four great penitents, David, Saint Peter, the Magdalene, and the Prodigal Son.

In still another chapel, one sees a superb mausoleum,

whose effigy is clothed in carven priestly vestments, with the hands joined, and a Chalice laying on the breast. The Gothic inscription tells that the reverend priest, who died in 1470, was the Chaplain of several noblemen and of Martin V and Eugenius IV. The rare "gravestone" in the aisle, beside the Great God of Théroutanne, is engraved with the figure of an ecclesiastic standing under a Gothic portal; and being encrusted with white marble, copper, and a yellow material tinged with vermillion, it has been removed from the paving and set for safe-keeping in the wall. Yet another important memorial is the big blue "slab," with its gables and its three personages, "a Canon and his mother and sister who were buried in the same vault."

Above the slab hangs the "Descent from the Cross" which the chapter ordered in 1612 from Rubens. Essentially like its more famous prototype at Antwerp, the canvas is not as large, has fewer "subjects," and offers petty differences of arrangement and colour. The Canons paid the Master two hundred and fifty florins, and believed that the "picture was from his brush"; but whether he executed each stroke or left part of the task to a pupil is a matter of controversy.

The north transept has its clock of 1558; and is now encumbered with a "Mission Cross," a huge Crucifixion which is valuable only because it commemorates the corporate communion of three thousand men. The southern transept is the oratory of "Our Lady of Mira-

cles"; and her statue, in painted and gilded wood of the XIII century, "crowns" the Altar of the Sacrament.

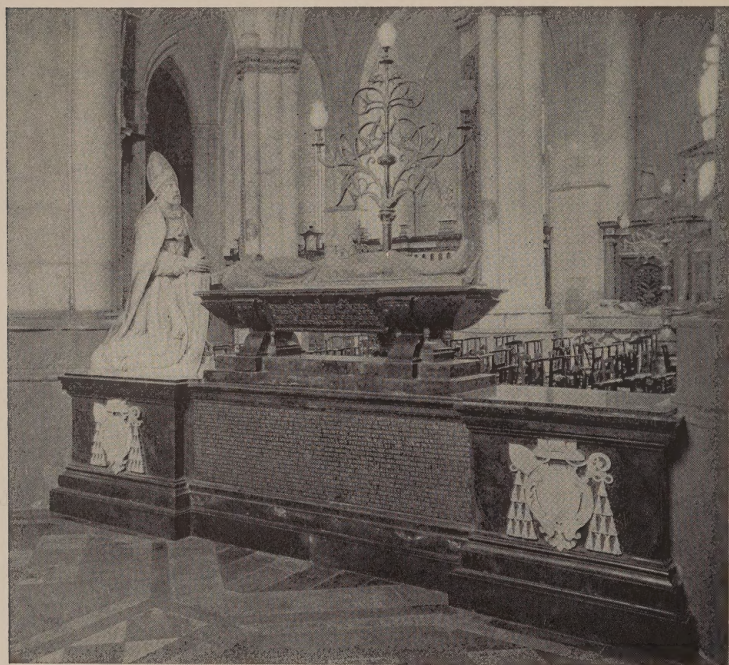
In the "arms of the Cross," as everywhere in the church, are monuments to the dead. The edifice



"THE SARCOPHAGUS OF SAINT-ERKEMBODE."—SAINT-OMER.

is "a vast cemetery which contains the venerable ashes of Bishops and Canons," and the words, "Here lies the body," could be truly written on every paving stone. It is curious to observe that the tombs which were constructed during the eras of progress are much poorer in quality of workmanship and in religious

meaning than those of the Ages of Faith. The "blue stone" and the black and white slabs of the XVII and XVIII centuries are inferior to the archaic lions and

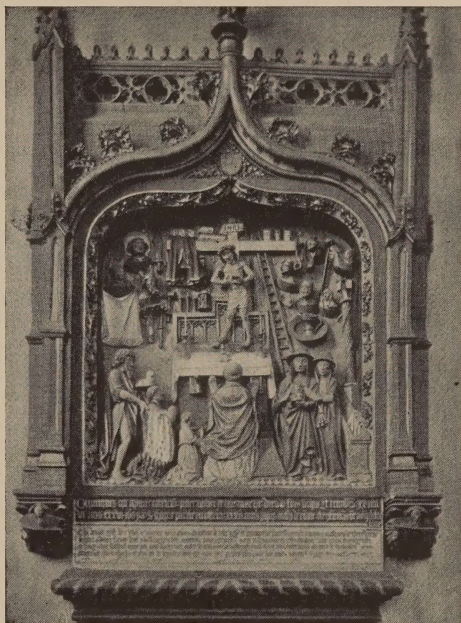


"THE MAGNIFICENT TOMB OF EUSTACHE DE CROY."—SAINT-OMER.

sarcophagus of Saint-Erkembodius which are almost a thousand years older, cannot be compared with scores belonging to the mediæval period, and are commonplace even when contrasted with those of the early Renaissance. Saint-Omer has many examples of all these epochs; and perhaps the best XVI century design is the bas-relief, erected in the ambulatory to the memory

of Shedrach de Lalaing, Dean of the Chapter, which, in most delicate and charming carving, portrays the Canon looking at the Three Holy Children in the fiery furnace.

The same century is magnificently represented by the mausoleum of Eustache de Croy, Bishop of Arras. Here, according to a custom of the times, a body was carved in white marble, realistically stretched out in the stiff nudity of death. At one end of the stark corpse, the prelate is kneeling as in life, mitred, and robed in splendid vestments; at the other end, there was a statue of Faith "until the Jacobins of 1793 called it a Goddess of Reason and Liberty, and carried it away."



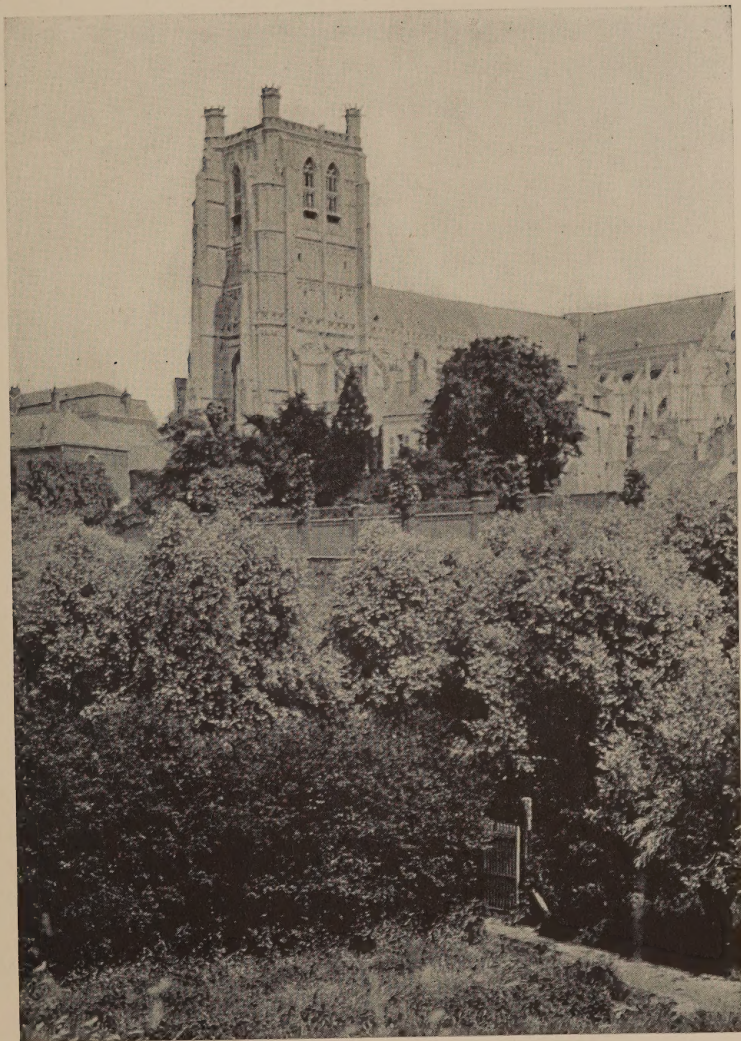
"A SMALL AND PRECIOUS MEMORIAL."
SAINT-OMER.

Besides the large monuments of the chapels and the north aisle, the XV century gave numbers of small, precious memorials to the Cathedral; and as it is

impossible in a short space to mention them individually, the Canon de Liboure's may be accepted as the type. Within the restricted limits of a little Flamboyant arcade, an altar is depicted; and the Figure of Christ appears to be descending from the Crucifix and approaching Saint Gregory the Great, the celebrant of the Mass. Two Cardinals, holding the papal crown, and the Canon, with his Patron, Saint John the Baptist, are devout spectators; and the background of the picture consists of instruments of the Passion, the "cock which crowed thrice," and busts of Saint Peter, Caiaphas, Judas, and Pilate. The detail is executed with minute care; and the quaintness of the conception is simple and pleasing.

No art, however, could surpass that of "the imposing XIII century"; and it seems fitting that the cenotaph of Saint-Omer should belong to this "culminating point of the Middle Ages." The empty tomb is made of yellowish stone; and on it the statue of the Bishop, in episcopal robes, is lying as if in state, his head protected by a Gothic dais. The supporting walls are decorated by six sculptured scenes, which tell of the healing of the blind child, and the rescue of the disobedient novice of Boulogne-sur-Mer; and "on the side, there are two open, arched spaces, into which sick children may be placed while their parents invoke the prayers of our Blessed Father Omer."

The pulpit, which is near-by, is interesting chiefly because of the subject-matter of its pictures. Carved



"THE TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL."—SAINT-OMER.

by an humble lay brother of the Order of Saint Dominic, the fiery and zealous founder is the hero of the story,—he preaches to “a pious congregation,” and then to “a very different crowd,” the Albigenian heretics; he throws one of his theological works into the fire, and “God permitting a miracle to prove that the book is orthodox, it cannot be burned”; and as a complement to these striking lessons, Saint Thomas Aquinas, the powerful Dominican Doctor, is shown with schismatics and “the spawn of hell” at his feet.

In the enjoyment of the Cathedral’s “religious museum,” the building itself should not be neglected. It does not equal the rare structures of the Isle-de-France and should not be compared with edifices which, from their very incipency, were planned on a more grandiose scale. It suffers from the close juxtaposition of the majestic Saint-Bertin; and many who see the wide, gaping arches and lofty and splendid tower of the Abbey cannot help wishing that the Cathedral had been destroyed and the monastery preserved. Its faults, too, are evident. As a whole, the exterior is heavy, the length of the transepts and the slight elevation of the belfry produce an effect of ungainly massiveness, and the interior would be finer if it had everywhere the unity of its XIII century style. Yet Notre-Dame has distinguished qualities,—ornate outer walls, which are in happy consonance with its square tower; a dignified nave and transepts, and at least two large portions which are nobly beautiful,—the deep southern porch and the

choir. It is one of the most interesting churches of the north-eastern provinces, and not unworthy of rank with the great secondary Cathedrals of France.

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

It is claimed that the books written to prove that Boulogne-sur-Mer is—or is not—the “Portius Itius” of Cæsar and Strabo would fill a library. But whether it was from this spot or from Wissant that the great Roman prepared to descend upon the British, it is here that the Emperor Caligula came upon a mock military expedition and here that Claudius set sail for “the isles across the sea.” These visits of its distant rulers, together with its natural advantages, made the port equally famous among the Gauls and their enemies; and the Germanic and Scandinavian pirates thought it so convenient a landing and point of attack that, in the III century, Constantius Chlorus destroyed the harbour. In consequence, the city declined. Under the reign of Constantine, it was “episcopal,”—with the loss of strategic importance, the See was suppressed. Revived in 1553, after the fall of Théroanne, again suppressed in 1798, it is now under the churchly guidance of a prelate who is entitled the Bishop of Saint-Omer, Boulogne, and Arras.

As a maritime and frontier fortress, lying almost within sight of an enemy’s country, the town underwent many feudal as well as ecclesiastical changes. Eustache II and Saint Ida, the parents of those brave

and chivalrous soldiers of the Cross, Godefroy and Baudoin de Bouillon, were its Count and Countess. It was also ruled by disloyal nobles,—by a de Dammartin who fought against the French King at Bouvines, by Philip Hurepel who was chief of the coalition against



ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

Saint Louis's mother, and by still another disaffected Count, who threw himself on the side of Edward III.

"The most precious jewel in Christendom," as Chastelain called it, was continually coveted, and Louis XI's elaborate effort to "permanently set it in the French crown" was unsuccessful. For "Henry VIII coveted it likewise"; and being a wilful sovereign, he paid small heed to pious diplomacy. In less than a hundred years after the death of Louis, he besieged the Virgin's stronghold and took it, drove out the French inhabitants, and peopled it with English.

The exploit seemed "creditable" until the pest had killed scores and scores of the new citizens; "Mary has removed her gracious presence from within the walls," cried the survivors; and Henry, finding his



"GATEWAY OF 'THE HIGH CITY.'"—BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

conquest too costly, was content to resign it into the hands of its rightful owners.

The Boulogne of modern times has "hidden the scars of its sieges and struggles." It is ancient in parts, yet except in its Castle and ramparts, it appears quiet and old-fashioned rather than mediæval. Entering from the Channel, the view is pleasant and picturesque. One first sees the gleaming sand of the beach,

and the bath-carts, the hotels and the Casino, then the narrow "mouth" of the Liane flanked by its breakwaters and its lights, then "the basins," the little steam-boats and the fishing craft of all sorts, and finally, in the background, the red-roofed houses clustering in amphitheatre on the hill, the spire of Saint Nicolas, and the huge dome of the Cathedral.

It soon becomes evident, even to a tourist, that the big sea-port is divided into at least three distinct sections, the curious quarter of the fisher folk, the "lower town" full of strangers and shops, and the "high city," secluded behind its great ramparts in solitary and silent dignity, the home of the bourgeoisie and the centre of the civic and episcopal administration.

Although the Middle Ages have left comparatively meagre traces, a much earlier event chronicled by tradition has had profound influence on local religious history, and the whole basilica seems consecrated to its memory. One day in 633, reads the legend, "a vessel, perceived on the horizon of the waters, slowly drew nearer and nearer land. No sailors directed it and no oars propelled it, and when it reached the shore, a statue of Our Lady stood alone in the prow." The report of the astounding occurrence was spread far and wide; and the wonder-working "Star of Mariners" was triumphantly enthroned in church.

Unhappily, the venerable Madonna "disappeared" during the Revolution of 1793, and shortly afterwards, the Gothic Cathedral was demolished. A mere frag-

ment of the Virgin's wooden hand was saved, and columns and traces of frescoes in the crypt remain to tell of the Cathedral.



“THE CORINTHIAN PILLARS OF THE NAVE.”

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

The present spacious structure, erected between 1827 and 1866, is an unrivalled example of bad taste,—on the outside, it is severe; and within, it is effusive.

It has been termed "pretentious" and "ill-proportioned," its dome is said to be "incorrect" and "absurd"; and in the enthusiasm of disappointment, a visitor would be apt to add several adjectives as harshly pertinent.

The façade and its towers are gaunt; the vast crypt, ornamented in poor "imitation of . . . remnants of the antique colour," is pitifully crude; the Corinthian pillars of the nave have height and size, but the paintings on the



"THE TOMB OF . . . GODEFROY DE BOUILLON."
BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

surrounding walls and ceilings are daubs; and the chapels under the immense dome, which might have a modicum of symmetry, are ruined by a cheap, new representation of Our Lady of Boulogne.

Besides "the archaic bits" of the crypt, two details of the edifice are interesting. The first of these, decorating an aisle that can perhaps be called the south ambulatory, is a window of mediocre, modern stained-

glass which shows Louis XI on his knees before the Altar, handing the golden heart to the ministers of Our Lady. Beneath the picture, a naïve inscription explains that his offering was worth about eleven thousand francs of the money of to-day.

The second interesting detail is the tomb of Godefroy de Bouillon, "reproduced after the exact plan of his burial-place" which existed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, given by "the Catholic people . . . to glorify his memory and recall his birth in their city," and placed in the basilica "on this fifteenth of July, 1899, on the eight hundredth anniversary of the capture of Jerusalem by the Christian army." There is something at once touching and inspiring in the simple, appropriate reminder of a great Crusader and a noble cause long dead; and the fresco above the mausoleum, which pictures Saint Ida blessing her sons and sending them forth on their holy quest, if not technically remarkable, is instinct with the spirit of the old, heroic times.

It is seldom that so large a building as Notre-Dame has so few treasures, that a Cathedral has so little "pious charm"; the big monument, so beloved, so costly, is only another melancholy and striking failure of the Pseudo-Classic. Entirely foreign to any good form of Christian art, it cannot materialise, as churches often seem to do, a lofty conception of the Faith; and if it embodies any ideal, it is that of pharisaical formalism.

Normandy.

NORMANDY.

Evreux.

Near the southern confines of Normandy and only seventy miles from Paris, Evreux has had the bellicose history of all border settlements.

During the Merovingian period it was tossed like a shuttlecock between the Kings of Paris, Soissons, and of Burgundy; and after the consolidation of the temporal power of the Church, it fell into the possession of a line of Count-Bishops, who encroached as much as they could upon the suzerain power of their distant overlords, the Kings of England.

At this period, the great Councils of the Church, at which the Pope presided in person, were virtually the sessions of a Supreme Court of Christendom; and at that of Reims, in 1119, the cause of Evreux was presented by one of its own prelates.

The illustrious French Pope, Calixtus II, sat on the high throne which had been placed before the central portal of the Cathedral at Reims. Surrounded by Cardinals, Archbishops, Abbots, and more than two hundred Bishops, the Holy Father arose and, in the most eloquent language, reaffirmed the "Truce of God," which had first been proclaimed by his predecessor,

Urban II. Calixtus again decreed that at the holiest seasons of the year, the Faithful should lay aside weapons and warfare should cease, that monks and their possessions, women, merchants, and pilgrims were to be continually under the protection of the Church, and should not be molested. Those who failed to obey his commands were to be excommunicated; and if they died in their mortal sin, they should be refused Christian burial.

Having announced "the Truce," Calixtus prepared to hear the cases brought to his judgment.

Louis the Fat, King of France, accompanied by his Barons, approached the papal presence and preferred an accusation against Henry I of England. A Countess of Poitou appeared and charged her husband with desertion. Then Audoin, the big, bearded Bishop of Evreux, demanded "the summary punishment of Amalric de Montfort, a claimant of the County, who had burned the episcopal Palace and expelled him from his city."

The language of Mediævalism was often coarse and forceful; and when the pleading of any side grew too obnoxious, the ears of the Pontiff were deafened by the rattle of spears and shields and the hoarse shouts of the opponents. Each contestant was usually represented by an ecclesiastical advocate, and thus the necessary verbal courtesies from a lay pleader to an accusing prelate was sophistically obviated. De Montfort's Chaplain, coming to his defence, boldly retorted, "It is

thine own wickedness, Audoin, not the injustice of Amalric, which has driven thee from thy See. . . . Amalric, disinherited by the King through thy malignant perfidy, won back his honours like a true Norman warrior, strong in his valour and in his friends. Upon



" THE CITY OF EVREUX. "

which the monarch besieged thy town and, during the siege, thy Palace and several churches were consumed by fire. Let the Council decide between Audoin and Amalric!"

The word of the Pope was law. He restored a semblance of amity between Frank and Norman, Bishop and Count, and spoke with length and fervour of the sad evils of war and of the unalloyed peace and happiness which religion alone can bestow.

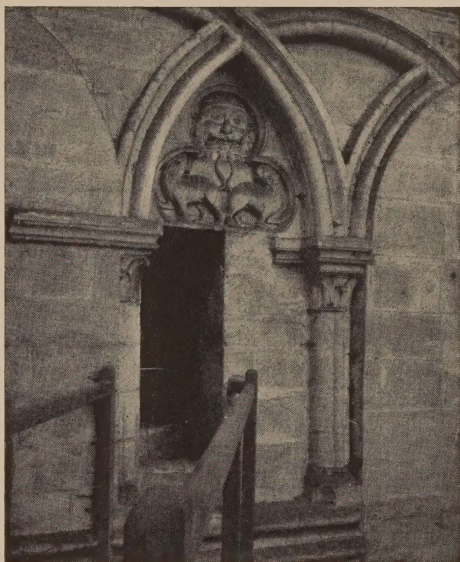
"After that, four hundred and seventy candles were lighted," and every Bishop and Abbot held one as Calixtus excommunicated Burdinus, the Anti-Pope, and the Emperor, Henry V. German subjects were solemnly absolved from their allegiance; and these concluding acts of the Council, which threw the imperial domains into anarchy, must have supplied the attending monks, and the fierce barons, heirs of the unavenged wrongs of centuries, with a vivid practical commentary on the "patience" and "forgiveness" which had been enjoined upon them earlier in the session.

The "Truce of God" would seem to have had little practical influence on Evreux, for its chronicle is a monotony of attacks and resistance. In 1032, Lanfranc had built a church; in 1119, Henry I of England, desiring to advance into the country and promising to re-build the Cathedral if it were destroyed, obtained the Bishop's consent to burn the town,—and promptly did so.

The longitudinal arches of the last bays of the nave and part of an aisle survived the conflagration, and remains of the promised reconstruction are discovered in other longitudinal arches in the base of the western towers and the "round" arcades of the triforium. Two of the seven bays are now concealed by the organ-loft; and a few strange carvings, hidden here, also belong to the XII century. Viollet-le-Duc tells us that they are contemporaneous with Sens, but both technically and artistically they are poorer; and while "the monstrous

man who keeps his hands on the lions' backs and carries their tails in his mouth" may picture a profound verity, he is a grossly sculptured concept.

Evreux had hardly recovered from the disaster caused by Henry Plantagenet before the intriguing and perfidious John Lackland, taking advantage of his brother's captivity, sold the city to Philip Augustus; and when Cœur de Lion returned, Prince John, fearing vengeance, invited the officers of the French garrison to a feast, "served



"A STRANGE CARVING, NOW HIDDEN BY THE ORGAN."—EVREUX.

them with . . . heavy wine until they were drunk, and had them murdered." Philip Augustus at once marched upon Evreux and burned it; and as Richard attempted to refortify the stronghold, the French suzerain marched back and burned it again, and the Cathedral was "reduced to ruin still another time."

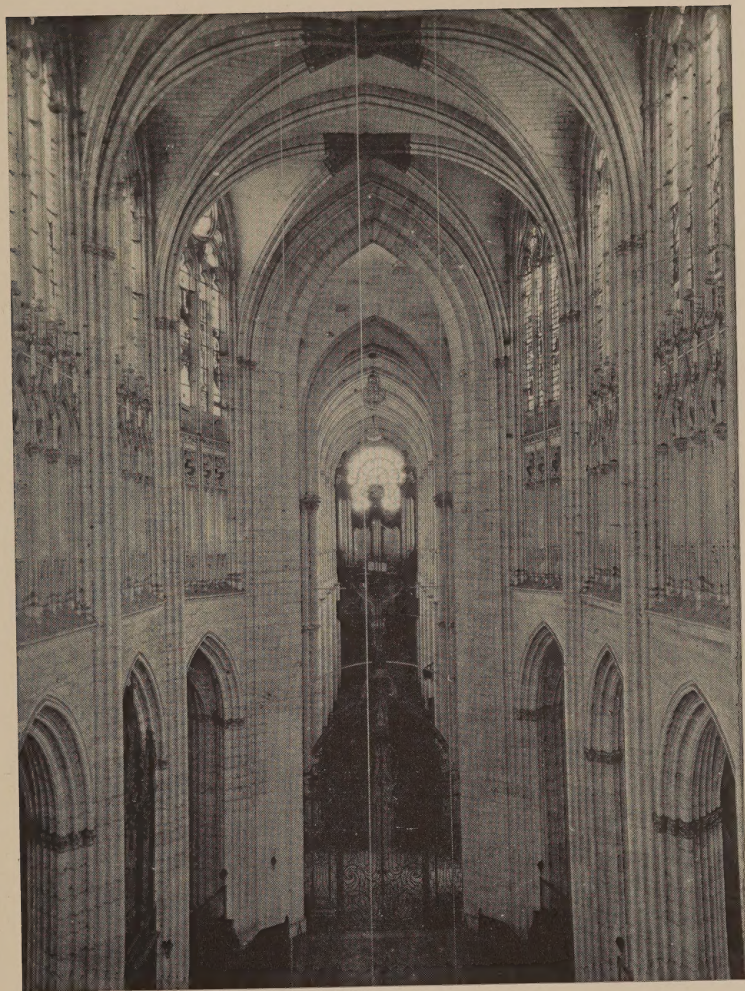
"Considerable portions" of its walls and the lower Romanesque arches of the nave escaped the general

annihilation; "so that, although the ancient manner was no longer admired, it could not be ignored." To continue the edifice in an "ancient manner" was, how-



"THE ROMANESQUE ARCHES OF THE NAVE."—EVREUX.

ever, foreign to the habit of the age, each mediæval School being guided by its particular genius; and when in 1202 Philip Augustus, as a dutiful Christian, repaired the injuries which his bombardment had inflicted, the beautiful galleries of a Gothic triforium were placed



"THE CHOIR HAS ALL THE ELEGANCE OF THE GOTHIC OF THE XIV CENTURY."—EVREUX.

above the Romanesque stage. In Saint Louis's reign, the tall, pointed clerestory was added in the pure and dignified type of the XIII century and, with the exception of its uninteresting lateral chapels, the nave was again "terminated." Very much as it appeared then, it is to-day. As it was commenced before the era of vast churches and the original dimensions of its ground plan were necessarily preserved, the central nave is only twenty-one feet wide. All the subsequent measurements were calculated with reference to this unalterable figure, and in consequence, excellent proportions mitigate the sharp contrast of styles.

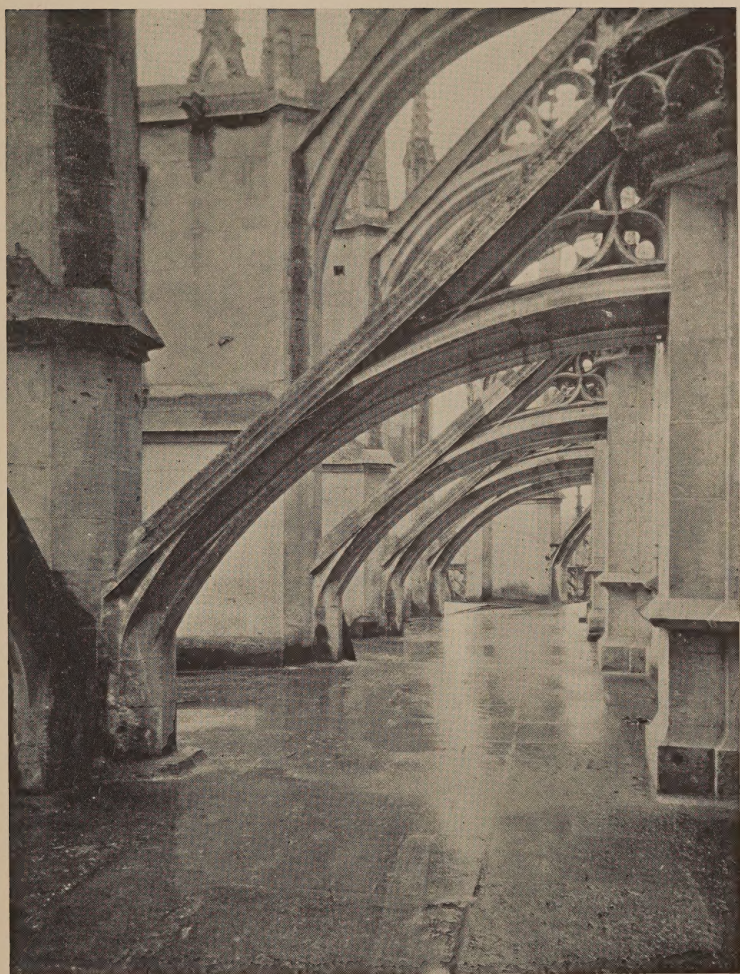
It was agreed in 1275 that "the Sanctuary must be improved," and a dilemma immediately presented itself,—the irreconcilable discrepancy between existing forms and new ideals. In its finished condition, the demolition of the nave was more impracticable than it had been in 1202, when "considerable portions" were standing. Nevertheless the Gothic of 1275 could not admit of petty restrictions; it had created Amiens and Reims and the choir of Beauvais,—it had reached the apogee of its pride and power.

Some compromise being imperative, the architects finally decided to build a larger choir whose shape would resemble that of an egg, whose smaller, pointed extremity should join the narrow nave, and whose semi-circular end should constitute the broad, apsidal wall. In the carrying out of the scheme, the first bays follow the direction of an outward curve; and from its begin-

ning, the axis of the ambulatory and its chapels lies outside that of the side-aisles. Such contrivances are mere tricks and do not produce an illusion of unity; but there is no blatant divergence of line, as in the Cathedral of Toulouse, and none of the frank discord between the old and the new which mars the grandeur of Saint-Julien of Le Mans. The Norman device has succeeded remarkably; and, if not deceived, the artistic sense is placated and even pleased. The clustered pillars of the choir are surmounted by a high triforium whose ornamentation is charming, the clerestory has spacious and handsome windows; and the whole construction, if not lofty, has the symmetry, elegance, and splendour of the matured Gothic.

In 1356 the Cathedral was again burned, and still again in 1379. The destruction was not complete in either case; and as Charles V, the author of the fire of 1379, and other donors gave generous sums for restoration, the XIV century brought improvement rather than harm.

The XV century introduces different persons and scenes. Few who have read the vivid tale of Quentin Durward or descriptions of the slow torture of the "iron cage" associate Louis XI with Evreux; yet his famous prisoner, Cardinal Balue, had been Bishop of the diocese and the King was an attentive patron of the church. It was through the liberalities of the picturesque couple that the notable work of the XV century was inaugurated; and after the poor Cardinal



"THE GRACIOUS GOTHIC . . . OF THE FLYING-BUTTRESSES."—EVREUX.

was languishing in the hanging cage of Loches, his royal master continued to contribute to the funds of Notre-Dame.

Between 1465 and 1467, the last years of his Episcopate, the Cardinal-Bishop re-built the Lady Chapel, that exquisite, miniature edifice whose windows still contain their magnificent glass. In the apsidal portion of the chapel, the windows represent the Life of Christ and the Virgin; and those of the tiny nave, adding their glory of rich colour, picture a coronation-scene,—the lay peers, and the Bishop-Dukes of Laon and Langres, the Archbishop-Duke of Reims, the Bishop-Count of Noyon, the Bishop-Count of Beauvais bearing the mantle, and the Bishop of Châlons consecrating Louis XI.

The unhappy Cardinal also planned the transepts; and above the plainer stretch of their walls, they, like the Lady Chapel, are graciously ornate. There is a gallery beneath their long windows, and another and imposing gallery extends under the beautiful roses. Tall, narrow, alight with the soft tones of their stained-glass, the "arms of the Cross" are in harmony with the choir, and with it form a Sanctuary apart from the nave and its darker side-aisles.

The tower which dominates the crossing is of the later School, and the workmanship is as careful and as complicated as if it were placed where the eye of every worshipper would necessarily fall. Above the lofty arches and the four great supporting pillars, honey-combed pendentives carry the lantern; its first story

of arcades has a balustrade; then four "true" and four "simulated" windows make a clerestory, which has its slender balcony; and from this, the most elevated story, stone ribs curve along a vaulting that is nearly a hundred and fifty feet above the paving of the church.

The chief external adornments of the lantern are the large windows of its four sides and the turrets at its angles. Each small tower, as well as the main body of the structure, has a balcony; and grotesque gargoyles, with which the Cathedral is abundantly decorated, spring from these perches. The whole base shows the "good XV century manner," writes Viollet-le-Duc; it preserves dignity with "appropriate embellishment," and is much more distinguished than the frail and pretty wooden spire which rises above it.

Below the long roof line of the nave and the dominating roofs of the choir and transepts, stretch lateral walls "luxuriantly endowed" with roses and windows, galleries and pinnacles, and gargoyles formed like terrible beasts and serpents. The north transept, which is peculiarly ingenious in its multiplicity of details, is flanked by two small hexagonal towers and buttresses that have niches and dais of charming execution; its portal is surmounted by a gallery; higher, the rose opens with many petaled traceries; and the crowning gable is covered with delicate patterns. It is unfortunate that the tympanum is empty and that no statue stands on the dividing-pier to tell of the plastic talent of the carver, for his decorative fancies,



"WITH THEIR . . . WINDOWS AND . . . BUTTRESSES . . . AND PINNACLES, THESE EXTERIOR WALLS HAVE MUCH ORNAMENT AND GRACE."—EVREUX.

if somewhat exuberant, are lovely; and in his hands,



"THE WOODEN SCREEN, WHICH STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE
AMBULATORY."—EVREUX.

the hard stone seems to have been "as yielding as wax."

This wall, and a little door which leads from the

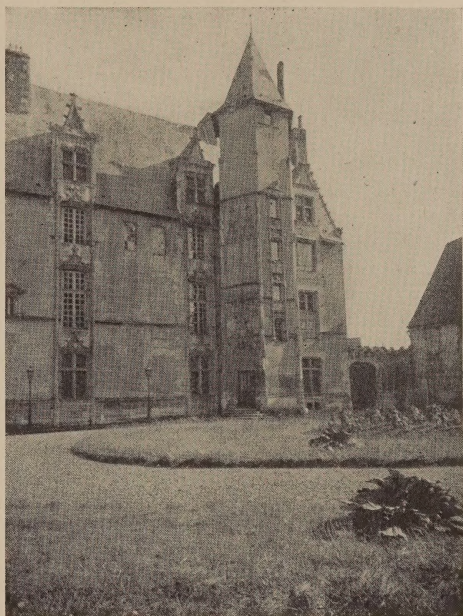
north aisle into the old "maîtrise," are the last works of a brilliant era,—and with them the Cathedral was not finished. The façade and its two belfries were still



"A LIGHT AND GRACEFUL CLOISTERED WALK WAS BUILT AT THE
END OF THE XV CENTURY.—EVREUX.

incomplete when the Renaissance began to blight the ecclesiastical art of France. Upon the ancient, massive, southern trunk, strange and hideous stages were erected until it became a square tower, with "five divisions" of niches, Doric pilasters, and Ionic columns, "topped" by an ugly, pyramidal, slate-covered pinnacle. The façade is an almost contemporaneous "ideal"; and although it is less blatant than the Pseudo-Classic is wont to be, its designs are suitable for a Roman Arch of Triumph rather than for a Christian church.

To contemplate a structure which is particularly displeasing, it is only necessary to turn to the north tower. It belongs to the comatose architectural periods of the XVII and XVIII centuries, is dubbed "Big Peter," has Doric pilasters and Gothic bays, terminates in a sort of cupola and lantern, and is a vulgar and bastard conception. Except as a compendium of æsthetic absurdities, it is unworthy of the most meagre description; it has



"THE PALACE OF THE BISHOPS."—EVREUX.

no real affinity for any great type, and is not even consonant with the poorer forms about it.

Happily, where the skill of constructors has failed to harmonise the marked differences of their taste, hazard has saved the church from a too blatant display of its defects. The façade is half hidden by the near-by houses; the wooden screens at the entrance of the ambulatory, which would mar the fine line of a

long perspective, here help to conceal the bad effect of the new axis; and, in restorations and chapel-making, the outer walls of the primitive nave received buttresses and ornaments having a decorative resemblance to those of the choir.

Except the western walls and towers, a general harmony reigns in the exterior,—and the west walls completed the Cathedral.

Each epoch, from the XI to the XVIII century, had added its bit of curious or interesting history, its beautiful or ugly architecture.

At the end of the XV century, a light and graceful cloistered walk was built to connect the Bishop's Palace with the church, and the apse was surrounded by a charming garden; but to these portions of the episcopal foundation, the XX century has brought unexpected and melancholy changes. The stately gardens are overgrown with weeds and the fountains are dry and dusty, many portraits of the prelates have disappeared from the Palace, its doors are closed, and no one walks through the cloistered gallery,—Monseigneur has gone.

Lisieux.

“The Lisieux seen from the station and the Lisieux seen on foot,” writes Dumazet, “are two entirely different places.” From the railway, “tall chimneys, walls pierced with numerous windows, and clouds of smoke give it the aspect peculiar to a factory



"THE CATHEDRAL."—LISIEUX.

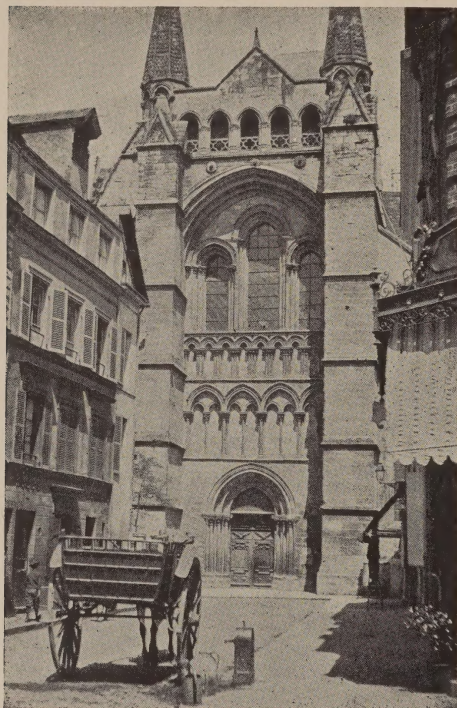
district." Within its confines, even "if several parts are too modern, with structures four and five stories high, and straight and regular streets, the city as a whole is a precious legacy of the Middle Ages. Its ancient, wooden houses with peaked gables and sculptured beams are among the most interesting in Normandy"; and lying peacefully in the valley of the Orbriquet and the Touques, it continues to deserve the titles, affectionately bestowed upon it by English travellers, of "the Chester of France" and "the sleepy place of timber houses."

Its Cathedral of Saint Peter, strong, dignified, and somewhat severe, is a valuable relic of the Transition.

The west front, the most elaborate portion of the exterior, has a "Grand Portal" of good and generous mould, denuded of statues. Although their tympana also are empty, the narrower doors appear intact because the slender columns on each side of their entrance-way have escaped destruction. The upper stages of the façade contain a huge, pointed window, a balcony, and a series of traceried arcades,—constructions of suitable dimensions, which are more or less conventional

The stages of the towers, on the contrary, have that lofty distinction which is characteristic of Norman Gothic belfries. Above both lateral doors, there is a story of blind arches, ornamented at the angles by tiny peaks; and with it the analogy between the two structures comes to an end. The northern tower has only one other story of beautiful, slim, Gothic lancets,

covered by an ugly roof. In the corresponding section of the south side, there are three similar tiers of round-topped, window-like openings; and this tower is finished



"THE STURDY SOUTH TRANSEPT."—LISIEUX.

by a balcony, and a mediocre spire with four little turrets at its base. To those who find charm in comparisons, the belfries are suggestive,—on the one hand is the new style, long and graceful; on the other, the Romanesque, less graceful perhaps, and certainly less delicate, yet admirable and appropriate in its measured carvings. Beneath

the roofs, the side-walls are adorned with a frieze; and they have insignificant flying-buttresses, and stone spouts instead of gargoyles.

In spite of the great, awkward arms of the three buttresses which sustain its right side, the south transept seems to be sturdy. The conical turrets which flank

its gable, its windows, and proportions make it an excellent, if secondary, work; and it has been truly said that "it possesses one of the quaintest . . . of Norman doors, . . . altogether rude, and full of spirit." In the north transept, the Transition again shows itself in the slightly pointed windows, the tentative flying-buttresses, and the terminating turrets. Behind the church is "the hill"; and the apse is, as it were, "almost backed" against the rise of the ground. It is, unfortunately, impossible to view it in good perspective; and looking down from the road, the effect is half-pleasing and half-disappointing. An obvious detail, the central lantern, which was restored in the late period of 1452, consists of a story of Gothic windows and arcades, which now supports an incongruous, peaked bonnet instead of a spire. Behind the truncated "central tower" extends the clerestory stage of the apse. Its windows are symmetrical, and rather plain and narrow; and it is "held" by the usual, "stiff" flying-buttresses of the early type. Here again one discovers the combination of Gothic forms and Romanesque methods. Nothing is more characteristic of the older plans than the three chapels nestling about the parent church, but two absidioles have pointed windows patterned after those of the clerestory, and the third has disappeared. In its place there is a typical "Lady Chapel" of the XV century, which entirely overshadows the modest structures at its side. Far from improving Saint-Pierre, it is an excrescence, foreign to the dom-

inant style, and its large windows and correct gallery and turrets are a precise rather than an inspired conception.



"IT IS HERE THAT THE FINEST HARMONY PREVAILS."—LISIEUX.

As a whole, the exterior does not lack an impressive dignity; in detail, it lacks homogeneity; and if it is without the discordant architectural admixture of an

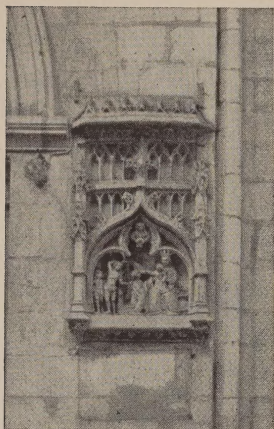
Evreux, it is as far from the magnificence of Bayeux.

Except a portion of the north transept, the nave is the earliest part of Saint Peter's; and "built in a single epoch," it is here that the finest harmony prevails. The first columns are heavy monoliths with capitals of big, spreading leaves. The triforium is merely a blind arcade, with practical doors which lead from the garret-like spaces under the eaves. Such a simulation is almost inevitably poor in principle and economical in effect,—at Lisieux, height, unaffected simplicity of line, and sober ornamentation redeem the artificiality. The windows of the clerestory, barely pointed, flanked by delicate columns, neither majestic nor stunted, is an agreeable, unpretentious stage.

In form and in sculpture, the nave, like the exterior, is Gothic; in that intangible something which we vaguely term "atmosphere," "spirit," it is Romanesque. The designs which received their inspiration from the example of nature and the angles of the arches are the "advanced" ideals, and the cylindric columns and the general massiveness prove the persistence of the older habits of construction. In a semi-technical, semi-artistic sense, the aisle might be called a minor Laon. It has no true galleries, it is much smaller, lower, and narrower; and yet within the bounds of its less grandiose plan, it has a kindred quality of stately, archaic strength.

The north and south aisles, grave and ample, should

complete this division of the church;—unfortunately, the inevitable chapels of a later date have been added. It would be unfair to decry their Gothic, which is notably gracious; but they intrude upon a walk with which they are not consonant.



"A BIT OF FLAMBOYANT DETAIL."—LISIEUX.

In the transepts, the general primitive scheme is carried out; and to the east, broad arches, upheld by single columns, open into an aisle which serves as a space for special altars. With their comparatively severe outlines, the windows of the end-walls are not extraordinary; yet it should be remembered that if they were filled with the rich glass of the Middle Ages, the whole transept would be glorified.

It is here that a few mutilated tombs and bas-reliefs are found; and a bit of Flamboyant detail, representing an aspiration familiar to the mediæval Christian, adorns a pillar of the south side.

Seen from the interior, the XIII century lanthorne tower may be keenly appreciated. Its blind gallery and tall clerestory are lovely; and at dusk, when the aisles are thrown into heavy shadow and light still lingers in the distant heights, one cannot fail to understand the idealism which led architects to erect these

vaulted domes, like a rare canopy, above the entrance to the Holy of Holies.

The piers of the crossing are not especially imposing, and the first two bays of the choir follow the pattern of the transept. In 1215, the eastern extremity was enlarged, its Gothic is naturally more mature and graceful than that of the preceding period, and its stones seem to be of two alternating tones. The triforium is a real, little walk; and under each of its arcades there are two long and slender arches and a carven oculus. Above the story, a frieze is cut; and the clerestory, similar to that of the nave, is somewhat "developped" and impressive.

Happily, the good stalls of the XIV century do not hide the pillars of the Sanctuary; for the double monoliths with the tiny "assisting" columns and the sharply pointed arches of the hemicycle are elegant and finished. The ambulatory, too, with the windows and arches and traceries on its walls, is very symmetrical.

At either side of this choir are the pretty chapels of the two absidioles, with their "wainscoting" of blind arcades and the three windows of their rounded ends; and between them stands the structure which so evidently replaced the middle absidiole,—the Lady Chapel of the XV century. As is usual, the favourite creation of the "ornate School" is a charming church in miniature, with three bays, a diminutive choir, elaborate windows, and a "supporting stage" on which arches are exquisitely traced,—and it is far finer in

the interior than in the conventionality of its outer style.

After going in at the western door and walking through the aisles of Saint-Pierre, the traveller has studied in fairly logical sequence several steps in the evolution of Christian art. From the first bay, which serves as vestibule, he looked into a strong and admirable nave of the Transition; in the transepts, he had discovered—with slight differences—work of analogous inspiration. Neglecting the well-built but inappropriate lateral chapels, he had immediately come into the choir and the manner of the XIII century, and lastly, in the Lady Chapel, he enjoyed the delicate lines and suave ornamentation of the late type.

The chapel is interesting both on account of its technical merit and because it was commenced by a Bishop of Lisieux in expiation of one of the blackest of all foul crimes which besmirch the Middle Ages.

This prelate, Pierre Cauchon, says history, "in whom talent, subtlety, and ambition concealed for a while the lack of conscience and morality," was born near Reims, towards the close of the XIV century. As a seminarist, he was brilliantly successful, obtained the supreme honours of the Rectoral in 1403, and four years afterward, newly licensed in Canon Law, he was made an attaché of the Embassy sent to Paris in an endeavour to remedy the pontifical schism. He then definitely chose the political arena. Becoming successively Arch-deacon of Chartres, Vidame of Reims, and member of

the Great Council, a presiding officer under Pope and Vice Inquisitor "in matters of heresy," he was at length "constituted Bishop and Count of Beauvais and Peer of France"; and when he arrived at the gates of the episcopal stronghold, he was accompanied by no less a personage than his protector, Philip the Good.

Until that moment in his career, a sentiment of justice and patriotism was not incompatible with the Burgundian cause which Cauchon had espoused, but when England began the systematic subjugation of France "by fire, blood, and famine," his lively intelligence should have been devoted to the service of his imperilled country. Instead of aiding her, which possibly meant loss of wealth and future preferment, the Bishop, "presented his power to the Plantagenet" and, in return, Henry V made him Grand Almoner.

The hatred of his vassals and parishioners soon became bitter; in 1429, the inhabitants of Beauvais drove him from the town; and he was obliged to follow the march of the foreign Court. Here, however, he was very welcome, for the invaders recognised that they had no jurisconsult as consummate and no agent more skilful and powerful. Cauchon even tried to obtain Reims for the coronation of the English prince; and in 1431, when the child, Henry VI, was crowned in Notre-Dame of Paris, we read that the Cardinal of Winchester "was assisted by the Bishops of Beauvais and Noyon." The Duke of Bedford, Regent for the boy-king, was not unmindful of these services and

from time to time gave the grasping priest both money and favour, and to insure loyalty, dangled before his eyes, as the ultimate reward, the great Norman Archbishopric of Rouen.

During the epoch of his suspense, Joan of Arc was captured on the right bank of the Oise, within the diocese of Beauvais; and summoning the Count of Luxembourg, Cauchon immediately claimed her as his prisoner, and notified the King of England, the Duke of Burgundy, the University of Paris, and the Inquisition of France,—“he had his opportunity and was determined to deserve his reward.”

Joan had been conducted to Rouen. It was therefore necessary for the Chapter of the Cathedral to receive Cauchon, who was dispossessed of his See,—the Bishop finally entered the city of his hopes, and saw before him the vacant archiepiscopal throne.

His cupidity doubly excited by the proximity of the coveted seat and the obvious wealth of the prize, he lost not only all feeling of religion, but all decency and humanity. He laboured in every ingenious way to destroy the young Maid,—“by supposititious avowals, carefully planned snares, confessions surprised in a sacrilegious manner, and altered answers”; and he kept an Inquisitor beside him, “for it was in the subtleties of orthodoxy and heterodoxy that he hoped to entrap his victim.”

Fifteen or sixteen years later, at the tardy “revision of the process,” Cauchon’s nephew and heir, who was

one of the court registrars, swore that Joan's condemnation was "occasioned by the hatred of the English" and made possible through 'the shameful servility of his uncle.' The Bishop was suspected of planning to poison her; but he finally wavered and thought to content his masters by sentencing her to "perpetual imprisonment on bread and water."

The decision so infuriated the Rouennais that they threw stones at the unjust judge as he passed through the streets; and the English, equally enraged, accused him of receiving payment for deeds he would not perform.

In this quandary, and with the archiepiscopal throne ever before his eyes, he sank to still lower depths of scheming. As a last resource, he ordered that Joan's dress should be taken from her and replaced by a man's clothes; and when she had been forced to wear them, he declared her "relapsed," "excommunicated," "rejected from the bosom of the Church"; as such, he delivered her to the "secular arm," and on the thirtieth of May, 1431, assisted at her execution.

It is claimed that the Maid turned to him and said:

"You are cause of my death, for you promised to give me up to Holy Mother Church, and you have put me into the hands of my enemies."

Then, for the first time, the brutal torturer was moved with fear and remorse,—and "Failure" pursued him. He obeyed his superiors,—they forgot to give him Rouen; and hopeless, unable to return to Beauvais,

he demanded of the English "some Norman Bishopric yet in their power" and received Lisieux. There, lost to fame, his nefarious record made, he suddenly died in 1442.

After some years, Pope Calixtus III decided to excommunicate him, and his body came to a hideous and dishonourable end,—it was taken from its episcopal tomb and cast into the sewer.

Standing in the peaceful chapel of the Virgin, it seems strange that it was begun in expiation of crime and that it was probably the scene of a ghastly disinterment. "If our Lisieux adorns the architectural tale," writes a friend of the Traveller, "it also points a moral,—that unhallowed men may set foot within the Church, and likewise disappear, leaving no trace of their transitory passage. In spite of its Cauchon, Saint-Pierre is a claustral spot of modest grandeur, devoted to quiet and to pious meditation; and in spite of its Cauchon, the Faith triumphs in the Blessed Maid of Arc."

Sées.

The city of the Gallo-Romans, Saium or Segium, is to-day scarcely more than a big village; and its pleasant and peaceful aspect much belies the story of its war-like past. In the beginning of mediæval times, the distressed Sagians introduced a new supplication into their Litany, "From the fury of the Normans, deliver us, O Lord"; and they were subsequently so harassed that, with only changes of the foes' name,

they must have echoed this prayer throughout the ages. The misfortunes of the Cathedral were as appalling as the perils of the town; and reading the records, one expects to find on the last page the sentence which closes the monographs of a Glandèves or a Théroutanne, "no stone remains."

After telling of the loss of several churches, which existed before the XI century, Guillaume de Jumièges chronicles the advent of three brigands, Robert, Richard, and Avesgaud Sorenges, who were so strong and bold that they took possession of Notre-Dame and the surrounding canonical houses. From these strongholds, they laughed at religion, prelates, and people, sallied forth when it pleased them, and at other times lived in comfort within the holy precincts. The Bishop, Yves de Bellesmes, was horrified by the blasphemy and also by the desolation caused in his diocese, and he was not powerful enough to overcome the thieves. In despair, he set fire to the canonical residences,—the Sorenges were forced into the open, but the Cathedral was burned.

Shortly after the tragic event, Monseigneur de Bellesmes attended a Council of the Church; and being bitterly reproached by Pope Leo IX for his rash deed, "endured a season of hearty penance," and resolved to show his zeal by re-building in a "manner surpassing absolutely the ancient way." To obtain the necessary moneys, he made a pilgrimage to Italy to plead for the assistance of Boëmont, the Prince of Taranto, and of the famous Tancred de Hauteville; and from Italy he

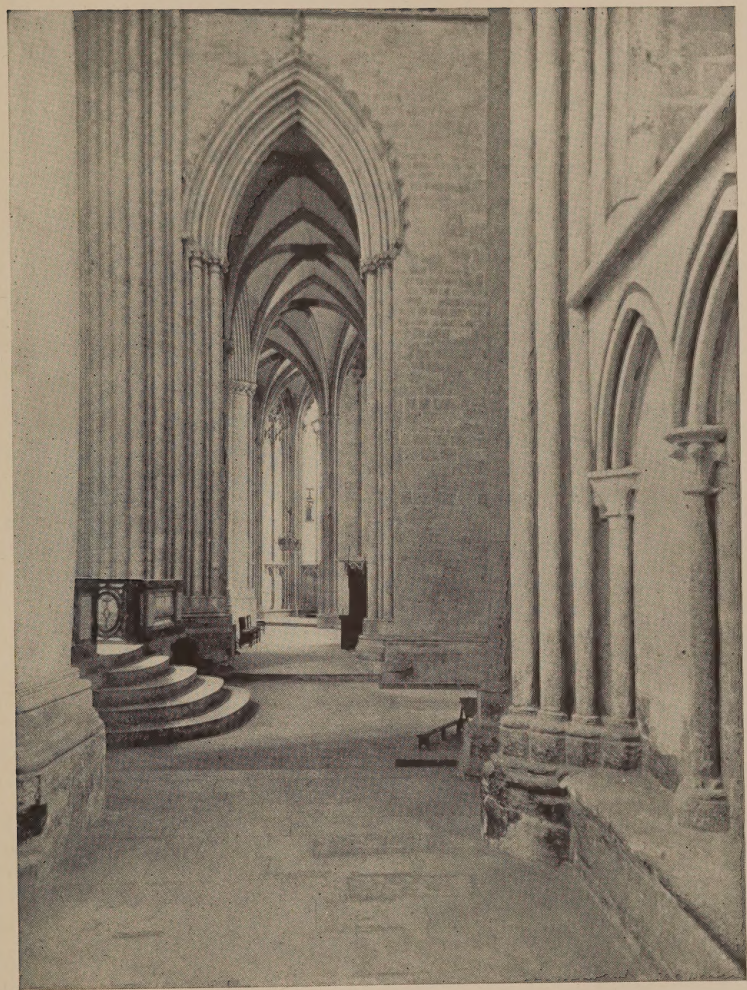
crossed the sea to Constantinople, "where the Emperor likewise consented to hear and aid him."

A Cathedral was consequently commenced during the middle of the XI century; and in it, Richard the Lion-Hearted received from the Archbishops of Rouen and Canterbury absolution for the sin of "bearing arms against his brother." We know something of contemporaneous occurrences, little of the architecture of the edifice. Part of it "fell" in 1114, and the series of disasters began anew. At its consecration, it was "far from finished"; a hundred years later, it had to be reconstructed; and in 1260, another conflagration is chronicled.

During the sieges of the XIV century, both burghers and peasants "fled to its aisles as to a port of refuge," and troops were quartered here; afterwards, it was completely pillaged and even the Mitre and the Crozier were stolen; and finally, in 1375, it was again burned "to a certain extent."

The Hundred Years' War brought its special burden,—a tax on each tower to help in payment of the ransom of King John, captive of Edward III of England. The sum could be illy spared, for the walls were in such bad condition that it was "dangerous to stay in the transepts or to celebrate Mass beneath the crossing."

Gradually the people became imbued with the idea that their Cathedral might "collapse"; and at the Great Pardon of 1516, a terrible panic took place. Crowds from the country round had come in such



"THE AMBULATORY."—SÉES.

numbers that the church was not large enough to contain them, and an Altar was put beneath the central portal. "Then," writes the annalist, "in the month of June, when the vast multitude was assembled . . . and the streets about the parvise were packed with worshippers, Satan, the common foe, envious of piety, fascinated their eyes, and so troubled the . . . minds of the assistants that they thought they saw the high points of the spires wavering, . . . and the tall scaffold, on which the Bishop was officiating, . . . appeared to sway,—so that they cried out and . . . men, women, and children, seized with a panic of fear, tried to hasten away. In the confusion, the strongest pushed and pressed, and the weaker, . . . thrown to the ground, were trodden under foot and . . . smothered to death."

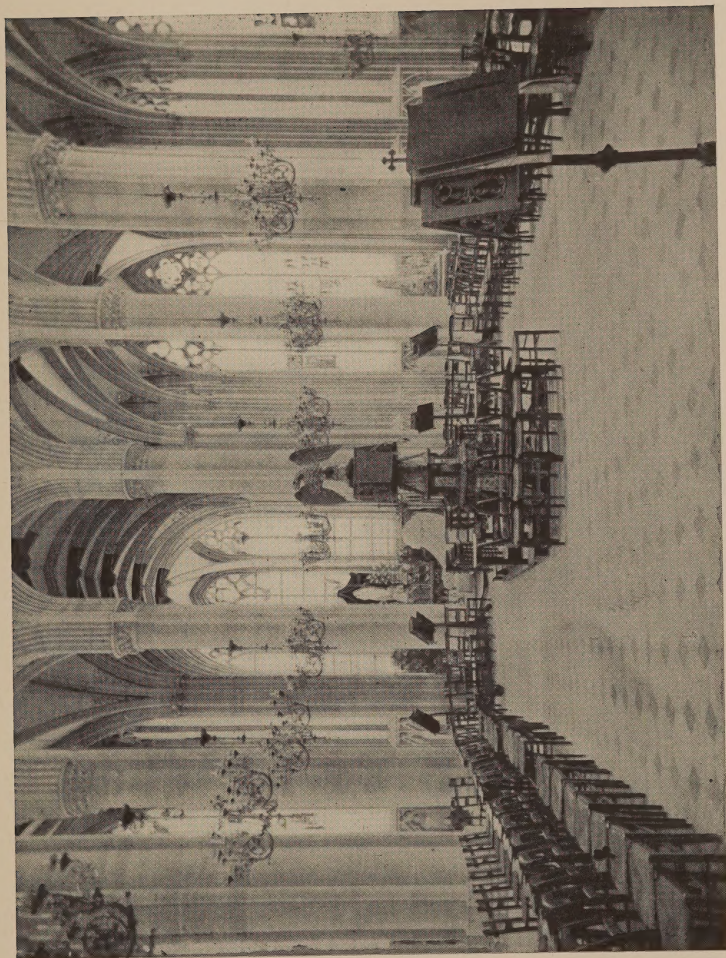
In 1553, another enemy known to the Faithful as "Anti-Christ" and Satan, Coligny, sacked Notre-Dame, lighted a bonfire in the choir, and using records and the relics of the Saints as fuel, "kept it flaming brightly." Fifteen years later, he was followed by the redoubtable Protestant chief, Montgommery, who committed all imaginable profanations and stole "what he laid hands on, from the Cross of the Altar to the metal which covered the roofs."

It is not, therefore, surprising to read that "broken ornaments, columns, and statues are found everywhere, everywhere one perceives cracked walls, damaged pillars, interrupted flying-buttresses, fallen gargoyles,

and galleries in ruin." The wind "penetrates so freely that the Consecrated Host was once almost blown from the paten," and the celebrant was obliged to "take It and flee to a sheltered spot," "rain inundates the Sanctuary, and pours over the stalls into the nave and the aisles." In 1740, Notre-Dame was closed.

The epoch was not propitious for the restoration either of the Gothic, which was considered uncouth, or of the church of a distant, provincial town. The Ages of Fervour were past; and historians of the period illustrate by scores of facts its greedy irreligion and faithless orthodoxy. "In short, considerations of the . . . services of the Church were of secondary importance in the repartition of its offices and means." Princes bestowed these offices, and "Kings ceded portions of their rights . . . in appanage to their children" as a valuable heritage rather than a sacred trust. It would seem that Sées was Monsieur's prize, but we discover no record of any gift to the desolate edifice, and appeals to Louis XV and Cardinal Fleury were "utterly in vain."

Several pastors, meanwhile, endeavoured strenuously to save it. John of Perugia instituted a Confraternity and induced the entire diocese to join,—the rich who were asked for "two sols and over," the tradesfolk and artisans who contributed also, and the poor who paid a few farthings. Another prelate "donated much of his immense patrimony" to the cause,—



"THE CATHEDRAL," WRITES VIOLLET-LE-DUC, WAS 'AMONG THE BOLDEST OF GOTHIC CREATIONS.'"—SÉES.

yet in 1808 Notre-Dame was again declared "dangerous" and its doors were again closed.

The Cathedral, writes Viollet-le-Duc, was "among the boldest and least substantial of Gothic creations; it stood, besides, on unstable ground which had been repeatedly filled in," and it was not till 1822 that adequate scientific efforts were made to strengthen it "once and forever." This time, there were no half measures, and no compromises. Foundations were laid twenty feet below the earth, Ruprich-Robert was in charge, and Monseigneurs personally supervised, other architects and priests and a host of workmen laboured until, at length, Notre-Dame is believed to be without peril of structural weakness and has cost in preservation four times the expense of the original work. At the first glance, it appears to have suffered merely the inevitable, superficial bruises and mutilations of age, wars, and revolution. Study, however, reveals a very different condition, and shows two reasons why, in spite of its commanding presence, Our Lady may not rank among the greatest French Cathedrals,—first, because of its monumental patches and repairs; and second, because of an intrinsic fault, the tendency to excessive elaboration. In the former case, the result is a quasi-deformity; in the latter, the effect is similar to that of some dignified Madonna burdened with the tinsel of a feast-day dress.

All the diminutive pillars, columns, and turrets of their decoration cannot disguise the utilitarian purpose

of the façade's massive and protruding buttresses. In the centre, tier after tier reaching almost to the top of the gallery, shorter and more bulky at the sides, they receive stubby flying-buttresses from the main wall and are frank and "essential" makeshifts, additions begun in the XIV century and occasionally reinforced in order that the whole west front might not fall to the ground.

Still further diversities of form exist under the deep, receding porch. The majestic central portal alone belongs completely to the XIII century, that of the south side is comparatively insignificant, and the north door is of a decidedly attenuated Gothic type.

A façade as grandly outlined as Sées has usually a rose or at least a magnificent, pointed window. Here, a less customary disposition was chosen,—a number of shapely arcades which shelter a series of windows, then oculi in the spandrels, a frieze, and a handsome gabled gallery.

The towers, whose conception dates from the commencement of the best period, have their monotonous history of threatening ruin. They vary slightly in detail and used to vary in height; but in the final restoration, the lower one was elevated, and both now rise more than two hundred and twenty-five feet above the level of the earth. Their first stories are half concealed by the piers and pinnacles of the extra supports; and it is when the tiers emerge from behind the props that one sees the long and delicate lancets, the row of over-

hanging gargoyles, a frieze, a balcony, and the carved spires,—Sées built in noble symmetry.

With the single flying-buttresses of the nave, the small peaked turrets of the straight piles, the roofs, galleries, and fine, primitive, Gothic windows, the huge flanking walls are imposing. Being of a later School, the transepts are richly conventional. That of the southern side has a portal whose pretty sculptures portray the Life of the Virgin; and above the portal are the windows of the triforium, "the glorious rose," and lastly, the gable with its balustrade, its three oculi, and the tiny lanterns and their elongated "cones."

The door of the northern transept has only a bay and blind arcades, and its tympanum is filled with a rose of five petals. The intermediate stories are akin to those of the opposite wall; and the charming, round window of the pinnacle contains three quatrefoils.

Eastward, a belfry in miniature serves as flying-buttress; but the cupola which formerly adorned the crossing has not been reproduced, and the important towers are the "trunks" of the transepts and the big, western "spires."

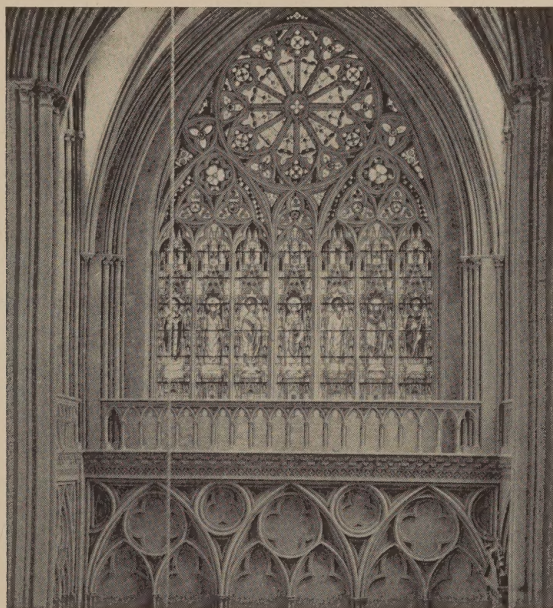
The semicircle of chapels at the end of the Cathedral and their lofty windows, the triforium with its wall of glass, and the clerestory, are exceedingly impressive. To comprehend the art of Sées, it is necessary to climb to these stages, where men of marked ability seem to have laboured for two results,—the splendour of the general perspective and a perfect elegance "in every

hidden corner of the habitation of God." The beautiful and wonderful system of internal and external construction, the double tier of flying-buttresses, the carving, and the workmanship, are worthy of all praise, and one need not be a technician to appreciate the verdict of Viollet-le-Duc that Notre-Dame "is among the most remarkable and finished of apses."

The nave has been called "entirely Norman." Its lower arches are of the early XIII century; and after the fire of 1260, its upper portions were re-made. The older is the better plan. Its monolithic pillars have rather slender capitals, the arches are tall, and naveward, an applied column extends to the clerestory and meets the ribs of the vaulting. Even before the top of the arches is reached, this appropriate simplicity of style is abandoned for a prodigality of ornamentation. The spandrels have oculi, the triforium, in itself harmonious, is marred by a superfluous balustrade, and a frieze stretches below it. Another balustrade, which protects a stone-ledge, gives the mediocre clerestory a stunted appearance; and the deep and slightly domical curve of the vault is needed to aid in correcting "a foreshortened effect." The multiplicity of designs has been termed "especially notable"; and sometimes they are exquisite, sometimes geometrical, and always intrinsically good. Yet they are unduly ostentatious, and the antithesis between their profusion and the dignity of the large pillars is displeasing.

Still another peculiarity consists in the unequal

dimensions of the bays, which are narrow near the western entrance and become gradually and systematically broader as the choir is approached. Not only is the size changed, the angles of the arches grow more



"A WINDOW OF THE TRANSEPT."—SÉES.

obtuse and the shape of the clerestory and triforium is sensibly altered. As each window is more spacious than that which preceded it, the flood of light which falls into the church increases; and it is suggested that, by a material device, the architect intended to "speak to the worshippers throughout the ages and say, 'the farther you penetrate into the temple, the brighter the radiancy of your soul.'" A pious thought cannot

reconcile the visitor to an eccentric disposition that is without æsthetic merit, a symbol so clumsily expressed.

The nave is distinguished because of its first arches, its vault, and a part of its triforium; perhaps it would not be unfair to claim that it is distinguished in spite of its defects.

The success which was not attained here is conspicuous in the side-aisles, whose outer walls have two divisions,—blind arcades surmounted by stately windows. On the southern side, the windows are higher than the arches; on the north side, the presence of the Cloister necessitated a structural compromise and consequently the stories have similar proportions.

In entering the transepts, the Norman with its obvious qualities and imperfections is left behind, and the French School reigns supreme. Erected chiefly between 1290 and 1330 and completed just before the Wars of Religion, when Monseigneur de Lilly gave the roses, they show all the suave grandeur, all the delicacy of strength which characterise the later efforts of the Isle-de-France.

In the extremity of the north "arm," there is a pointed chapel; and the window above its altar contains three figures, two with halos and one with Mitre and Crozier,—Saint Gervais, Saint Protais, and Jean de Bernières. The Bishop is interesting because, as his memorial brass set forth, he was "a man prudent, modest, and gracious, builder of the Cathedral of Sées and defender of its rights who died . . . in 1292."

The southern transept, too, has a little alcove, "the final, curious vestige," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "of the Romanesque chapels." In the aisle, near-by, there is another treasure, the historic well and its fine coping.

As "the best of the wine is reserved for the last of



"THE HISTORIC WELL."—SÉES.

the feast," so one goes last into the choir. Its axis is not quite that of the nave, but the dissimilarity is not merely that of measurements, it is one of School; and although nave and choir are Gothic, they are of distant kin and have been brought together by fortuitous circumstances, rather than by reasons of artistic fitness.

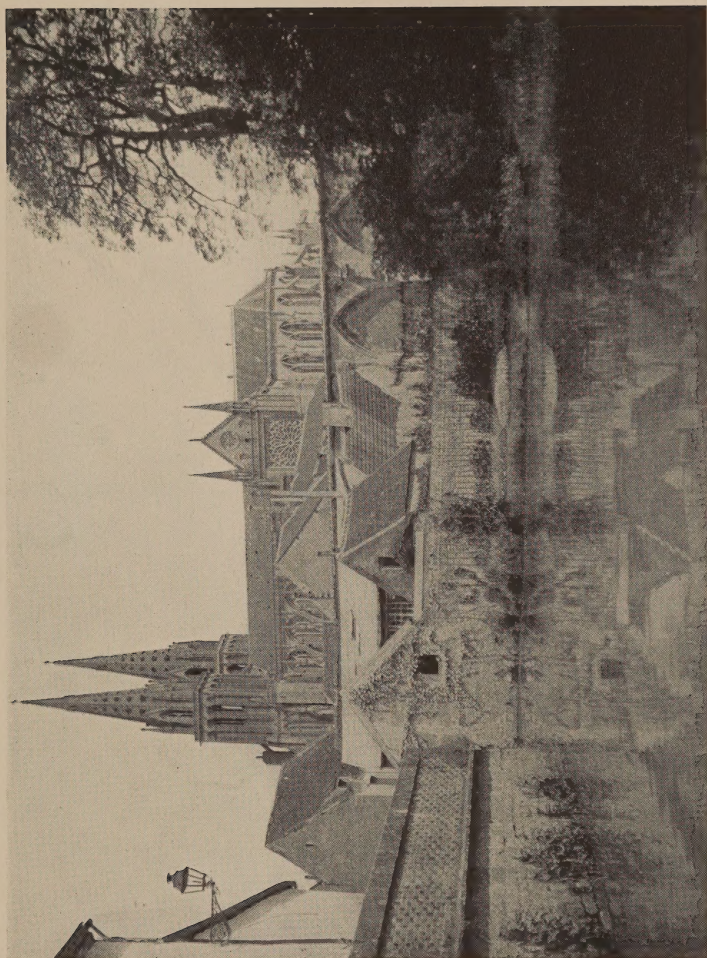
The heavier, older, handsome Norman faces the logical, correct, and elegant "French" conception; and the family resemblance of styles accentuates their essential individuality. With the exception of the

Lady Chapel, the eastern "half" of Notre-Dame belongs to the century following the disastrous fire of 1260. Its slim arches are tipped by decorated pinnacles,



"THE HEAVIER NORMAN FACES THE ELEGANT . . . FRENCH
CONCEPTION."—SÉES.

its pillars are monolithic, and each has four applied columns and a very slender, foliated capital. The balustrade of the triforium is cut in a trefoil pattern, and the protecting arches, which are almost lace-like,



"A LITTLE SISTER OF CHARTRES."—SÉES.

rest on slender bars. Through this fret-work, the long windows are visible; and with the vast clerestory they form a superb wall of glass supported by graceful traceries of stone.

Lying a trifle lower than the Sanctuary, the ambulatory is exquisitely designed; and its five chapels are not "alcoves," they are churches in miniature. Four of them have one bay of blind arcades and an apse-end lighted by three windows. In the Lady Chapel, the same scheme is developed into a nave of three bays and a pentagonal apse. The skilful formation of the tiny edifices, their piscinas, and their measured, felicitous carvings are wonderful.

Viollet-le-Duc writes: "The choir . . . has much analogy with . . . Saint-Ouen of Rouen; and from the viewpoint of theory, the former would outrival the Abbey . . . if it had been erected on good foundation-ground and if the materials had been properly selected." The Cathedral also suggests Beauvais,—for both are magnificent, daring, and sublimely bold. Saint Peter's is the larger; yet even if size were not considered, it far surpasses Notre-Dame. The question is again one of epochs, not of mathematics,—the XIII contrasted with the XIV century, and the XIII century is the truer inspiration. The next period is not yet artificial, it is conscious. In the desire to create beautifully, it uses trivial devices as well as nobler methods; and that its taste is not unerring is illustrated at Sées, where the pinnacle of the Sanctuary arches

and the balustrade of the triforium are superfluous elaborations which are somewhat trite and precise.

These are defects which the early masters would have avoided. On the other hand, between their days and 1300, an evolution had taken place in which qualities had been, as it were, merged, fused, transformed; and to decide between the merits of old and new, either as a matter of personal choice or of academic judgment, is not always easy. Loftiness is an ideal common to the Schools; but in 1280, majesty had given way to elegant stateliness, grave harmony was superseded by a more fastidious consonance, and the "dim, religious light" had grown into the luminous radiance of many windows of stained glass. Rare distinction of style was preferred to commanding glory; and of the rare distinction, Notre-Dame is a marvellous example. Any structure which is worthy of comparison with Saint-Ouen and Beauvais is great; and from afar, its twin towers and its splendid silhouette make Sées look like a little sister of Chartres.

Bayeux.

"There are few places more delightful to examine than Rouen," writes Freeman, "but the true Normandy is to be found farther west, and its really typical and central city is Bayeux. The difference is more than nine hundred years old. In the second generation after the land became Normandy at all, Rouen" was "French . . . , Bayeux was the Scandi-

navian stronghold. William Longsword, Rollo's son, sent his son hither to learn Danish where men still spoke it, still ate their horse steak, and prayed to Thor and Odin while all Rouen bowed piously at the altar of Our Lady."

The state of heathendom passed away; but the conservative spirit, which its persistence symbolised, was characteristic, and has endured throughout succeeding centuries. Situated in the depths of the province, Bayeux has preserved to our own times many of its ancient buildings, customs, and scholastic modes of thought. Venerable, peaked dwellings, whose discomforts seem quite intolerable, are the homes of contented people; and that which is true of material matters applies equally to things intellectual and spiritual. Beliefs, unessential to the most orthodox, are here accepted as commonplace facts; and even the science of the XI century, illustrated in the famous tapestry, is not yet entirely disdained.

A panel woven in the cloth shows the picture of a comet which was supposed to "accompany the death of Edward the Confessor and to presage the Norman Conquest" of England; and Dr. White tells that this "very comet, . . . depicted as portending destruction to Harold and the Saxons . . . and regarded by Pope Calixtus as portending evil to Christendom, was found six centuries later to be, as Seneca had prophesied, a heavenly body obeying the . . . laws of the universe and coming at regular periods."

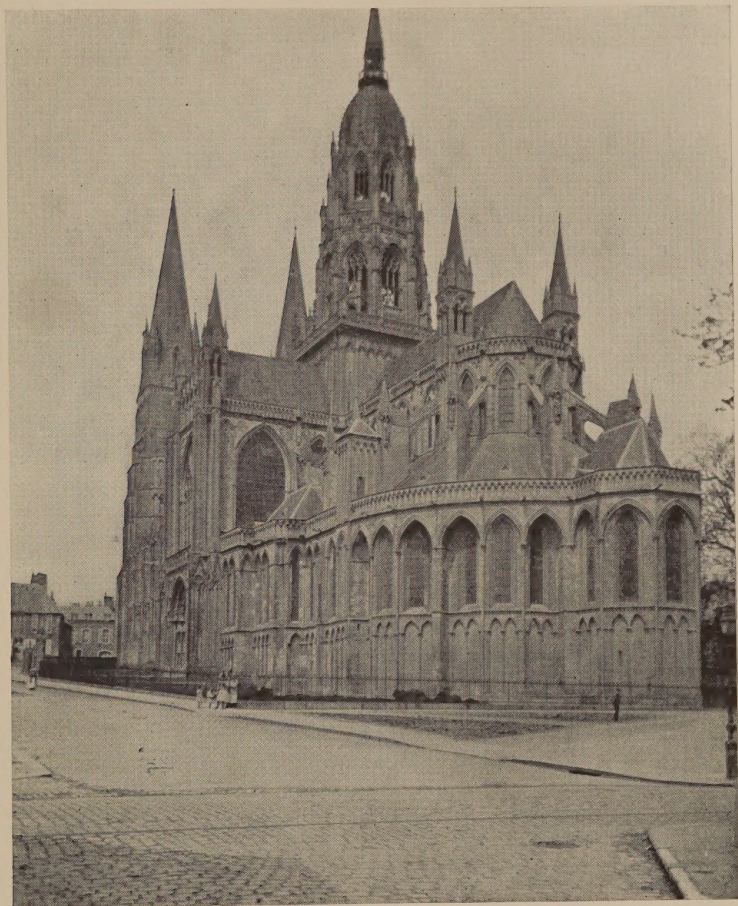
A traveller, standing before the Tapestry, who ventured to recall these facts, was rebuked by an inhabitant with the utmost courtesy.

“Monsieur may, perhaps, be deceived by the appearance of reason in the words he has quoted,—and certainly much show of strength characterises the specious logic of the present degenerate day. Nevertheless it is as undeniable now as in the pagan, Roman era that the limit of man’s knowledge of his destiny is easily reached, and that things exist in heaven which are not understood on earth. Why, therefore, should not the Holy Father, naturally the inspired guardian of spiritual affairs, be able to interpret in a religious sense those themes whose inferior, scientific basis he leaves to the care of laymen? A comet, Monsieur, like a person, may have two natures—two purposes, so to speak; and I presume that nobody will deny that God has deigned to manifest His will through the movement and acts of His various creatures.’

Not being a theologian, the traveller was content to waive the vexatious question, and to discuss a subject on which both he and the courteous native were agreed,—the Cathedral.

Burned in 1046, re-built by the great Hugues de Bayeux and completed by the greater Bishop Odo, half-brother of the Conqueror, it was consecrated in the presence of William and Matilda. Again burned, by their son, Henry I, parts of the edifice were saved and parts reconstructed; and although chiefly of the

Transition, Notre-Dame belongs as well to the Romanesque of the XI and the Gothic of the XIII, XIV, XV,



"THE MAGNIFICENCE OF OUR LADY OF BAYEUX."

and XVI centuries, and he who prefers unity to the majestic mixture of styles will consider its magnificence alternately wonderful and disappointing.

A striking—one might almost say violent—lack of harmony is illustrated in the nave. Its arcades are among “the richest examples seen anywhere of the . . . ornamented Romanesque” of the XII century. Between each arcade, sculptures in angular frames represent such different themes as a Madonna, the Oath of Harold, and a grotesque individual who is opposite the pulpit; the spandrels are covered with diapering, and nearly every bay has its special decoration. Between the first and second stages, there is a conventional band, a lovely frieze “surrounds the walls like a garland,” and carved heads bear the weight of columns and empty pedestals.

Above the Romanesque, which Freeman justly calls “splendid,” rises an exceedingly tall and imposing Gothic clerestory of the XIII century. The balustrade at its base is comparatively monotonous, and does little to mitigate the intense antithesis between the rounded, massive forms and the graceful, pointed windows.

Happily, the aisles, the choir, and the ambulatory which lies at a lower level, are of the same School, the Gothic. The channelled columns about the Sanctuary and the clustered pillars support deep and handsome archways, the spandrels contain oculi, and the frieze is a continuation of the “garland” of the nave. A high triforium, with its narrow arcades and quatrefoil within other arches, and with its profusely luxuriant spandrels, is at once stately, impressive, and ornate. The walk is a mere ledge; and to correspond with the



"THE AISLE IS GOTHIC."—BAYEUX.

fine proportions of the arcades, it seems as if it should be broad like that of Laon.

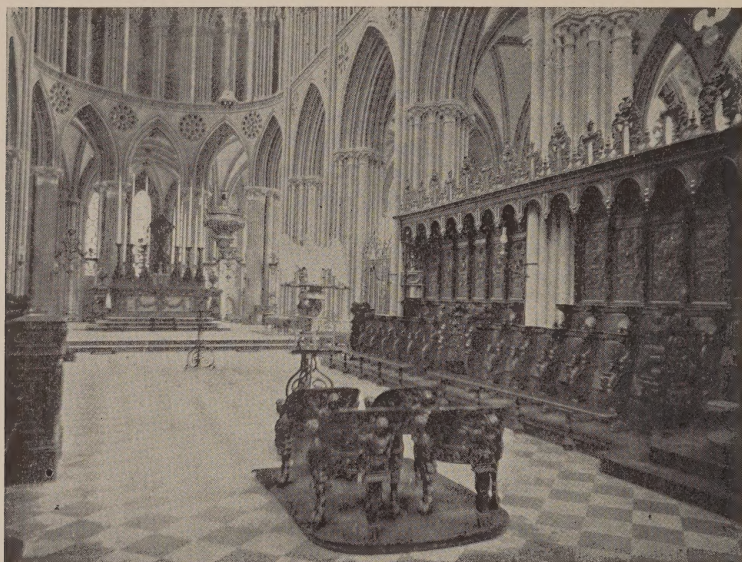
Nothing can exceed the distinction of the Sanctuary's big arches and gallery, spacious and not immense, elaborate yet not garish,—a “beautiful production of the XIII century”; and it is unfortunate that the clerestory should be meanly stunted and that the vault, like that of the nave, should have only a slight and modest curve. A window has fragments of stained-glass, and medallions and the names of twenty-one prelates are painted on the vault; but neither paintings nor stained-glass could make the heights effective.

The transepts, on the contrary, represent the best manner of the late XIV and early XV centuries. Blind arcades and a gallery adorn the terminating walls; and in lofty panels above them the stained-glass portrays, on the south side, the holy Abbots of Bayeux, and on the northern side, a long line of the Bishops of the diocese.

The church possesses over a score of chapels, of all Gothic periods and variations, from the Lady Chapel with its pretty piscina and its “dove column” to the “alcoves” of the side-aisles and their gorgeous Flamboyancy.

“The interior,” claims the Englishman who admired it enthusiastically, “is also interesting because of the many facts in the history of Normandy which are plainly written in its architectural changes,” and it has some curious details and some valuable ecclesiastical

furnishings. The stone ledge below the north triforium of the nave, which formerly served as organ-loft, is exquisitely cut; and under the present loft, the western entrance is embellished on the inside with



"PROBABLY THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY OF 'THE FURNISHINGS' ARE THE CHOIR-STALLS."—BAYEUX.

leaves and filaments and blind arcades. In this wall, too, is found the precious XV century window given by the "Corporation of Cooks," the best of the few bits of old glass in Notre-Dame, which, through a sorry mischance, is hidden by the organ.

"The Assumption," an altar-piece in stone, is preserved in a northern chapel, the reredos of the next "alcove" is sculptured in wood, and these chapels and

the south transept have remains of the paintings of the XV and XVI centuries.

Probably the most extraordinary of the "furnishings" are the choir-stalls and the sedilia of 1588 and 1589. In spite of their numerous niches, Corinthian pillars, and fantastic images, the designs do not equal those of the earlier masters. They exhibit a poorer quality of technical skill and, as it were, of subject-matter. But the artists had by no means descended to the trite formalism of their successors; if their imagination was not delicate, it was fecund and exuberant; and their dark, heavy stalls are renowned.

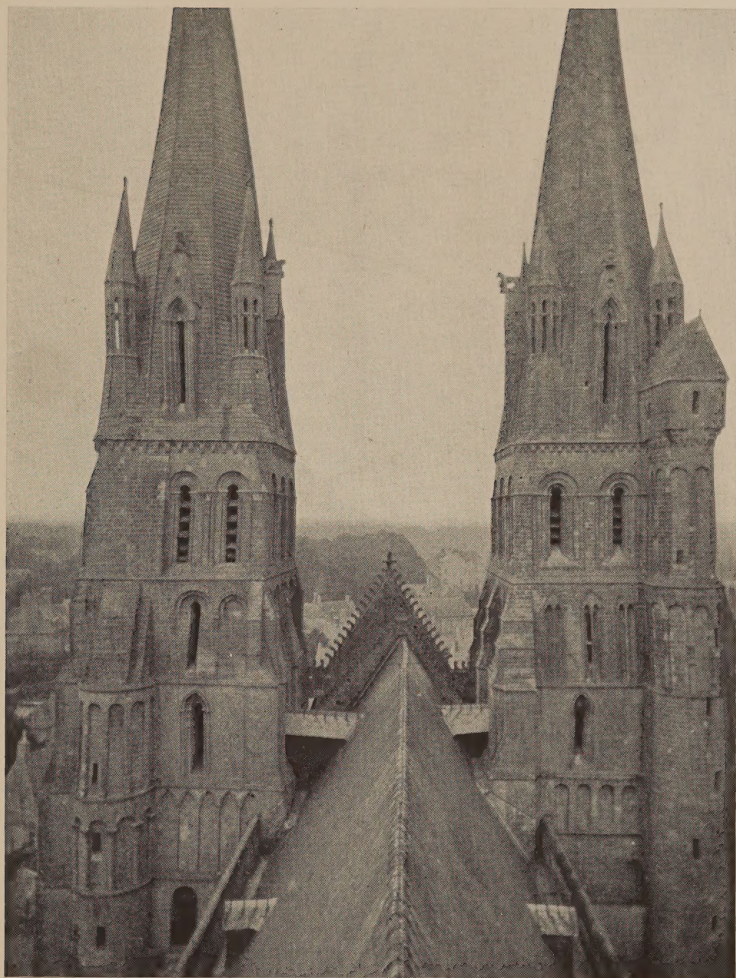
Beneath the choir, and, by the very fact of its position so isolated as not to disturb the Gothic harmonies, lies a crypt. "In digging under the High Altar for the grave of Bishop Jehan de Boissy," the chronicle relates, "on the third of April, 1412, . . . the existence" of an underground chamber was made known "of which no record was to be had." It is believed to have been built by "Odo, son of Herlwin de Conteville and Arlette, mother of the Conqueror, a boy prelate at the time of his appointment, who ruled the See in the XI century for the space of fifty years."

Odo's crypt, which is reached by steps from the ambulatory, is small and quiet, far from the noise of the world and seemingly far from the life of the upper church,—a solitary spot, full of mysterious obscurity. Short, thick columns, with simple capitals, sustain the vaulting; and on the round arches, faint remnants of

colour may be seen, frescoes added after the discovery of 1413, which represent Angel musicians playing the viola, the organ, the triangle, and kindred instruments of the heavenly orchestra. "Never," writes Théophile Gautier in sober mood, "was architecture more significantly sepulchral. It appears to invite one to recline on a stone in the shadow of the low vault and await . . . the last Trump"; and it is a fitting tomb for Agatha, the unhappy young daughter of William of Normandy. Dying on the road to Spain, where she was to have been forced into marriage with the Prince of Galicia, it was deemed proper that the pious girl should be buried at home. She is said to have worn her knees "to the brawn" in perpetual prayers; and standing by her grave in the claustral chapel, one feels that God heard her cries of protest and brought her back "to rest in peace."

As is usual, Notre-Dame has several minor, dependent structures which were erected with as much care as the edifice itself and yet are not integral portions of it; and like the Cloister, they were placed on the north side of the Cathedral. The largest of the three rooms is the dignified Capitulary Chamber of the XIII century, whose pillars, caryatides, and ceiling are of following Gothic epochs; and less spacious, though scarcely less beautiful, are the Sacristy of the transept and its second story, the lovely little "Treasury."

The façade has been called "essentially Romanesque," but the "Gothic garb" in which it is clothed



"THE ARCHAIC STRENGTH OF THE OLD NORMAN BELFRIES."—BAYEUX.

is almost effectual in disguising the ancient forms. The first stage consists of five pointed arches, whose lateral pinnacles contain oculi of different patterns and are bordered with a foliated motif. Above the central door, the second story has its balcony, a big window, and a decorated band; then, in an ornate, canopied gallery, a row of huge statues; and finally, in the centre of a handsome gable, a small rose.

The chief artistic treasure of the wall is not this window, it is the tiny, charming Rose of Saint-Gerbold, "which honours the beloved and holy man who is ever invoked during the season of cholera." Tradition tells that he had once been falsely condemned and cast into the Channel; and, "through his goodness and innocence, was miraculously brought back to shore on the same rock which was to have carried his body to the depths." The window commemorates the happy justification by picturing the Saint in monk's garb, kneeling on his mill-stone "as on a raft," in the midst of lines which must be waves; and to recall the fact that flowers sprang up about his path as he returned to his people, a few posies were cut in the surrounding frame.

The adornment from portal to topmost gable appears pronouncedly Gothic; and to study the Romanesque, one must turn to the flanking towers, where, notwithstanding pointed windows and ornaments of subsequent periods, notwithstanding Gothic spires of the XII century, the archaic strength and the austere grandeur of the old Norman belfry are dominant.

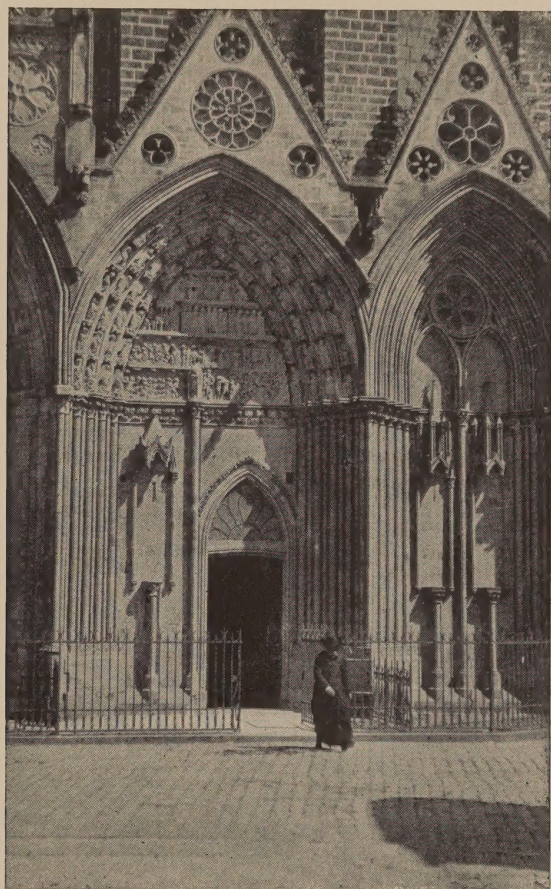
In summing up the characteristics of the façade, Freeman kindly and not unjustly declared that "the front of Bayeux, though a composition of various dates thrown together in a casual manner, and though the details of the two towers do not exactly agree, . . . produces a very striking effect. The later work seems not so much to be stuck upon the earlier as to grow out of it. One could hardly have thought that spires, among the most elegant . . . of the district, would have looked so thoroughly in place as they do when crowning towers . . . parts, at least, of which are the work of Odo."

A cemetery is known to have lain around Notre-Dame; and a strange, memorial inscription, which still survives, carved in Gothic letters on the side of the south tower, is believed to be that of Isabella of Dover, mistress of Robert of Gloucester and sister of the Bishop of Bayeux and of an Archbishop of York. It reads:

Already three days since Easter had passed,
When she, whose grave you see herein placed,
Determined to die. All went therefore undone
To come with expense and put her in the tomb.
You can show to the dead your wrinkled old face,
Aged Dame who caused us to lose a whole day.
We regret truly more that whole day of joy
Than a hundred old women of your alloy.

The Cathedral has remarkable entrance-ways of differing sizes and fashions. The façade's five arches

are like five portals, in reality there are three practicable doors; and the outer arcades have delicate columns



“IN THE VAULTING, A MULTITUDE OF FIGURES ARE
GATHERED ABOUT THE SCENES OF THE
TYMPANUM.”—BAYEUX.

and capitals holding a narrow, moulded arch, an oculus and two traceried arches within the tympanum, and

two empty niches with dais and pedestals which stand against the stone panel that blocks the arch.

The central door, much broader, has a similar conventionality, and the richness of "dramatic sculpture" is reserved for the lateral portals.

Here, a portion of the wall is occupied by the open archway and the other half is embellished by a niche. Higher, there is a foliated band; and in the vaulting, multitudes of figures are gathered about the scenes of the tympanum. On the southern side, they see Hell and its master; the Damned in despair precipitating themselves toward everlasting torment; the Dead, as yet unsentenced, coming out of their tombs; and the procession of the Elect marching to Heaven,—a Gothic door which leads to the tree of Paradise. Ruling the motley throng, the Just Judge sits on His throne, adored by the Angels and the Blessed. On the north side, the Passion and the Crucifixion are portrayed; and Christ Triumphant, with the Chalice and the Gospels, is the "Completion" of the sacred story.

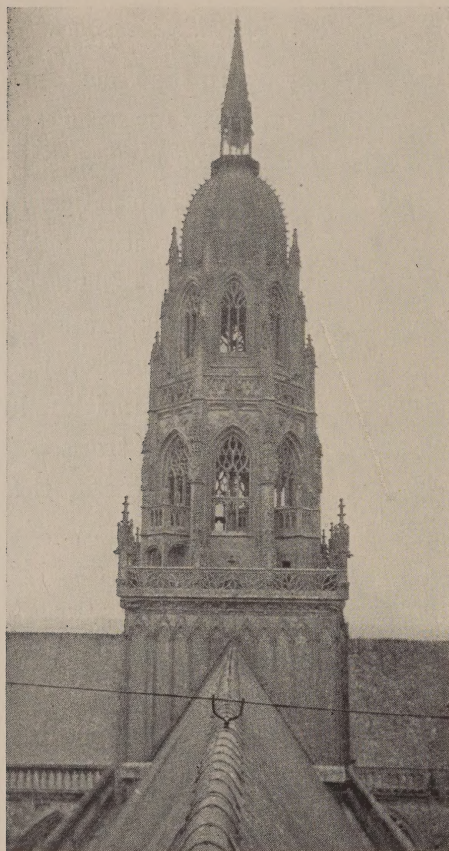
An architect of the earlier XIII century would have given the wall three portals, his sculptured scenes would have been larger, his lines at once bolder, grander, and less exquisite. But Bayeux's is the newer School of the mature XIII and the XIV centuries, and represents it in admirable mood. The many statuettes of the small tympana are distinct; the many holy tales are clearly told; and the miniature drama has true intensity. It is not so forceful as a Paris, not as

imposing as any western door of Amiens; yet it approaches a perfection that is somewhat precise; real weakness has not been reached, and it is almost ungracious to suggest that the decadence of the art is presaged. It would, perhaps, be better to say again that one ideal has been exchanged for another,—suavity for strength, distinction for magnificence, slender grace rather than splendid size;—in a word, elegance rather than majesty.

The other portals of the church are interesting both in themselves and their diversity of styles. That of the north transept is the poorest and plainest; and the tiny door of the Deanery, “used only for the reception of a Dean-elect or the Dean after death,” is Transitional. The “opulent” entrance belongs to the south transept. Its double, open arcades are exceedingly ornate, the dividing pier and the lateral niches have pretty canopies and pedestals, the bay pierced by the wide arch is “luxuriant” with vines, pinnacles, and lace-like tracery, the vaulting is filled with diminutive statues; and above a fine frieze, the tympanum represents a subject which is valuable from the æsthetic and the historical point of view,—the life of Thomas à Becket as understood by the people who lived in the XIV century, several generations after his death. The events which the sculptor selected are the arrival of the Archbishop in France, conferences concerning his reconciliation with Henry II, the return to Canterbury, the murder, and the prelate’s apotheosis.

Above the transept’s first stage are the successive

tiers of the balcony, the immense window, a canopied gallery resembling that of the façade, and at the top,



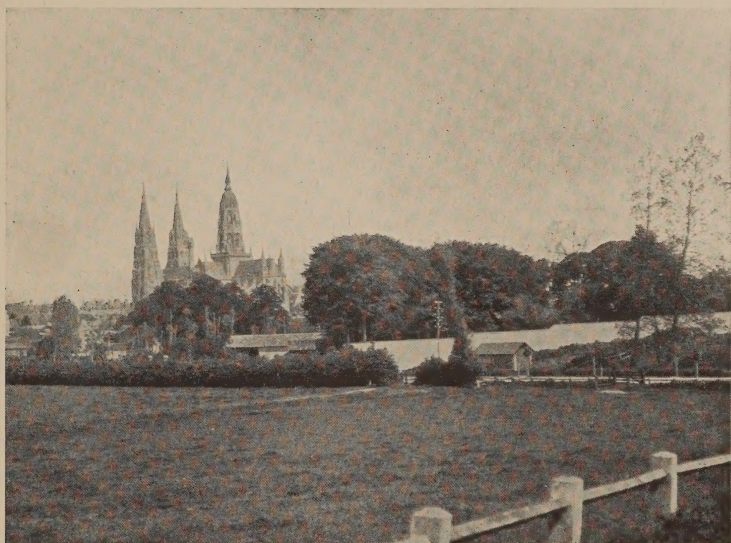
"THE LOFTIEST 'DETAIL' OF NOTRE-DAME."
BAYEUX.

a much ornamented gable flanked by turrets. The northern transept, of the same general epoch, has far fewer carvings.

These walls separate parts of the exterior which are dissimilar,—the apse and the nave. As the clerestory of the western end is of the XIII century and the chapels are of subsequent periods, the Romanesque of the interior is concealed behind Gothic constructions; and the com-

plicated designs of the lower windows, their hoods, the double flying-buttresses, and the many turrets of the straight piles, are very decorative.

In the eastern end, on the contrary, the effect is more austere; and a plan has been followed which is at once handsome and formal. The foundation-story has a series of tall, regular arcades, chapel windows



"THE TURRETS AND SPIRES."—BAYEUX.

sheltered beneath a row of arches, gargoyles protruding at exact intervals, and a dentated frieze. From the roof-line, straight buttresses adorned with statues and pinnacles rise to receive the short flying-buttresses, and the clerestory is surmounted by the usual gallery.

At the extremity of the choir, as at the angles of the transept, there are turrets, whose arrows, "pointing" above the walls, seem to be miniatures of the spires, which are themselves surpassed in height by the dome

of the crossing, the loftiest "detail" of Notre-Dame. Its square base, half hidden by the roofs and scarcely noticeable, bears the lantern of 1479, a lovely ducal crown covered with the fleurs-de-lys, the coats-of-arms, the two tiers of graceful windows, and the delicate fancies of which the Flamboyant was prodigal. Above this structure, a modern copper dome has been built which, in its turn, supports a little cone. In the beginning, the addition of the dome was considered "a bold experiment," and competent critics regarded the work with dubious favour; but if not extraordinary, it is also not a blemish.

In summing up its titles to fame, the Cathedral has been called "glorious," and the adjective is scarcely exaggerative,—the interior is remarkable; the portals, the big belfries, the rich south transept, and the Flamboyant dome have originality as well as merit; and it is above all in the general view of turrets and spires from the road and fields about the town that Bayeux is "the noble church of Normandy."

Avranches.

Records state that Avranches "once possessed a beautiful Norman-Gothic Cathedral, which suddenly fell down, subsiding into utter ruin in 1790."

The architectural splendours of the building are now almost forgotten, and even its site is unknown to some of the citizens whose great-grandparents worshipped within its walls.

The memory of one epoch-making event connected with Saint-André is preserved by a few sentences carved on a stone which was saved from the ruins. "On this stone," reads the inscription, "at the door of the Cathedral of Avranches—after the murder of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury—Henry II, King of England, Duke of Normandy, received the apostolic absolution from the Legates of the Pope on Sunday, May 22, 1172."

Thierry tells us that "the Sovereign went with pomp to the great church . . . and placing his hand on the Gospels, swore before all the people that he had neither ordered nor desired the death of the Archbishop and that, when he had heard of it, he felt more sorrow than joy.

"Then were read to him the articles of peace and the promises which he had made, and he vowed to execute them all in good faith . . . ; and he, who a short time before had so haughtily braved the pontifical power, besought the Cardinals to spare him in nothing.

" 'My Lord Legates,' " he said to them, 'here is my body, it is in your hands; and know for a certainty that whatever you command I am ready to obey.'

"The legates contented themselves with making him kneel before them, in order to pronounce absolution for his indirect complicity.

"Thus was Henry reconciled, in the porch of Saint-André, to Rome, without any ignominious ceremony whatever," and without the penances which he underwent two years later, at Canterbury.

Founded on the loftiest "steep" in Normandy, Avranches must have been most picturesque in the mediæval times when its roofs were dominated by the towers of its Cathedral. But the little city of to-day is clean, healthy, pleasant, and uninteresting.

To the traveller, it was attractive because of its restful and charming gardens, from whose high walks he could look across the bay towards the lonely island of Tombelaine, and see, "grey and misty in the morning, sharply defined against the clear skies of the evening . . . unparalleled in site and . . . always sublime," the holy, battlemented mount which the Norman sailor calls "Saint Michael in Peril of the Sea."

Coutances. "Throned above the grey town with its verdant ramparts," Notre-Dame of Coutances has been the subject of much discussion. Learned arguments, heated and ardent appeal, and eloquence that is really emotional have been expended in endeavours to prove on the one side, that it is a creation of the XIII century; and on the other, that it was "due to Geoffroy de Montbray," a Bishop who governed between 1094 and 1109.

In the presence of the church itself, the possibility of such divergence of opinion becomes incredible; and that it should be attributed to a Romanesque epoch seems scarcely stranger than the need of explaining its style; for it is obviously Gothic and of the later XIII

century, and not of the earliest XIII, or of the XIV, XV, or XVI centuries.

To be precise, it was erected "mainly between 1251 and 1274"; and Viollet-le-Duc writes, "the choir with its radiating chapels belongs to . . . the close of the reign of Philip Augustus, . . . and the building of the nave probably followed immediately that of the Sanctuary. . . . The chapel of the Virgin at the extremity of the apse, the chapels of the nave," and the upper gallery of the façade, were added in the XIV century. The clerestory, also, was re-made at this time. "No traces of the Romanesque are visible," continues the great Frenchman, "the church is wholly, purely Gothic," and of the Norman School.

Upon what then, it may be asked, did an educated layman and an equally cultured Abbé found their persistent claims to the more primitive origin of the building? Chiefly, it will be answered, upon records which state that a Cathedral of Coutances existed in Romanesque days.

It is well known, however, that on the same site building succeeded building, and the conclusive evidence of the date of any structure is offered by its own lines and decorations. In Notre-Dame, old forms have passed away, and even their influence is not deeply felt.

A pillar of the south aisle, the second from that which supports the tower, has on its central capital the heads of a King and a Queen and, between them, the figure

of another person. The capital of the next column bears the figure of a woman, perhaps a Queen and martyr, who wears a crown; one hand is pressed against her heart, and she points to an archer who may represent her executioner. In the north aisle, a capital is adorned with two mystic birds which are perched on branches; on still another capital, there is a dog; and near the pulpit, two faces have been carved,—a woman's, contemplative and peaceful, and a hideous countenance of whose introduction in the holy place Saint Bernard would have vigorously disapproved.

Besides these sculptures, whose inspiration was the Romanesque, remains of XII century work are curiously hidden and surrounded by newer stones. "The ancient towers," writes the Abbé Pigeon, "like venerable relics, are entirely enshrined within the clever constructions of the XIII century, and in one part only do we see the antique materials, . . . east of the towers, above the roofing of the aisles."

"It is probable," adds Viollet-le-Duc, "that the transepts . . . have foundations of the XI century, and probable . . . that here, as at Bayeux, the enormous pillars of the crossing . . . envelop a Romanesque kernel," and that thus, the remarkable, XIII century Cathedral is engrafted, as it were, upon an archaic edifice, and has grown around it as a vine around a sturdy oak.

The most admirable portion of the interior is the earliest,—the eastern end. The six double monolithic

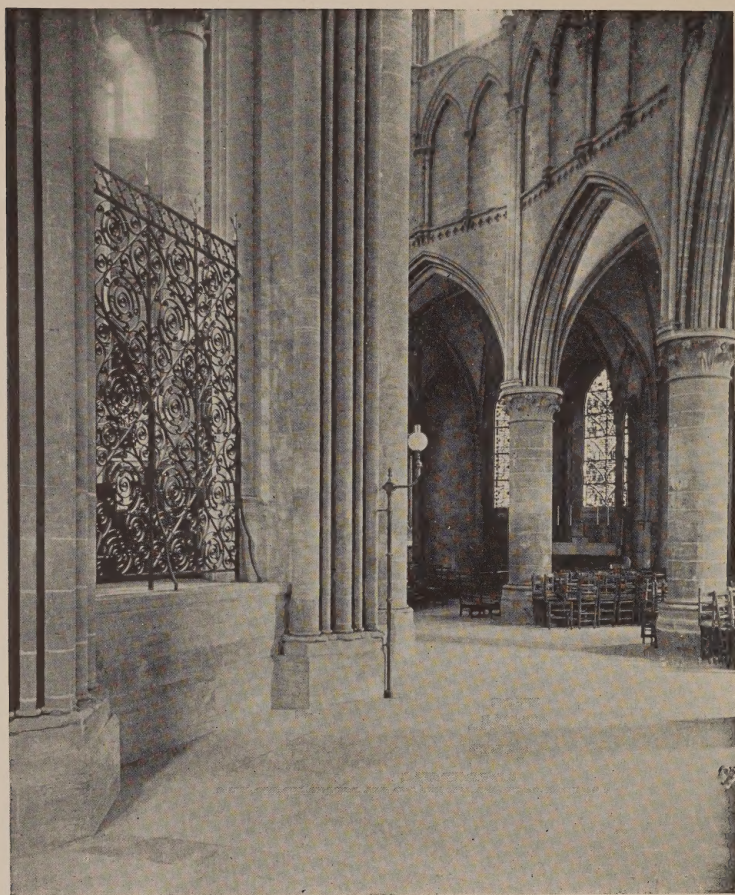
columns of the choir-hemicycle are heavy piles whose bulk is disguised by long and delicate columns. A carved design, narrow and geometric, extends at the base of the pretty balustrade which simulates a triforium; a third of the clerestory is a solid mass of stone masonry, and, fortunately, two-thirds are filled with glass. The first ambulatory, a stately aisle, has rounded columns and well-shaped arches, blind arcades imitating a triforium,



"A STATELY AISLE."—COUTANCES.

and a last story with windows and a ledge which is a practicable walk. The second aisle, beyond the ambulatory, is low and cloister-like; and from it radiate six chapels. There were formerly seven of the shallow alcoves; and the central one was demolished in the XIV century to make place for the quite perfect and tiny church in miniature open-

ing into the big church and dedicated to the Virgin.



"BEYOND THIS AMBULATORY, ANOTHER AISLE IS LOW AND CLOISTER-LIKE."—COUTANCES.

The plan has regularity, and also a few fine details which are not typical,—the rounded turrets above the

third pillars of the ambulatory, and the similar, less elaborate "peaks" that break the line of the balustrade on either side of the hemicycle.

The defects of this grey choir—the insignificant triforium of the Sanctuary and the blank wall at the base of the clerestory—are very real; yet in comparison with its beautiful qualities they seem almost trifling. The tall pillars, the exceeding elevation of the slender arches, slim columns concealing the piles, and unbroken columns from the lofty vaulting to the floor, belong to a conception of suave and unaffected elegance.

In spite of its modest size, which precludes the effect of sombre spaciousness, the pleasing, cloister-like walk recalls those of Bourges and Chartres. The high ambulatory, too, is reminiscent of Beauvais, Bourges, and Le Mans. Being mathematically much smaller, it is without the majesty of proportion which is especially impressive in the ambulatories of the two latter Cathedrals; but within the limits of its own proportions, which are excellent, it is a notable example of an architectural device which never went beyond the experimental stage,—the rare, three-storied aisle.

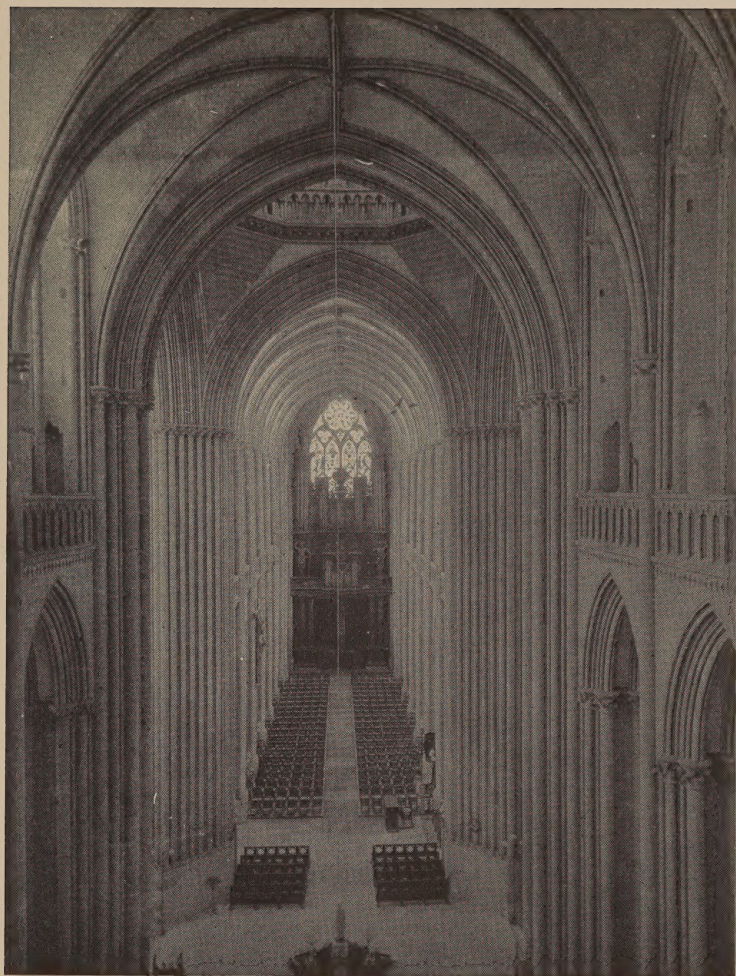
The nave, at once more conventional and ornate, is more characteristically Norman than the choir, and has the Norman magnificence, the Norman severity, and some of the Norman defects. As is usual in the best works of the School, the large arches are strong and dignified. Columns are applied to the ponderous,

angular pillars, and the capitals are cut with "patterns of leaves."

Above the arches, the artistic indiscretion immediately begins. Contrasted with the general sobriety of the sculpture, the band of quatrefoils, the foliated frieze, and a balustrade of larger quatrefoils are ostentatious. Behind the balustrade, the wall of each bay contains an ornate oculus and twin arches framed within an arch and resting on little columns. It is believed that the spaces between the twin arches, which are "blank walls," were open and that, through them, the wooden frame of the roofs was visible. However this may be, the arcades are exquisite, and they alone should decorate the second tier. In the frieze and the practicable gallery above the triforium, the Norman fault is again obvious,—the persistent tendency to over-elaboration.

The spirit of the nave is at variance with that of the choir,—in the quantity of its carvings, the triforium of the former is immoderate, the triforium of the latter is inappropriately plain; and in general, the one is filled with solemn strength and the other, with lofty stateliness. The eastern end is broader and more harmoniously schemed, and the pillars of the two great sections are not in the same axis. As their styles are kindred and the deviation is not as abrupt as at Evreux, the perspectives are not seriously marred, and choir and nave together are impressive.

The side-aisles, broad and well-proportioned, have that lovely simplicity of ornamentation which was the



"LOOKING INTO THE NAVE."—COUTANCES.

builders' truest ideal. Viollet-le-Duc has written that the chapels were "the afterthought" of the XIV century; and unlike most afterthoughts, they show inspiration. Instead of being divided by blank walls, one chapel is separated from another by a "screen" of blind arcades, which is surmounted by a large arch with delicate, stone traceries,—in a word, by a window without glass. It is a pity that such a fashion was not imitated in all late Gothic churches; for the succession of splendid "partitions" take from the chapels any merely utilitarian aspect and give charming vistas.

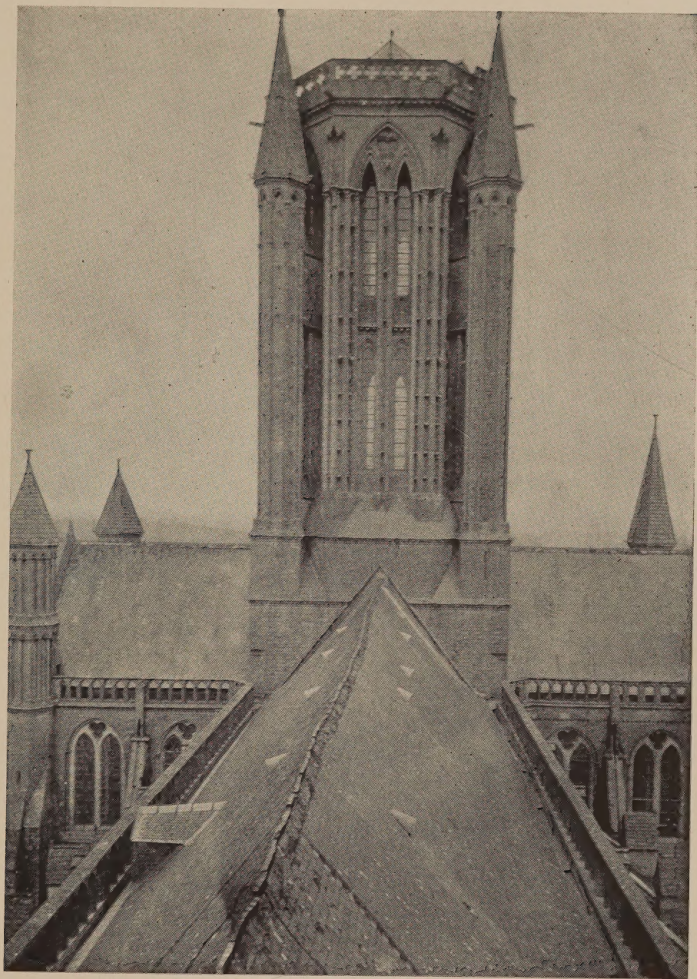
There is a part of the Cathedral whose form is Norman and whose "manner is of the Isle-de-France,"—the Lantern which rises above the crossing. It is said that when Vauban saw it, "he immediately ordered that a rug be stretched on the floor beneath the heights; and on the rug he laid down and remained for several hours," gazing up at the story with long, slender arches and a gallery, the frieze above the arches, the next gallery, the clerestory-stage, and the vault, more than a hundred and thirty feet away. He might have counted, claims an Abbé, "two hundred and forty arches sustained by three hundred and thirty-six columns." Figures acquire interest when they describe so much labour consciously expended on the adornment of remote corners. Cruder sculpture and far less careful execution would have been as effective; but the mediæval builder strove to achieve his best and would have scorned so mean a task as the creation of a showy pretence.

Few have gone and few now go into the Lantern's dusty galleries, and it is only there that the magnitude of the carver's work and the perfection of detail can be appreciated.

"We have often regarded with admiration," exclaims the Abbé Bourassé, "the dome of the Church of the Invalides in Paris, and those of Sainte-Genève and the Val-de-Grâce; and . . . our mind could not resist a feeling of surprise and of real emotion in viewing these . . . structures, in analysing the patient efforts of the men of genius who raised them. Yet we must admit that the Lantern of Our Lady . . . has impressed us more profoundly than the modern dome imitated from the antique"; and he adds with enthusiasm that is not unduly exaggerated, "it is impossible to conceive of anything more graceful, more aërial, bolder, and more prodigious."

The transepts of Coutances are spacious and important. Two tall blind arches enclosing two smaller arches, a balcony, and three large lancets filled with old glass, form the dignified decoration of the north wall. The southern wall was similarly constructed; but at a subsequent date, the blind arches were opened and became the entrance-way of a pretty, cloister-like chapel.

Near this peaceful spot, the ancient Well of the Cathedral used to stand, and the Book of Miracles relates that "numbers came to be healed by drinking of its holy waters." Here also, continues the Book, 'a white dove frequently perched, as if to confirm the



"IT IS BOLD, GRACEFUL."—COUTANCES.

blessed character of Our Lady's Well. Many would observe it flying about the church and follow it, and would watch as it hovered over the orifice and then dived into the depths.'

"Perhaps," said an aged woman, who cherished the tradition, "it came to bless, perhaps it came to be an example and lead us to the spring of mercy. It may have been the Holy Ghost, who seen or unseen is our Comforter. Surely it was a messenger, and I love to remember the miracle as a sign of God's care for us, His children; and so I sit near-by to meditate and pray."

Some critics consider the exterior of the Cathedral finer than its interior. It has not the superb and conventional plan to which travellers of the Isle-de-France are accustomed,—it is a magnificent expression of the Norman Gothic.

The portal of the western front, and the balustrade and huge traceried window of the second stage may be termed "correct," the elaborately pinnacled gallery at the top was the inept contribution of the XIV century; and from the artistic point of view, the wall is staunch and meritorious. The glory of the façade is its towers. They are not identical, but very alike. Each has its little door surmounted by a window and a balustrade; above the gallery, each has its peculiar series of blind arcades; and near the height at which each becomes a separate structure, a short flying-buttress stretches between the straight outer piles and the central wall. In the upper stage, slim, elongated pinnacles, pierced

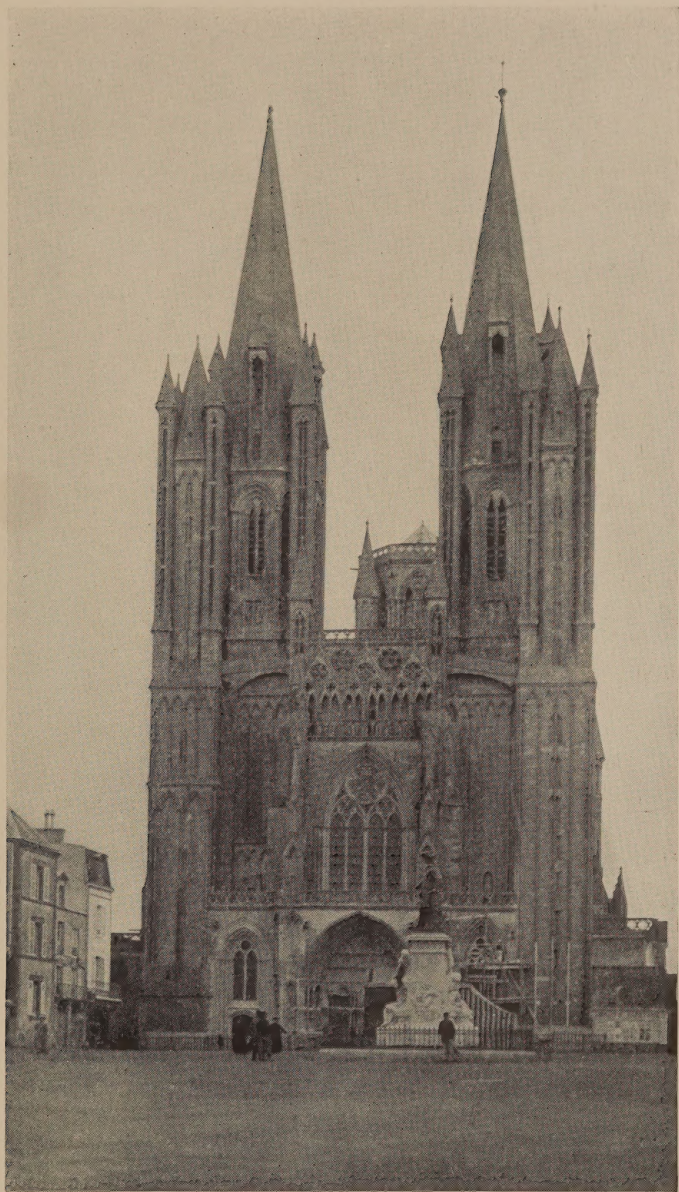
lancet-wise, are gathered like a group of tiny minarets around the parent trunk; they hide all except its windows, and from their midst rise the great "cone" spires.

Coutances has no portals worthy of its rank. The



"A DARK, VAULTED VESTIBULE."—COUTANCES.

central door of the west, which should be imposing, presents a well-proportioned arch, and within that arch, a big, bare tympanum, empty niches, and no detail which is truly interesting or beautiful. The lateral doors are insignificant; and instead of leading to the side-aisles, they open into the ground chambers of the towers.



"A NORMAN FAÇADE."—COUTANCES.

The principal entrances, found in the northern and southern flanks of these towers, are preceded by deep vestibules. A certain majesty always dwells in such dark, vaulted vestibules; and besides their shadowy mysteriousness, the porches are justly renowned for their measured and exquisite foliated sculptures. The south door was restored in the XVII century by the Claude Auvry who, before being Bishop of Coutances, was the extraordinary chorister of the Sainte-Chapelle of Paris, the hero of Boileau's "Lutrin."

Graceful patterns, and especially leafy designs, are here, as elsewhere in the north, the favoured ornamental devices of the architects; and the only marked exception to the rule is the row of seven statues of XIV century style which stand under dais on the buttresses of the northern chapels. Their history is curious. "Several Cathedrals," writes the Abbé Pigeon, "like Paris, Reims, and Amiens, had their Galleries of the Kings; but the monarchs, . . . placed . . . at the . . . summit of the façade, were ancestors of the Blessed Virgin, rulers of Judah, who did not belong to the country" of France. "Coutances alone had the honour of placing under the eyes of her children courageous princes born of her own blood," Tancred and the six of his sons who were most distinguished, "who covered themselves with fame in Italy and were ever the defenders of Popes and of noble causes."

The lateral walls of Notre-Dame have a lower story decorated with the handsome Gothic windows of the

chapels and a balcony, and the higher story, which is of an earlier, kindred type. The pinnacled flying-buttresses have none of the tremendous might of those at Paris and none of the richness of those at Amiens,—and in their stiffness and formality, they are consonant with the simpler dignity of Coutances.

No half meed of praise should be bestowed on the transepts. Romanesque parts can be discovered in their western and eastern sides, but it is not ancient remains, it is the massive chapel, succeeded by the tier of large, pointed windows, the story of the lofty, arcaded gable, and the twin pinnacles which are notable; and they lead the eye from story to superimposed story till the crowning glory of the edifice is reached,—the Lantern, which can endure comparisons with the matchless central towers of the English Cathedrals. It is as strong as they, and not as sturdy, pure in line, and felicitous rather than exuberant in carving. Its windows, arranged in two tiers within the church, are in the exterior united under one long arch. Four of these arches form four sides of the Lantern's octagon; and at each angle, there is an elongated tower capped by a pinnacle. The many decorative columns are exceedingly slender and have lovely, little, foliated capitals; and between the arcades, the rows of crochets end in heads. Unlike those of Laon, which are colossal, the faces are small, they are wonderfully varied, and, according to some authorities, there were originally at least five hundred of them. To-day, a frieze and a gallery



"THRONED ABOVE THE GREY TOWN WITH ITS VERDANT RAMPARTS."—
COUTANCES

complete the tower, its fine dome is not finished and the spire also is lacking.

Yet as it is, the Lantern has been fittingly called "incomparable" because of its bold and delicate symmetry, its rare individuality, because it expresses the XIII century in the freshness of its inspiration.

The apse is built with the same Norman severity that is shown in the façade. Its three stages hold the chapel windows, the "panes" of the ambulatory, and the taller panels of the clerestory; and the two series of flying-buttresses are strong arms that stretch forward from the Cathedral-body to rest on supporting piles that are almost as plain as they. At the extremity of a buttress, near each transept, is a unique, square tower, which contains a spiral stairway, and is terminated by a peaked stone cap. Turrets, similarly capped and not so big, adorn the clerestory roof; and together with others of like shapes on transept, Lantern, and western tower create a series of pinnacles. Thus with roof after roof and windowed stories in succession, the choir was constructed in excellent precision and harmonious proportions; and with pinnacle rising above pinnacle, the eastern view of the whole edifice is made beautiful.

"The Cathedral of Coutances," writes a French author, "may be seen from all points of the horizon and from a far distance; and since the tops of its needles serve as compass to the ships which pass along the shores of Normandy, . . . it illustrates . . . the

most touching of Christian allegories,—it is truly the ‘port’ of the Faithful.”

It is not less helpful to Christian folk who dwell near-by. To the farmers driving in from every side, to the labourer trudging along the road, and to the cowherd in the peaceful fields, the sound of its bells brings thoughts of prayer, its spires “are as the finger of Holy Church, ever heavenward,” and the grave majesty of its presence on the hilltop is “to the greater glory of God.”

Brittany.

“Vannes and its small river, a few
miles from the sea.”



BRITTANY.

**Dol = de =
Bretagne.**

The Traveller had come back to spend a month at Dol. Even in the "season of the tourist," sight-seers in numbers do not invade the old town; and as the "season" had not yet arrived, it was the ideal time for wanderings unmolested by the dust and odour of the automobile, for wanderings about Châteaubriand's castle at Combourg, on the gentle slopes of Mont-Dol, across the plains, and along a score of ancient roads,—the Breton was in undisturbed possession of his streets, his lanes, and his quiet churches.

If the natives are seldom gay, they are often kindly and almost always sincere. The landlady had greeted the Traveller with a cheerful welcome, his apartments in the gabled house were neat, and the clean, white curtains at the windows and the boxes of flowering plants on the sills gave the rooms a touch of the home-like and picturesque.

The next morning it rained and the next afternoon it rained; and on the second day, the Traveller had the melancholy pleasure of standing at his window and watching many people who stayed outdoors and bargained contentedly, protected from

the downpour only by tiny, soaked awnings and dripping umbrellas.

On the third day, there was no entertaining market, the rain still fell furiously; and, in despair, the Traveller prepared to go out.

As he hesitated in the doorway, watching the waning of the faint daylight, his landlady stepped beside him and said:

"Yes, I divine what Monsieur is thinking,—that it is weather fit solely for dogs."

"I was thinking just that," the Traveller admitted. "I should think you would die from it,—neuralgia, melancholia,—both mentally and physically."

"I am not sure of the medical names," she answered, "but we do die from the weather,—'early and often,' as Monsieur the schoolmaster says; and he tells me in proof of it that the average lifetime in our country, Brittany, is less than thirty-seven years. And Monsieur, who is accustomed to the sun, now goes out to invite pneumonia! Take care, Monsieur, take care!"

Promising, the Traveller put up his umbrella and started off. A sudden gust pushed him against the Curé who, from the opposite direction, was slowly climbing the slight incline. Three or four boys were playing around the fountain. Otherwise the broad street was empty, the windows and doors of the peaked houses were tightly closed, and the rain beat steadily on the glistening pavement.

One cannot walk very far in as small a "city" as

Dol; and the weather was so chilly and penetrating that the Traveller turned into the little square which opens before the Cathedral. The trees were swaying in the wind, and the dark clouds hung low. The short, white Figure of the Christ upon a high Cross was the one clear and salient object in the whole dull scene, and behind it loomed the brown, scarred walls of the Cathedral.

History relates that architects of the XI, XII, and XIII centuries built it and that, three hundred years later, the south tower was completed. For those to whom "style" means a particular evolution of the beautiful, the poor façade of Saint-Samson, although not without form, is void,—void of interest, of symmetry, and of individuality. On top of the heavy stage of its unfinished tower, loose blocks appeared ready to fall, the walls and the central window were seamed with great patches of stone, the statue on the topmost pinnacle was worn, and no stately carving adorned the three severe portals.

If not as suggestive of ruin, the northern wall was almost as plain. With its strength and stocky flying-buttresses, it seemed as if its creator had learned Gothic by rote and was not yet imbued with its glorious spirit.

The Traveller remembered a walk he had once taken, during a hazy, sunset hour, about the shady paths of the old ramparts; and he recalled the church as he had then seen it, framed by the trees. It rose quite high above them; and its square apse and slender body,



"THE AISLE."—DOL-DE-BRETAGNE.

without magnificence, were not devoid of a certain moderate firmness and dignity of proportion. But this view had the enchantment of distance; and as the

Traveller stood nearer the time-worn walls, he reflected that they were fitly cloaked by the cheerless rain. The projecting Lady Chapel was like an ungainly excrescence, the pointed roof which covers the trunk of a central spire shone black, wet, and ugly, and the crenellations on the eastern chapels gave the edifice the aspect of a half-dismantled fortress.

The nave has no chapels; and when he went inside, he saw a young girl leaning against the wall beneath a window of the aisle and looking at a picture of the Virgin. As she looked, she smiled and crooned softly. Her cap was slipping from her head and she was evidently feeble-minded; and she nodded and whispered full of contentment,—safe and at home in her church.

An aged woman, with keen, black eyes, who was reciting her Rosary near the High Altar, watched the Traveller sharply as he went from chapel to chapel in the choir; and when he stopped before the niche of the Lady Chapel, where formerly “the possessed were led to assist at the celebration of the Mass,” he noticed that the woman had followed him. Observing that he was a stranger, she probably feared that he was also a heretic and wondered why he should peer into the dark shadows of the holy place.

Returning to the transepts, he stopped again, before an ornate “memorial” set in the midst of surroundings which, by comparison, are sombre to asceticism. The mausoleum is not akin to the Gothic tombs of France.

It is the conception of foreigners, of the famous Italian Justi who journeyed all the way from Florence to Dol



"IT IS THE WORK OF THE FAMOUS ITALIAN JUSTI."—

DOL-DE-BRETAGNE

to "make it for the sepulture of Bishop Thomas James and his brothers," and it was not until after the tomb was finished that the Justi opened a workshop in the cosmopolitan city of Tours and became the protégés of the Valois.

Bishop and Canon and artist are alike forgotten by the

Breton; and in the niche, which has lost its effigies, there is a statue of the Virgin holding the Dead Christ,—the tomb with its gracious and delicate arabesques serves as a shrine for the Sorrowing Mother; and even

on the rainy day, some one had come to pray and to light the solitary candle which was flickering gently.

A long, narrow aisle lies before the visitor who enters the nave of Saint-Samson; and at its end, he perceives the great, traceried window and the stained-glass of the XIII century which fill the whole upper division of the eastern wall. Below it, through a wide twin arch opening behind the High Altar, he catches glimpses of the vague and shadowy perspectives of the Lady Chapel and its more remote windows. The slim pillars of the crossing meet arches of the vaulting that are equally slight. In closer study, it is obvious that each window of the clerestory occupies only a part of its bay, and that the rest of the space on either side is decorated with a projecting arch and a pillar which rests on a ledge; and the ledge forms a practicable gallery, an almost invisible pathway perched at an unsafe elevation. The stage is a Gothic adaptation of a primitive pattern, related to the venerable clerestories of the Abbaye-aux-Dames and the Abbaye-aux-Hommes at Caen.

The triforium, which is of conventional type, has blind arcades, and little capitals, and little angular entrance-ways that are now unused; and here, each bay has two projecting arches that rest on tiny pillars. The first arches which aid in sustaining this fabric rest on rounded pillars that are embellished and re-inforced by four smaller columns.

The Traveller, who had read of the "ludicrous pil-

lars" and "ludicrously slender clustered columns" of the nave, was prepared for a grotesque blunder or, at least, a pitiable, absurd mistake, rare in mediæval construction. He could discover no such error.

It is unfortunately true that two of the small columns are bound to the bigger parent trunk by "perceptible iron strands"; but although perceptible and unfortunate, the structural expedient is not obtrusive. On the contrary, a regular succession of pillars and arches stretches before the eyes,—shapely and harmonious, their capitals sculptured after the simplest of graceful, foliated designs, and all the ornamentation measured and concordant.

The style is singularly unaffected. Defects of detail exist in the triforium as well as in the lower story, and the architects have not escaped the uncertainty of the transitional mood. Nevertheless, the awkward variations of the interior are slight, no part was dwarfed that another might be nobly planned; the church is not large, yet none of its dimensions is stunted, and its proportions are beautiful. It has length, and a fine, slender height, and its slenderness is devoid of weakness and of pretty futility. It is very early Gothic and has some—much even—of the archaic spirit which is grave and stately, and not uncouth.

The union of strength and symmetry, so characteristic of later epochs, is achieved at Dol by the use of such simple, inherited devices as those of the clerestory, and of a few, equally simple, new means, the arch whose



"THE LONG, NARROW NAVE."—DOL-DE-BRETAGNE.

angle is not acute, and the carving without complication and tortuous convolutions. One ideal possessed the makers, that of purity of line; and they show a certain technical sternness,—disdain of the meretricious, indifference to the decorative.

This artistic severity, this Gothic expression of calm serenity, suggested to the Traveller the standard of perfection of the Middle Ages, asceticism. The regular beating of the downpour recalled the life outside; but through the open door, he saw the falling sheets of rain which, like a mist, obscured his view of houses and of streets beyond and seemed to curtain off the world. He might have been a monk behind a monastery gate, and in an Abbey-church.

The dampness of the day had not penetrated the thick walls; a faintly sweet, heavy odour of incense lingered in the aisles, they were filled with the restfulness of a great and peaceful silence, they were places of quiet, where self-abnegating souls might well desire to pray. In a word, Dol was the expression of a “conventual aspiration” which, from the abbatial Saint-Sernin of Toulouse to Saint-Claude and from Saint-Bénigne of Dijon to Saint Stephen of Caen, the monk-builder had endeavoured to typify in stone,—the pure beauty of holiness.

Some one has said that “it is not necessary to appear logical in order to be artistic”; and this is true of two details of the exterior of the Cathedral which belong to it neither in date nor in style. The edifice itself is severe, the entrances of the XV and XVI centuries are

embued with grace; and in comparison, the older work is so colourless that, even at the expense of unity, it is a pleasure to find the new.

Beneath a great, blind arch, the "Little Porch" of



"THE 'LITTLE PORCH.'"—DOL-DE-BRETAGNE.

Saint-Samson has two archways. Its vestibule is adorned with slender arcades and covered by a vaulted roof. Drama portrayed by statues evidently made faint appeal to the imagination of the architect, for he fashioned simply and strove for effect through the symmetry of gracious lines and carvings.

The near-by Porch of Saint-Magloire is much larger than the "Little Porch" and projects far beyond the south transept. Huge, square pillars flank the broad arch which serves as doorway, and their massiveness is disguised by the addition of slim columns, niches, and tapering pinnacles. To right and left, the vestibule is enclosed by walls whose upper half is broken by a delicately traceried "window without glass." All about the big arches, numbers of small, sculptured scenes illustrating holy history have been placed; there are empty niches against the walls, gargoyles stretch their long necks outward, multitudes of tiny statues crowd the embrasure of the arches, and a balustrade and two austere and towering pinnacles at the top of the structure enhance the stateliness of the general proportions.

Its builders enjoyed every type of Gothic ornament, —and since they used these diverse fancies without any bombastic exuberance, with spontaneity tempered by judgment and taste, their porch is replete with reasonable and delightful charm and deserves to rank among the finer conceptions of the XVI century.

Both this and the "Little Porch" should be seen in the sunlight. Gothic like Notre-Dame of Paris is majestic and impressive in the gloom of a stormy day; but the Flamboyant is seldom impressive, it is smiling, and fragile at least in the sense that it seems bedraggled in the rain.

The Traveller's musings ceased, and he went out into

the failing light of the early evening. It was not raining, and he walked along the road which leads past the farm of la Bégandière. As he turned to go back, he stopped and looked at the dark flank of the Cathedral,—and he thought, “as many a devoted heart beats beneath the plain and well-worn mantle of the Sister of Charity, so is the beautiful nave of Dol hidden within the patched and crumbling outer walls.”

Rennes.

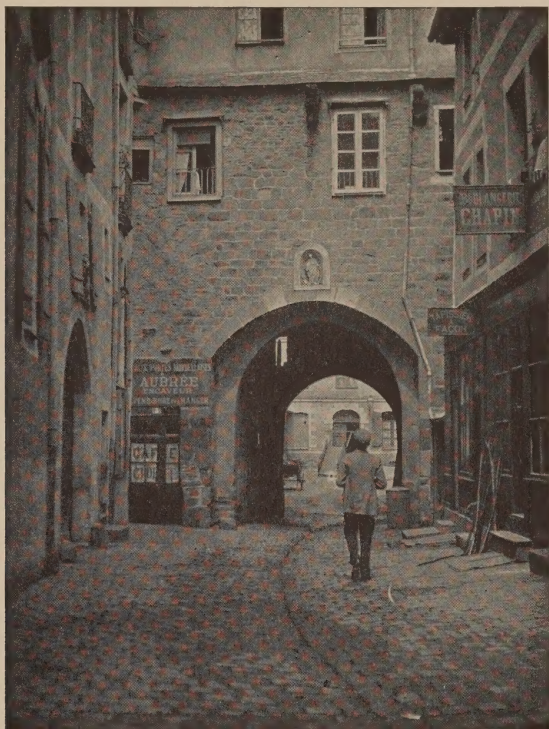
To the material ideal, which would probably be the greatest beauty united with the maximum of comfort, the XX century has not attained. Although our state is certainly more sanitary than that of our ancestors who emptied their wash-basins by way of the front windows upon the streets, although our condition is certainly more healthful than that of cities who disinterred decaying bodies in order to “make room for the newly departed,” our streets are far from being as quaintly picturesque as the narrow, malodorous ways of the mediæval stronghold, our churches are unworthy of any comparison with the sublime edifices of the Middle Ages,—we may indeed have achieved “comfort,” yet our civilisation has, as if in counterbalance, lost the pervading presence of beauty.

“The ancient Breton city” of Rennes is a striking illustration of this thesis. In spite of its reminiscences of times long past, Celtic possession and Roman con-



"THE TOWERS."—DOL-DE-BRETAGNE.

quest, its siege by the English which du Guesclin relieved in 1356, and its Parliament founded by Henry



"A FEW VENERABLE CORNERS MAY BE DISCOVERED."—RENNES.

II in 1554, Rennes is of the last two hundred years, and the "great fire" seems to have destroyed the marked traces of its antiquity. A few venerable dwellings may still be discovered by seeking; but large, square houses following each other in monotonous uniformity, broad and well-paved avenues, clanking trams, and massive

public buildings characterise the Breton capital of to-day. "It preserves," writes the clever author of Joanne's Brittany, "the rather cold and severe aspect of the . . . Parliamentary seat; and its spacious squares and rigid streets recall those of Versailles."

Even the Vilaine, which might lend grace to the town by flowing along shady banks, has been confined between granite quais; the usual, high, monotonous houses border the quais; and the churches in the neighbouring streets offer no relief from the panorama of architectural dulness. Churches, however, abound,—All Saints and Saint-Sauveur, mediocre and Pseudo-Classic; Saint-Germain, mediocre and Gothic; old Notre-Dame; and the huge Cathedral.

Industries also abound; and walking about, the visitor sees in numbers at least two of the "extremes" of modern society—the cantankerous, ragged, and disaffected labourer and the clean-faced and ruddy seminarist. The working man finds in Rennes many a bar and its drink for "two sous," his employer can spend of his surplus in many attractive haberdasheries, and students or laymen can search in as many "pious shops" for the medal which they particularly wish to hang on their watch-chains or attach to their rosaries.

The Cathedral, symbolic neither of simple or touching piety, is an imposing and formal structure, implying a wealthy, well-established, and commanding cult. It is without artistic inspiration, and without any suggestion of the loftier attributes of the religion which it



"THE CATHEDRAL IS AN IMPOSING AND FORMAL STRUCTURE."—RENNES.

shelters;—in a word, it is Pseudo-Classic. Very tall and ponderous towers of brownish-grey stone consist of five gaunt, superimposed stories, the façade and its portals are equally angular, and the heavy roofs, with their big, low dome, rest on plain walls.

Contrasted with such gloomy and mechanical outer walls, the interior is admirable; yet its magnificence is more easily perceived than felt and appreciated. It has the conventional forms,—nave, side-aisles, chapels, vast transepts, and a choir with its ambulatory. The proportions are generous, and a chapel whose stone is nude and grey shows how bare and desolate the church might be; but in the principal portions, the stone is covered by paint and gilt, and clothed, as it were, in this colouring of discreetly mellowed browns and golds. Immense columns lend height, large and impressive frescoes in the ambulatory represent the holy men and women of Brittany; the painting in the semi-dome above the High Altar portrays Christ solemnly delivering the Keys to Saint Peter; and the square entablatures above the entrances to the chapels contain handsome Stations of the Cross. All these things contribute to the rather oppressive effectiveness of the perspectives. Nothing is obtrusive, nothing is shocking;—the nave might be said to typify the traditional suavity of ecclesiasticism.

Nevertheless, in comparison with the two great, Christian styles, the Pseudo-Classic is always and entirely inadequate; and in the presence of the costly

and stilted Saint Peter of Rennes, one is impressed that the worn Calvary of the humblest Breton graveyard is more truly a place of Christian prayer.



"THE EFFECTIVE . . . PSEUDO-CLASSIC PERSPECTIVE."—RENNES.

Saint-Servan.
Saint-Malo.

Saint-Servan, the "home of the comfortable bourgeois," stands on the site of the small and ancient parish-hamlet of Saint-Servais and became a municipality in the XVIII century. Past its white houses and charming gardens, past its modern commercial port, past scores of boats entering to bring coal and wood,

and scores leaving for the far-away Banks of Newfoundland, past the grim Solidor Tower, the Cathedral-seeker hastens to the "point of the Cité," the tiny peninsula which once bore the important Romano-Breton metropolis of Alethum. Here, water-ward, he

sees the large, grass-covered mounds of a fort, and, land-ward, a populous and dreary "quarter" for working-people.

Nothing could be less suggestive of past splendour



"THE CHAPEL OF SAINT-PIERRE D'ALETH."—
SAINT-SERVAN.

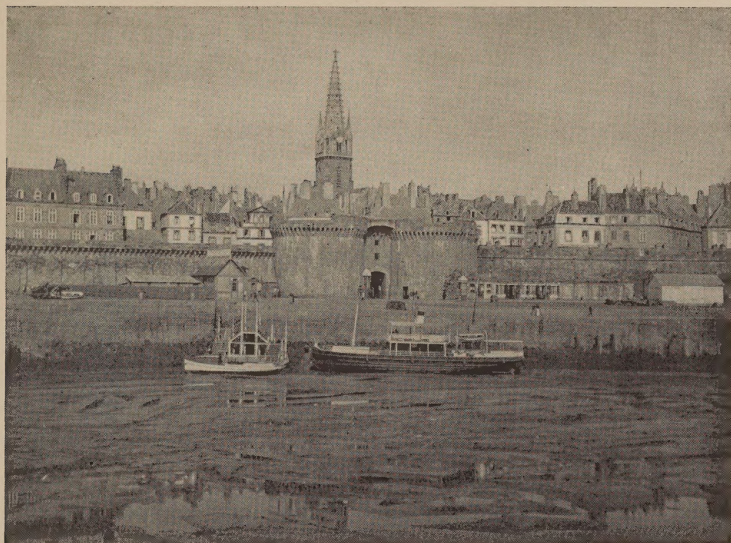
than this strip of land. It is pleasant to look across the green mounds at the bright, dancing waters of the "sea," and to watch the graceful movements of the sailing-boats; but except for a solitary sentry and some stray goats, the bastions are lonely places. Drearier still are the Square of the "Cité," and the Chapel of Saint-Pierre d'Aleth, whose sonorous title alone recalls the former Cathedral. Along a by-way, behind the chapel,

one is shown walls "which belonged to the apse of the antique Basilica," and a well popularly believed to be "Saracenic"; but the architecture of the former is comparatively unformed, and the "associations" of the latter are fanciful,—Aleth's past is so distant that its legends are almost frankly mendacious and its history is limited to vague generalities, of which only a Michelet could make a living tale.

Aleth was really destroyed in the X century; and old records allude to the flight of its Bishops, "who hastily carried away to Convents and sure castles sacred vessels of the Altar and relics of the Saints dear to Christian folk."

Opposite the mainland and ignored by its inhabitants, a granite island rose out of the Channel. Several huts, "pressed close" against its rock, were the refuge of a few, poverty-stricken fishermen. It was a spot well-suited to the ascetic ideals of the pious cenobites of early days; and in the VI century, the Hermit Aaron retired to it and soon accepted among his disciples the Welshman, Malo. The rock received successively the names of its holiest inhabitants, and finally was called, "Saint-Malo." For many years after the VI century, it was merely a stern retreat and a poor hamlet; and when the Bishops of Aleth first fled from their devastated city, they did not take shelter in its bleak fastnesses. Gradually, however, the harassed laymen abandoned the peninsula for the safe, inaccessible island; and in the XII century, the fortress founded there had grown so

great that Bishop Jean de Châtillon decided to remove to it "fixed and definitely" the seat of the See of Aleth. Curiously unchurchly chronicles relate the story of the new episcopal town, which was governed by His Grace



"OPPOSITE THE CITY . . . ROSE A GRANITE ISLAND, . . . TO-DAY, SAINT-MALO."

"when present," and by the Chapter during his absence. Every one, Churchman and layman alike, appears to have been imbued by a spirit of liberty. When a Bishop-elect came to receive the homage of his clergy, the Canons demonstrated their independence by shutting themselves, in silence, within the gates of the Cathedral-choir; in the XIII century, the burghers had acquired "distinct" privileges; and during the follow-

ing hundred years, the "ecclesiastical domain of Saint-Malo" declared that it owed allegiance solely to the Pope. Vainly Duke John of Brittany menaced the stronghold and built the threatening Tower of Solidor to ruin the commerce of the Rance. If, behind their ramparts, prelate, Chapter, and Malouins disagreed, they presented a united front to a common foe; and rather than yield, they begged the Pope to "give them to the King of France." Unhappily for their pride, Charles VI was unkind enough to present them to Duke John VI, who commenced to "bridle mulish Saint-Malo" by erecting the castle which was finished by the Duchess Anne, "let those grumble who would"; and it is not difficult to imagine the shrugs and groans of the exasperated citizens who saw it built.

Although the amiable and talented Châteaubriand is Saint-Malo's most famous son, there are other sons who seem more akin to the genius of their race,—Parcou de la Barbinais, the "French Regulus" who died in Algiers in 1681, and Jacques Cartier who sailed for Canada in 1534. These adventurous spirits were better known, not braver, than numbers of their comrades; and in his "Studies of the French Shores on the Ocean," Baron Baude tells us that in 1665, and again in 1668, Louis XIV commanded that "the flagship of his fleet should be always and exclusively manned by Malouins."

Indeed, before the end of the XVII century, the Bishop's city was not only the home of intrepid sailors,

it was a veritable "nest of corsairs"; and the spirit of the sea-rovers finds its echo in their defence written by a modern fellow-townsmen. "A distinction between privateering and piracy must be recognised," claims M. Prampain. "The pirate is an armed brigand who steals along the broad routes of the sea; in seasons of peace as well as in war, he attacks, pillages, or holds for ransom both foreigners and his own compatriots. Outlawed by every code, as soon as captured he is hung to the mast of his ship. The corsair," on the contrary, "is a belligerent, and the head of a free band, and he receives a mission from the state in time of war to capture . . . vessels which . . . are favourable to the enemy."

In the XVII and XVIII centuries, this patriotic brigandage was "regularly" and "legally organised." The royal government issued "Letters of Mark" to "proper" leaders; federations, such as the "Society of the Nine Directors of Saint-Malo," were established; and the division of spoils was controlled by Colbert. Even the most exalted person of the land, the King, was interested in the booty; for he "rented," or, in dignified parlance, "leased" vessels which he was unable to equip for war, and from these mercantile and bourgeois transactions he obtained a due share of booty.

In reprisal, the English descended upon the port and established blockades, but the Breton boats waited for storm or fog, and often slid between the enemy's cruisers and started the "chase" in safer waters.

M. Prampain mourns the past. "Of the episcopal

city," he states, "the Revolution has made a curacy, . . . of the privileged city, which was half autonomous . . . a sub-prefecture. . . . Of the military stronghold . . . peace has created an insignificant spot, a summer resort much frequented by the English; and the corsairs' harbour is become a dock for the exportation of fowls, butter, vegetables, and fruit."

Notwithstanding radical changes, corners of Saint-Malo seem still to belong to the old "nest" of the rovers. One can easily imagine treasure being carried through its narrow streets, one can believe that anxious watchers used to hurry toward its gates and climb to the bastions; and to the visitor, "the granite island," with its grim castle, its walls, and its quaint and crowded houses, eloquently pictures the by-gone days.

In the walk around the ramparts, which is so beautiful at sunset, one looks at the solitary tomb of Château-briand lying high above the tide, on the Island of the Grand-Bey; one sees the gay, white town of Dinard, the Vicomté, Saint-Servan, the River Rance, and the wide expanse of the blue waters of the Channel, and everything speaks of "peace" except the ancient wall-girt fortress and the tight little tower of Solidor. And one feels with Locke that, "in spite of its banality as a pleasure resort, there is a grim charm about Saint-Malo that is never . . . forgotten by these who have once known it. . . . Almost alone of populous cities, it can never grow. . . . It is out of the reach of the improver, extender, and suburb maker. Its great



"OF THE MILITARY STRONGHOLD, . . . PEACE HAS CREATED A
SUMMER RESORT."—SAINT-MALO.



"A PONDEROUS . . . SOMBRE AISLE."—SAINT-MALO.

walls guard it as jealously on three sides as the sea does on the other. . . . It has an air of stability, of defiance."

The Cathedral stands in the centre of the town, and its earliest portions are said to date from the XII century. Coming to the portals, the Traveller steps into a rather bare nave whose bays are covered with dome-like vaults. This simple structure is flanked by a gaunt and spacious chapel and by big transepts in the ugly fashion of the XVII and XVIII centuries, and is further deformed by an incongruous gallery. The result is a ponderous, ill-proportioned interior which is somewhat sombre, and somewhat desolate and nondescript.

Beyond the dark nave, one turns with surprise to a place of light,—the Gothic choir. Although no gates separate it from the aisle, it is in style as entirely “apart” as another church or as one of the radiant Lady Chapels which were added to Cathedrals in the era of the mature Gothic.

At the choir’s entrance, the paving holds a historic inscription,

“Here knelt Jacques Cartier to receive the blessing of the Bishop of Saint-Malo at his departure for the discovery of Canada, the sixteenth of May, 1535. Honoré Mercier . . . of Quebec. Souvenir of his visit. 1891.”

Supposedly erected by Ronxelot de Limoëlan, and consecrated in 1310, the choir is small, a bit of good and pleasing Gothic, yet not sufficiently worthy to have been the work of a master-builder. It has well-formed arches, a very ornamental triforium and a clover-leaf



"BEYOND THIS DARK NAVE . . . THERE IS A PLACE OF LIGHT,—THE GOTHIC CHOIR."—SAINT-MALO.

frieze, and a handsome clerestory whose large windows are filled with stained-glass. Chapels have been

constructed at various times along the north and south walls; and unlike the usual French design, the apse end is square.

The first impression of the exterior is that of Pseudo-Classicism in its dullest mood. The apse is scarcely visible, the archaic "Bishop's Portal" is not important, and the façade looms broad, squat, and banal. One detail has distinction,—the XIX century spire. It rises, in its pretty whiteness, quite high above the roofs of the town; to the Malouin, it is "as beautiful as the mast of a ship," and it lends its grace and, as it were, its Christian aspect to a little city which is more renowned for its corsairs than for its Cathedral-church.

Saint-Brieuc.

On a slope of the high land, a few miles from the Channel, Saint-Brieuc was hidden in comparative safety from the marauders of the early centuries. In these days of peace, the citizens take little trains and, after riding along the banks of the river to the coast, amuse themselves on hilly shores where their ancestors would have feared to venture. Small craft crowd the river, pleasure-boats pass up and down, and only the trunk of a ruined tower, gaping on a hilltop, suggests that this was formerly a place of very possible peril.

Although it lies inland, Saint-Brieuc does not seem, like Lannion, truly mediæval and isolated from all things modern; nor is it changed by many crude



"ONLY A RUINED TOWER, GAPING ON THE HILLTOP, SUGGESTS THAT THIS WAS FORMERLY A PLACE OF PERIL."—SAINT-BRIEUC.

innovations. It is a large and pleasant town where new ways are slowly invading old streets. The ancient

Square of the Grain Market has recently been disfigured by a Theatre, a Protestant chapel dispels the illusion of religious unity; but the tranquil Madonna in the fields above the city, the miraculous Fountain of Saint-Brieuc, and the Cathedral preserve that atmosphere of conservatism and Catholicism which is still dear to the vast majority of the Breton people.

The work of erecting Saint Stephen's, the Cathedral, was begun by Saint William Pinchon, a Bishop who died in 1234, its construction was rapidly continued by his successor; and the church had the advantage of commencement in a good Gothic period. In 1374, however, when Olivier de Clisson defended the townsmen against their Duke, he used the holy edifice as a fortress; again, in 1394, when de Clisson attacked the Briochins themselves, the Cathedral became their refuge; and in both sieges, it was a central point of attack and suffered damage. It may be said to have "suffered," too, in the restorations and additions of the XV, XVIII, and XX centuries. If the original plan was not imposing, it must at least have had homogeneity;—Saint Stephen's to-day is a low building of varied styles and angles.

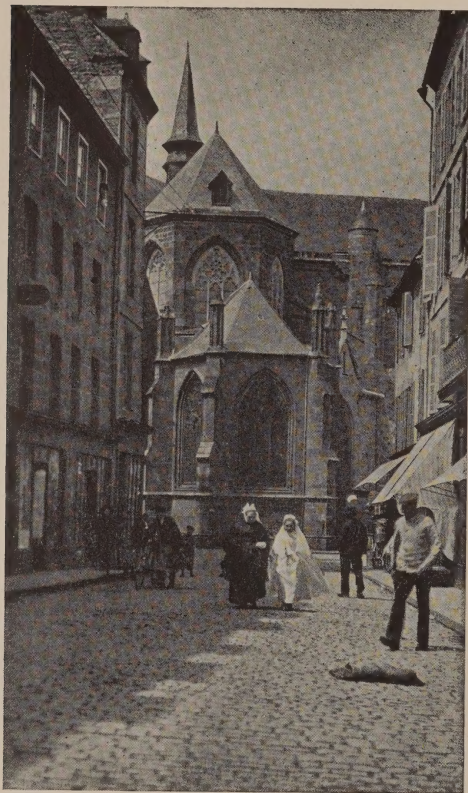
The stout, short towers, which flank the façade, accentuate its broad and heavy aspect, and stand so far beyond the narrow western wall that its rose and gable are half hidden. Beneath the rose, a roof slants awkwardly and rests on a wide Gothic arch. The porch, which this roof covers, extends under the north tower



"IT IS A LOW BUILDING OF MANY STYLES AND ANGLES."—SAINT-BRIEUC.

and has here another arch that opens on the Square. The southern tower has neither porch nor arched entrance-way. It differs from its companion in almost

every detail, even in the shape of its peaked top; and the whole west front is composed of parts that are at once homely and dissimilar.

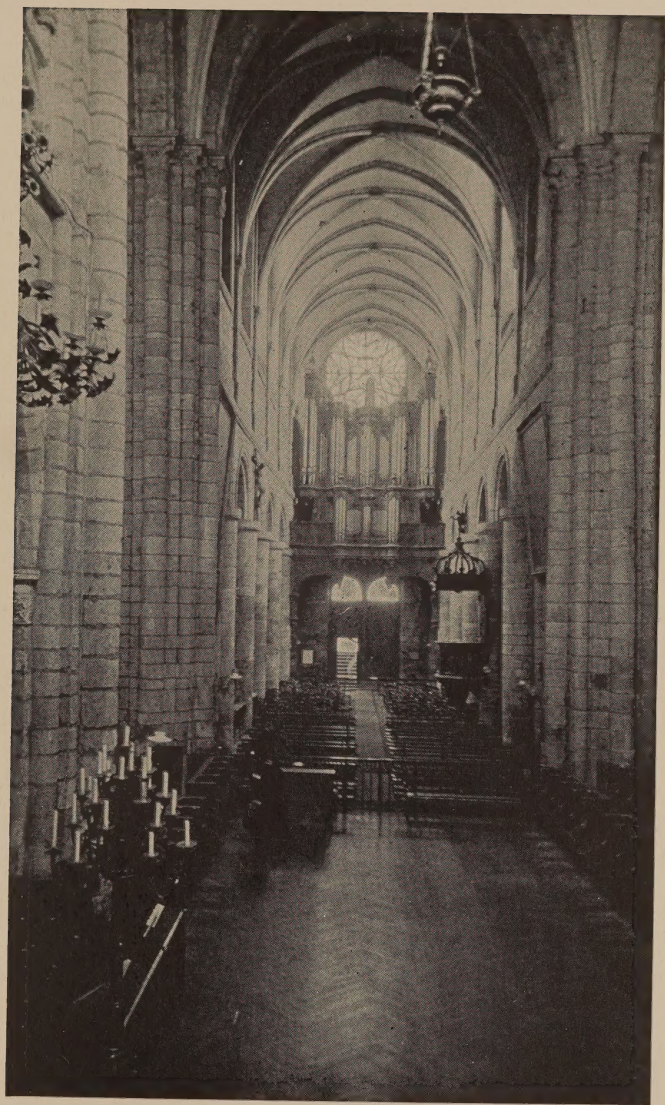


"THE LITTLE APSE."—SAINT-BRIEUC.

Two distinct stages form the little apse. The first story, decorated by windows and unimportant pinnacles, ends in the pointed roof of the Lady Chapel. The upper wall holds the more traceried windows of the clerestory and is also terminated in a long, pointed roof.

This modest, angular structure is overshadowed by the big tran-

septs, whose ungainly proportions destroy any symmetry which the church might have had; and as if to complete the poverty of the exterior, the truncated towers are capped by a squat belfry and four stunted and ill-assorted peaks.



"CYLINDRICAL . . . MASSIVE PILLARS AND HIGH ROMANESQUE ARCHES GIVE DIGNITY TO THE NAVE."—SAINT-BRIEUC.

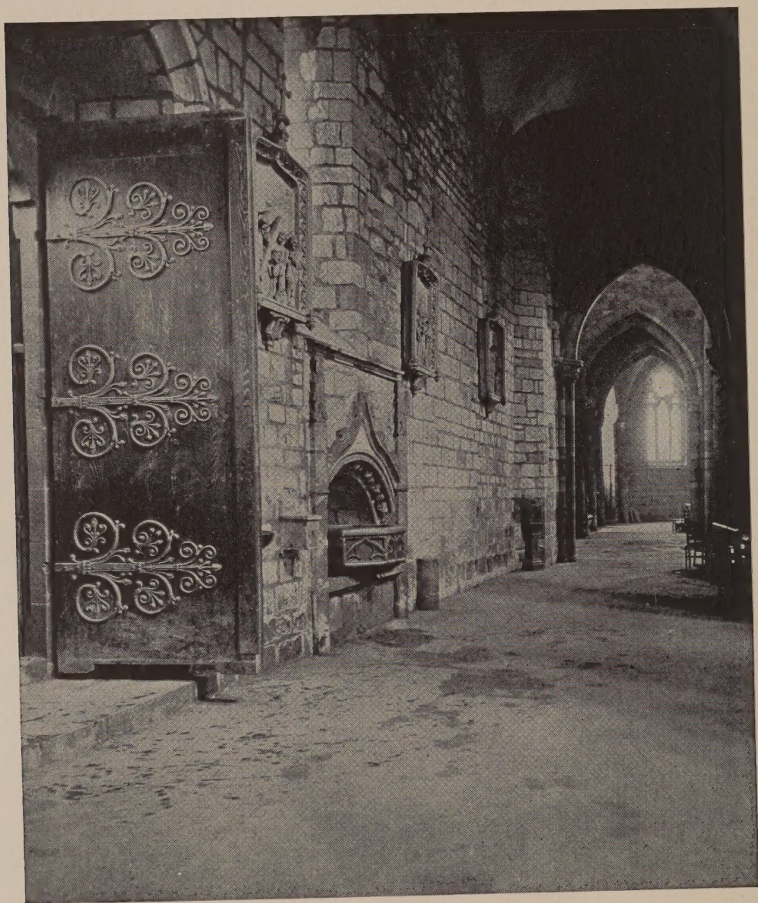
Cylindrical, rather massive pillars and the high, Romanesque arches of the nave have a severe dignity which is not found in the upper stages, where the round-headed windows are "meaningless" and the vaulting is "only sixty-two feet from the floor." Notwithstanding their economy and plainness, these devices are worthier than those of the ugly Gothic choir. Its mediocre, pointed arches are succeeded by a triforium that is much ornamented with set, geometrical carvings; another poorly carved balustrade extends beneath a conventional clerestory, and the vaulting, like that of the nave, is low.

There are single side-aisles whose walls are pierced by windows and embellished by niches, a spacious, well-built chapel near the southern transept; and other chapels belong to the ambulatory.

This old-fashioned nave, this pretentious, commonplace, Gothic choir, these aisles in which the round and pointed styles appear side by side, and these transepts and chapels of various centuries make a crudely imperfect interior. Judged by architectural standards, Saint Stephen's has no distinction, it has not even the beauty of simplicity or of simple harmony.

Yet if Saint-Brieuc is architecturally among the least of Breton Cathedrals, it is, perhaps, from a more spiritual view-point, the most characteristic among them all. For Brittany, although a land of Faith, is not a land of "sonorous" churches like Saint-Corentin of Quimper, of huge temples like Saint Peter of Rennes, of tall, white

naves like that of Nantes. The Breton churches are numerous, but small; often ornate, but seldom majestic.



"A CARVED FONT OF THE XV CENTURY HAS BEEN PLACED IN A NICHE
... NEAR THE NORTH DOOR."—SAINT-BRIEUC.

They are treasure-houses for a multitude of holy things
—which are arranged somewhat heterogeneously.

This is the impression conveyed by Saint Stephen's. Its graceless outer walls, against which shops still nestle, have no artistic significance. Its interior, in spite of a few fine treasures, is scarcely worthy of description. The handsome tomb of Saint William obtrudes itself on one perspective, the large shrine of Saint-Brieuc partially blocks an aisle, and a carved font of the XV century has been placed in a "funeral niche" which is conveniently close to the north door. But the font contains Holy Water for the incoming wor-



"THE GRANITE EFFIGY."—SAINT-BRIEUC.

shipper, and the tombs of Saints, the granite effigies of ecclesiastics, the statues of the blessed ones of many ages, recall to the minds of the people the virtues for which they are to pray, the examples they should follow. The pious Breton cares very little that the tombs sometimes obstruct the aisles, that painted, stucco figures stand on Gothic pedestals of stone, that tawdry, tinsel banners deface stately walls, —in his sanctuary, he seeks the aid of religion rather

than the charm of style, and in such a Cathedral as Saint-Brieuc's, he is at home.

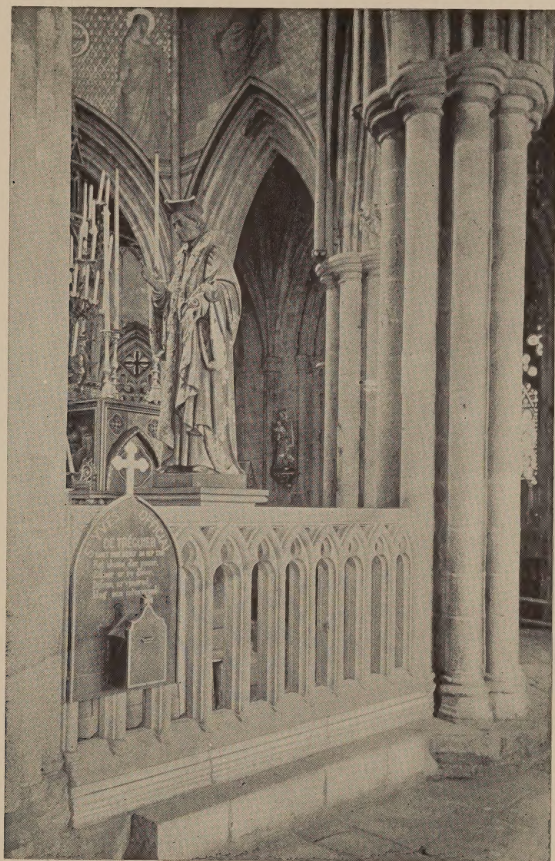
Tréguier.

Like great, pulsating arteries, several railroads cross Brittany and bring tourists and travellers and other more or less vexatious, more or less beneficial attributes of our era. Certain towns, however, where the trains seldom stop, remain in the quiet and patience of an old-fashioned philosophy,—and modernity, unheeded, whirls rapidly by them. Others are dotted over stretches of country which lie between the railroads. Sometimes they have a mail-coach; sometimes a squeaking, swaying conveyance, half trolley and half train, connects them with the county-seat; or, in consideration of “a reasonable sum,” an independent and honest driver takes letters and freight and passengers to and from the nearest station once or twice each day.

It is these semi-isolated towns which are true to the archaic traditions of Brittany, and have none of the artificiality of the artistic Pont-Aven, none of the ugly industrialism of Nantes, and none of the sophistication of Dinard. Here, the citizens sing, not with conscious symbolism, but with heartfelt simplicity, that they are “Catholic and Breton forever.”

Whether at home or abroad, the native qualities are strong, ineradicable. Châteaubriand had the race's thoughtful orthodoxy; Cartier, its steadfast courage; and Renan, its obstinacy of conviction,—they were

Bretons. Yet contact with the outer world, even if powerless to modify fundamental traits, is prone to



' SAINT-YVES . . . IN THE CATHEDRAL. '—TRÉGUIER.

change view-points. The vision of Our Lady of the Shipwrecked, so real at the Pointe-du-Raz, the help of Saint-Yves that seems close at hand in the Cathedral

of Tréguier, apparitions that can be easily believed inevitable in the region of the enigmatic dolmens and menhirs, appeal to the native reasonableness and practicality of the travelled Breton as ideal and allegorical.

The vague, mystic melancholy which he formerly felt, he learns to feel and understand;—it is a part of his nature, born of fogs and twilight and flickering hearthside fires. With many, it is a mysterious emotion which expresses itself in religion; with Châteaubriand, it was clothed in sentimental literary form; and with Renan, this Celtic melancholy and this poetry became a source of conscious, regulated enjoyment, of measured Epicureanism, as it were, rather than of inspiration and Faith.

Tréguier of Finisterre, Renan's birthplace, is actually at "land's end." To reach it is to travel with such primitive slowness that one appears to glide backward along the road of time, rather than forward on the railroad.

It is very easy to go to the growing centre of Morlaix, and to start towards unknown Plouaret, "a burg of three thousand souls," where the Traveller "descends" and "waits." He may walk into the village, drink his coffee at the "hotel," and study the curious carvings of the church and the Calvary; and at the end of an hour or two, he climbs into a little train for the more important and statelier town of Lannion.

Another interminable wait, comparable to that

between relays of the stage-coach, enables him to walk up Lannion's hill, to lunch, and to walk down again; and he then takes a smaller train which sometimes goes only as far as a tiny station on the sands, Petit Camp. Eventually, still another train leaving Petit Camp winds across sandy fields, halts at a few lonely stations, and



"THE RIVER-BANK AND THE HILL ON WHICH TRÉGUIER IS BUILT."

finally stops near a river's bank, at the bottom of the hill on which Tréguier is built.

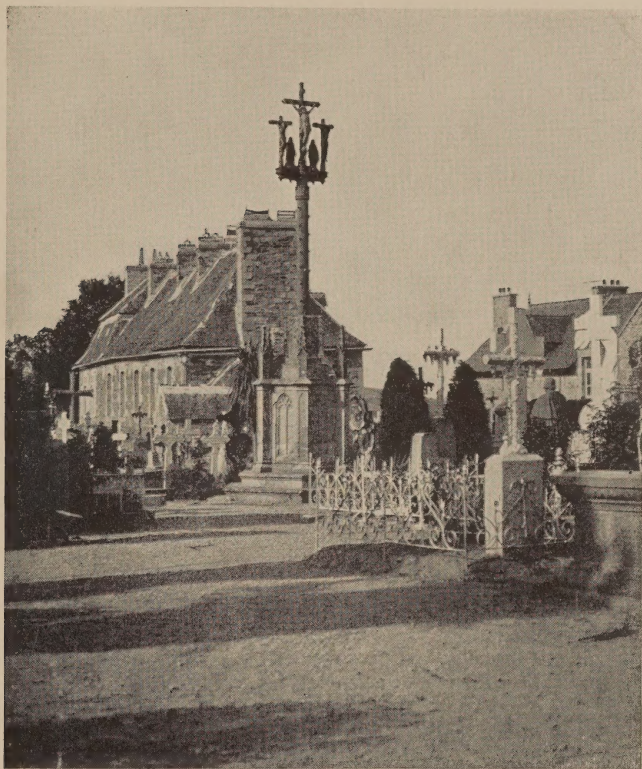
When he has really arrived, the Traveller is sure that the big train to Plouaret, the slow train to Lannion, and the other little trains were optical delusions, and that he has come on horseback or by coach.

Renan, in reminiscent mood, relates, "we were born in an ancient, episcopal stronghold, rich in poetic traces. It was one of the large monastic settlements of the

Gallic and Irish type, created by the British emigrants of the VI century. Its founder was an Abbot, Tual or Tugdual. When Nomenoé, in the IX century, wished to constitute a Breton nationality and transformed the famous Monasteries of the northern coast into Bishopricks, the 'Patu Tual' or Monastery of Saint-Tual was of the number. At the Revolution, the See was suppressed; but after the re-establishment of Catholic rites, the vast constructions which the city possessed again made it a place of . . . Convents and religious Orders. Social life is slightly developed; and the streets, with one or two exceptions, are long, deserted alleys, bordered by the high walls of Convents or by venerable canonical houses surrounded by gardens. Yet everywhere its general atmosphere of distinction gives to the poor, dead city a charm that is not found in the animated and wealthier towns of the middle class, which have grown up throughout the land."

There is a detachment, an apparent indifference, in these descriptions which is unsatisfying. One regrets that they are so brief, that their glimpses although vivid seem to fade before the picture can be fully appreciated. Renan's delicate and discerning pen could have been far more eloquent. Even without deep sympathy, his keen and well-chosen words could have graphically recounted the local characteristics,—for who knew better than he "long, deserted" streets, the chapels, and churches, the silent cemetery, and the "beautiful

and strange legends" in which, he declares, the surrounding country "is rich"? As George Sand once



"THE SILENT CEMETERY."—TRÉGUIER.

wrote of Berri, he could have written of the rivers and fields, the people of the river-side and the hillside,—the "mind" of Tréguier with its beliefs and prejudices and hopes and aspirations.

It is a fine old town,—a "capital," indeed a Paris to the hamlets which lie about it, to the Minihiy, to

Langoat, Penevan, Kerbuelven, and Guernotier. From many a peaceful field, the labourer can look up at Saint-André's tall spire, and catch glimpses of the roofs of his metropolis; and from the opposite river-bank, Tréguier can be seen in length and breadth,—first, the water-front and its industry; then the homes of its three thousand inhabitants, house-top rising above house-top; the bare outlines of the conventual buildings; and, finally, the dominating Cathedral, with its two low towers and the bold and tapering spire.

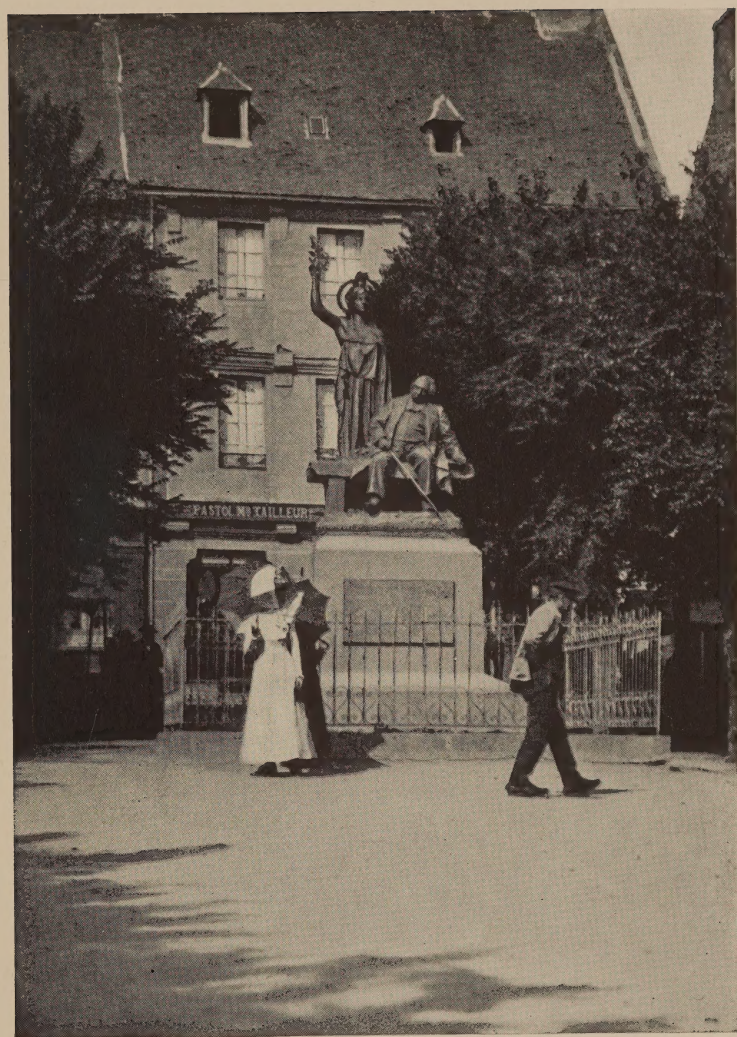
People from all the farms and villages round about flock to the city on market-days, for fairs, and for the solemn religious feasts; and as in the mediæval age, the place of meeting, trade, and ceremony is the Great Square in the shadow of the church.

"Yes, it is good," said an aged peasant who stood near the portal, "it is good to be close to heaven while trading on earth. No one is less honest for selling underneath the statue, and as I might say the very eyes, of the Madonna and the Holy Child. And those go in this open door who would think themselves too weary to trudge to the Convent chapel,—our Mother Church built wisely and built well."

"The leaven of unrest is also introduced in the Square," ventured the Traveller, who had been idling about the market.

"Monsieur means trade? That has existed since the beginning——"

"Now, now, Mother Penhoël," interrupted another,



" ' THAT RENAN, YONDER. ' "—TRÉGUIER.

"Monsieur means that which is hidden yonder in the dusty walk behind the trees. Oh, ho! Monsieur is entirely right,—the leaven of unrest worked mightily,—and an excellent thing maybe. We got from it our wonderful Calvary of Reparation, down by the quay. Monsieur has visited it?

"He is doubtless aware that when Renan was definitely and actually in the Square, our most pious people erected the Calvary in order to protest and to appease an angry God. My mite helped,—it is impossible to have too many reminders of Christ and the Blessed Saints. Though my notion of the good God is—well—different from the ideas of some who perhaps know Him better."

"I hate that statue—and Renan—and all his works. He it was who brought shame to our holy religion," observed Mother Penhoël, whose jaw was a firm one. "Our Mademoiselle will not sell postal cards of the renegade or of his house to any strangers, not even if she is positive that they are heretics and cannot be saved. She said to me just last week, 'Madame, I could not introduce such postals into the company of these statues of the Holy Virgin and Saint-Yves, and they shall always be in my shop.' Behold sentiments which I understand! As for the people near the Cloister who sell cards showing the man in his garden, there at Rosmapamon, they might be better occupied. For with every sale, they smile and say 'Our grandfather, or uncle, or father, knew him and took this

picture';—and if that is not the sin of vanity, what is it?"

"I have never been able to comprehend," said a crippled peasant dryly, a smile deepening the heavy wrinkles about his kindly, blue eyes, "why any true Catholic, which I hope I am, should object to the poor statue. I should not say a word if it were put before this very door. One would look at it,—and then at our church,—and run straight in these blessed doors. Why, my dear friends, it is ugly, extremely ugly; and I'm sure that if free-thinking and heresy were twice as attractive as they are, that Renan yonder would turn away converts.

"What is it anyway? A pretty figure of a man, so obese that he does n't sit straight! And what's at his side? Well, I don't say what it was supposed to represent; but I will say what it looks like,—a black, avenging Angel about to strike our Renan with the mockery of an iron laurel-wreath; and so, whatever the intention, the reality is orthodox in my eyes. Perhaps it is miraculous that would-be praise is turned to ugly truth. At any rate, that statue's an example to a thinking mind."

"Maybe, maybe," and Mother Penhoël shrugged her shoulders, "yet its words take the fancy of the young,—my Yves has got them by heart, and I, too, by now,—'no great thing is accomplished except through knowledge and character. The faith which one has had should never be a chain. It is man who makes the

beauty of that he loves and the sanctity of what he believes.' What, I ask you, does that signify?"

"The wretched Renan!" sighed the woman who had first spoken, "well do I remember him. He was not happy in the Church and he was not satisfied out of it. Within, he had longings; without, he had regrets. After all, an old woman with a prayer in her heart is happier than he with his learning."

Before the waning of noon-day, the market became less busy, and the philosophers dispersed, awning after awning was taken down, the visiting "merchant" packed his shoe-strings and rosaries and cotton-cloth in the waggon and moved onward,—a few new candles were burning before the white tomb of Saint-Yves, and a few more worshippers had knelt at the different altars.

With nightfall, business had ceased. Dim lamps flickered in the sombre streets that lie "between the high walls of gardens and Convents," the careful Sisters closed the shutters of the pleasant Home for the Aged, and shops were closed unless their keepers chose to stay at home. The weather was fair, parents sat outside and gossiped in low tones, and children romped about them. If rain had driven the people indoors, as is often the case, scarcely a footstep would have been heard in the narrow ways. Only the portals of Saint-André stand open until an hour unheard of in the Cathedral-cities; and here one may meditate in the late twilight of a summer evening or in the dull, faint

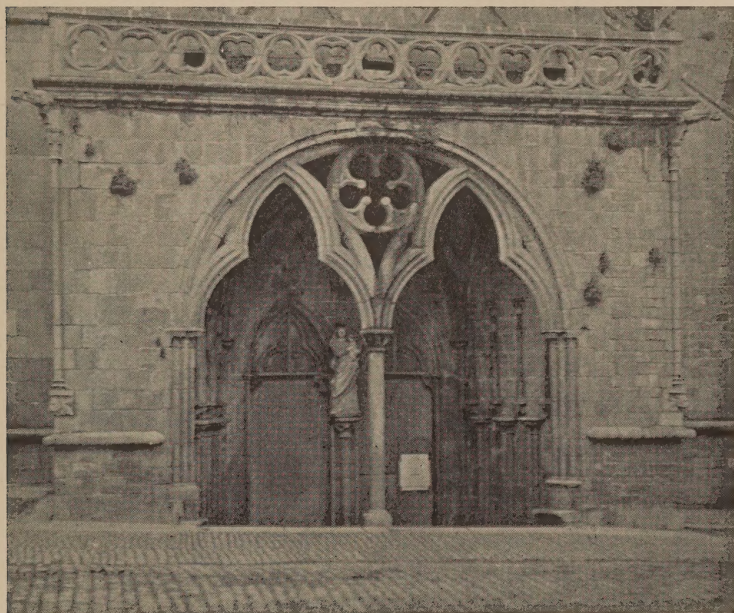
glow of the candles or lamps which alone illuminates the darkness of the stormy nights,—creating a memory which lingers, like the thought of a friend with whom one has sat in quiet and communed long and intimately.

The naves of Dol and Nantes are their most distinctive parts. Tréguier resembles Saint-Pol and Quimper in that it excites a “general interest”; like them, it was planned on a large scale, and it is unlike them in a certain lack of “finish,” in a certain naïveté of style; and although there is no evidence of artificial originality in its construction, there are several departures from the accepted Gothic convention, and Saint-André has a strong, true, individuality.

The western front, for example, is without the salient attributes which are commonly ascribed to a façade. It looks somewhat like a square apse or transept; and is an angular wall, upheld by two lateral buttresses which terminate in pinnacles. A porch is the wall's lowest stage, and it is surmounted by a gallery; above, a Gothic window is surmounted by another gallery; and the crowning gable is flanked by the pinnacles of the buttresses.

The square, outer wall of the porch is pierced by an ample archway, containing two pointed arches, which is very well designed. Unfortunately, the level of the street is much higher than that of the nave, and some of the effect is disturbed by this ungainly disposition. The arches of the two door-ways and the blind arches and pedestals which decorate the inner walls are

delicately cut; but the statues are destroyed, modern figures of the Virgin and Child have been placed on the dividing pier as an act of piety rather than of restoration, and the impression which the builders wished to pro-



"THE LEVEL OF THE STREET IS MUCH HIGHER THAN THAT OF THE NAVE."—TRÉGUIER.

duce has been lost with the crumbling of stone and the breaking of statuary. Little remains except the good outlines, the proportions,—in a word, the framework.

From the architectural point of view, the church's chief portal is that of the northern transept. It, also, has two doorways with pointed arches, and the tympanum above them is a blank expanse of stone. The

porch itself is a large, deep recess whose general form, like that of its vaulting, is pointed. The external roof is plain, and the straight, supporting buttress on either side of the structure ends in a small, arched ornament and has an empty pedestal.

The interior walls are divided by vertical ribs of stone into five narrow arcades. In the two inner sections, to the uppermost arch of the vault, pedestal rises above pedestal bearing the figures of holy personages of the Church. An old shrine, dear to the devout of Tréguier, has been set on the dividing-pier, the three outer arches have pedestals for loftier statues, and the vaulting is covered with admirable geometrical traceries.

Contrasted with the majestic portals of an Amiens, the porches of Tréguier are modest; and even in juxtaposition with the others of their rank, with those of Saint-Pol, Quimper, and Coutances, which is a fairer test, they are the works of conscientious rather than of inspired talent.

Externally, the transepts have great importance because they carry, in due progression of height, the Cathedral belfries,—the Tower of Hastings, the trunk above the crossing, and the spire. These towers, collectively, are by no means harmonious, nor are they ideally “arranged” on the body of the church. It is impossible to deny the superiority of the usual Gothic plan which erected the principal towers above the façade, the tapering spire over the centre of the building, and gave to the transepts similar belfries “in artistic sub-

ordination"; yet, such is the inalienable charm of Tréguier, one is inclined to be lenient to its faults that are always visible and never hideous or grotesque.

"The Tower of Hastings" is squat and, belonging to that portion of the Cathedral which faces the Cloister and the former episcopal Palace, it is not seen in many of the nearer perspectives. Its stories are square and low, the first stage is pierced with a round-headed window, and each free side of the higher tier has two windows which are ornately Romanesque. On its south side, the tower joins the Gothic walls of the transept, which are so tall that its own dimensions are pitifully dwarfed; its roof is a stunted peak; and at one angle, a strong, small, round turret has been built. That the structure stands in a secluded position is happy; for in type it is entirely unlike the Cloister and the graceful windows of the chapel, and even unlike the sterner Gothic of the Clerestory walls; and it is as strange in its architectural surroundings as an Arlésienne in the streets of Tréguier, or a sturdy Breton in the gaily chattering crowd of the Arena at Nîmes. And the comparisons are not without reminiscent meaning,—the entire construction suggests the style of another climate. It belongs to a country of hotter nights and bluer skies and a softer language, to the borders of the Rhone and the fair land of Provence. It resembles the sturdy belfry of Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux.

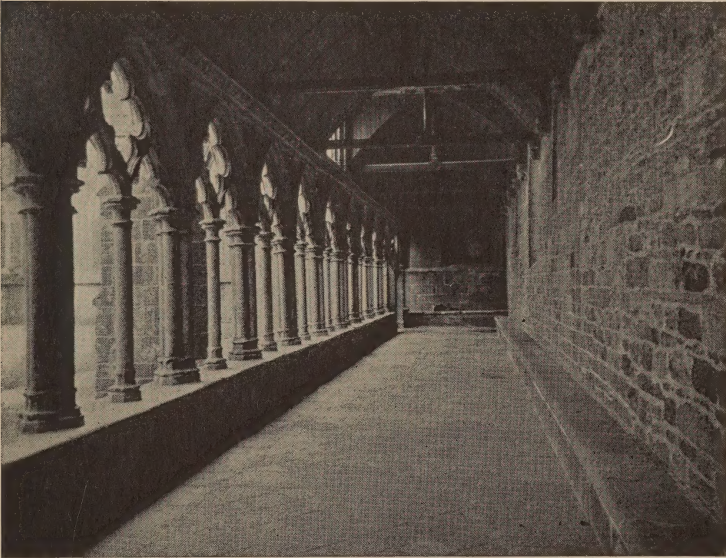
The central "tower" is merely a square trunk, pierced by Gothic windows and crowned by a balcony.

Above the XV century porch of the southern transept, the wall contains a large Gothic window; the next story has slender, twin windows; above this, again, rises a balcony; and on the last stage rests the very elongated body of the spire which, after the Breton fashion, is pierced with geometric designs. It cannot be said that the Cathedral's one completed tower is truly remarkable, but it is the most prominent part of the exterior and is not without distinction.

The nave has only two "sporadic" chapels, the choir is surrounded by them, and their spacious windows and balcony are more decorative than the clerestory wall with its narrower windows. Two rows of pointed piers support the arms of flying-buttresses which have a few modest carvings and a few gaping gargoyles. They are far superior to the poor buttresses of Dol; and as a whole, the apse is excellently proportioned, and the tiny shops that nestle about it add "a touch of quaintness" which does not mar its intrinsic and commanding qualities.

The Cloister, a rare survival of Breton work, may be entered from the church, or through an arched gateway at the head of a flight of steps near the apse. Exteriorly, the building is plain and low; within, it is a place of peaceful grandeur. The close, which is quite big, is enclosed on three sides by the walks; on the fourth side, it is protected by the Cathedral itself, and the view of the walls and buttresses and traceried windows, of the towers and the spire, is charming.

The walls of the Cloister have straight piers, and are still further strengthened by short, projecting arms and separate piers which form a series of miniature flying-buttresses. Conceived in the XV century, the arches have the delicate lines and the almost unstoried



"THEIR VAULTING IS OF WOOD."—TRÉGUIER.

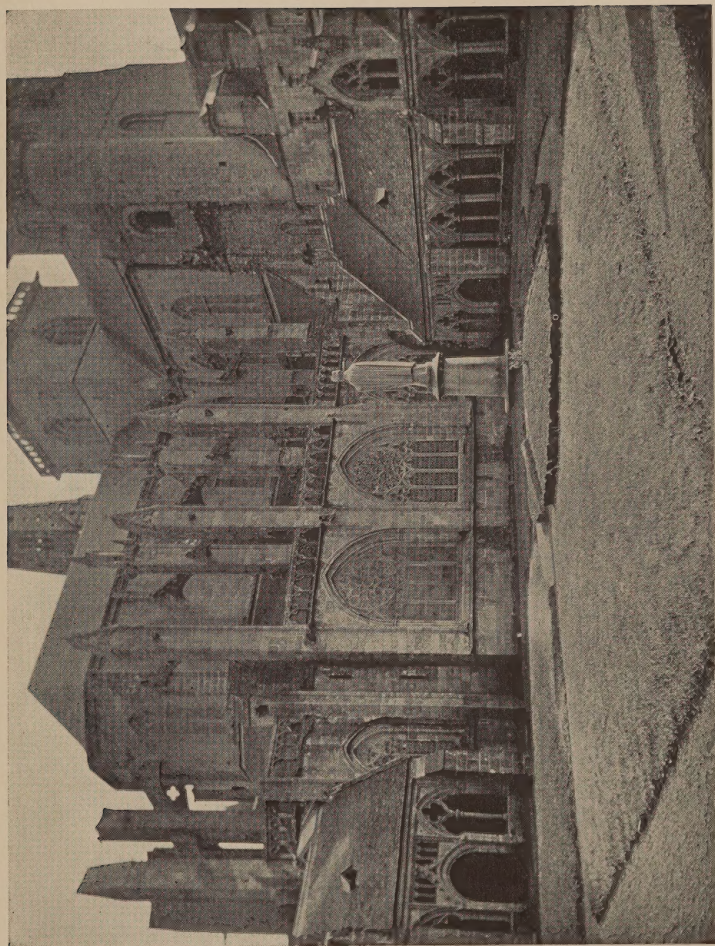
sculptures characteristic of that period. The graceful arches, the pretty entrance-way, the carven band which extends about the inner base of the vaulting, and the smaller carvings are as free from artificiality and stiffness as from exaggerated or laborious luxuriance. Seemingly that the element of archaic conservatism, typical of Saint-André, should not be lacking in its Cloisters, their vaulting is made of wood, sometimes

carved and reinforced by slender crosspieces, and sometimes held by heavy beams.

It would be difficult to find in the north of France a Cloister which is more regularly beautiful than that of Tréguier; and with its beauty, there is a sense of solitariness, of loneliness, which tempts to melancholy thoughts tinged with vague longing and vague aspirations. Perhaps the Cloister is too large, or its close, with the solitary statue of Saint-Yves, too bare,—and perhaps it embodies in some subtle manner a little of the severity which belongs to the Breton character. One wonders if choir-boys always scampered across the grass-plots as the grey-robed Acolytes now run; whether, in his youth, Renan came and walked here as another heretical son of the Church used long ago to walk in Noyon's Cloister. The gate is now opened to believer and to unbeliever, for modern times have brought many changes to "religion,"—the key of the door which leads into the church is in the hands of the faithful sacristan, but a duplicate key of the outer gate "is at the City Hall."

The interior of the Cathedral has a rather angular and old-fashioned stateliness. Its Gothic is somewhat varied, yet it gives a general impression of homogeneity, and in minute study, it is surprising to discover a number of curious and even inharmonious "treasures" which are so disposed that they do not disturb the fine dignity of the nave.

Those who have travelled in the villages of Brittany



"THE CLOISTER,"—TRÉGUIER.

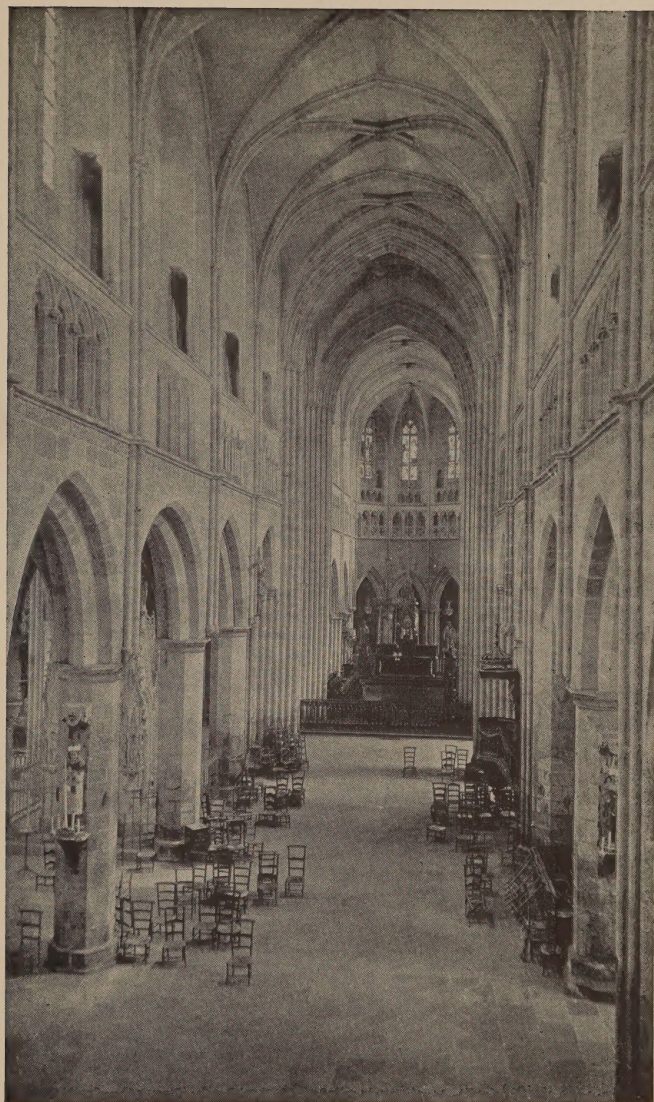
know with what care ancient and battered statues are preserved, and how ecclesiastical furniture of every kind, gaudily painted pulpits, elaborate wood-carvings, brasses, the beautiful and the ugly alike, provided only that they are of reverent memory, are kept together in one and the same church. The effect may be disappointing, or it may be appealing. In a great Cathedral it could be only grotesque; and, happily, several of the less harmonious details of Saint-André are concealed in its shadows.

The architectural detail which has no part in the Gothic tradition is the northern wall of the transept. Here are severe and rounded arches, tall and well-proportioned; and a round-headed window is in the higher section of the wall. The style is purely Romanesque, hidden as it were, in a corner, far from the general perspectives; and the Crucifix and tapestry, which hang above the arches, take from the austere old construction any aspect of bareness which it would have, especially in contrast with the more ornate Gothic of the flanking walls and the south transept.

The Gothic of the choir is not merely mature, it verges on attenuation. The encircling chapels are low and prettily shaped, the arches of the hemicycle of the Sanctuary are well-formed, and clusters of graceful little columns make the big pillars. Above the arches, however, the space of blank wall is too broad, the triforium is too small, and the carving of its arches and its balustrade is too geometrical. A second balustrade, as devoid of artistic merit, protects the gallery at the

base of the clerestory. Apparently in a spirit of economy, the wall behind this gallery and above it has been built of stone, and the window-space of the clerestory has been unduly curtailed. Such economy and defects are common to all except the greatest churches of the north. It does not seem to have been difficult for the builders of both Normandy and Brittany to produce many fine varieties of nave arches; yet a truly imposing clerestory and triforium were beyond the powers of their conception.

The nave is of an earlier period than the choir. Its general dimensions are similar, and the triforium is stunted; but as the attempt at ornamentation is slight, the stiff pattern is not inconsistent with the general concept, the stone ledge which serves as practicable gallery beneath the upper windows has no balustrade, and the three main stories are more clearly and happily defined. The pillars show rather drastic variations; some in the second tier have sculptured capitals; in the lower stage, they have plain bands; some are angular, others are round, with applied columns; sometimes groups of slim columns reach from the vaulting to the floor, and sometimes they rest on caryatid-like individuals who are perched at the top of the big pillars and hold their weary heads in their hands. A pleasing band beneath the triforium is not sufficiently salient to disturb the greater lines of the church; the pillars of the crossing, formed by many clusters of slender pillars, are exceedingly beautiful; and the perspective of the nave is distinguished by an impressive simplicity, a primitive grandeur.



"THE NAVE IS DISTINGUISHED BY ITS IMPRESSIVE SIMPLICITY."
—TRÉGUIER.

The walls beneath the windows of the side-aisles contain tombs, large, round-arched niches which sometimes hold worn effigies; and when they were less battered and crumbling, they must have lent stately solemnity to the aisles.

The Cathedral has also details which are less intrinsic; and perhaps the most charming of these is a Holy Water font

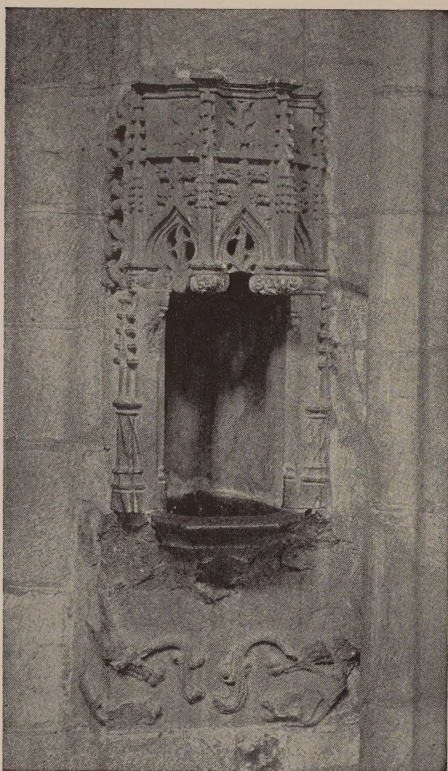


"A HOLY WATER FONT OF THE RENAISSANCE."—TRÉGUIER.

of the Renaissance, adorned with pudgy cherubs, which has been set on a piece of carved and broken stone at the entrance of the south transept walk.

In a chapel near the northern transept, there is another interesting detail,—a wooden reredos of the

XVII century portraying with elaborate and painstaking care the scenes of the Passion and the Resurrec-



"A GOTHIC DETAIL."—TRÉGUIER.

tion. The reredos and the stalls represent a phase of art which appealed strongly to the Breton of the Renaissance,—wood-carving. In almost every noted church in France, this type of decoration was admitted to its proper and subordinate place. Elaborate stalls were built which, however, did not intrude upon the important architecture; Bishops sat on thrones of carven wood; and

in minor ways, as in the making of Altar-pieces, the art was legitimately used. In Brittany, the use often degenerated into a craze. The smallest town not infrequently had wealthy religious "foundations," and more than one church of the countryside, like Saint-Thégonnec and Guimiliau, is crassly

embellished with wood-work which, in itself, is very handsome. Panels embossed with vines and flowers are fastened against the walls; a pulpit or a massive Altar, covered with scenes and, occasionally, with paint, is crowded into a little aisle or alcove; and the personages of sacred history appear in all



"THE ANCIENT TOMB OF SAINT-YVES AT MINIHY-LEZ-TRÉGUIER."

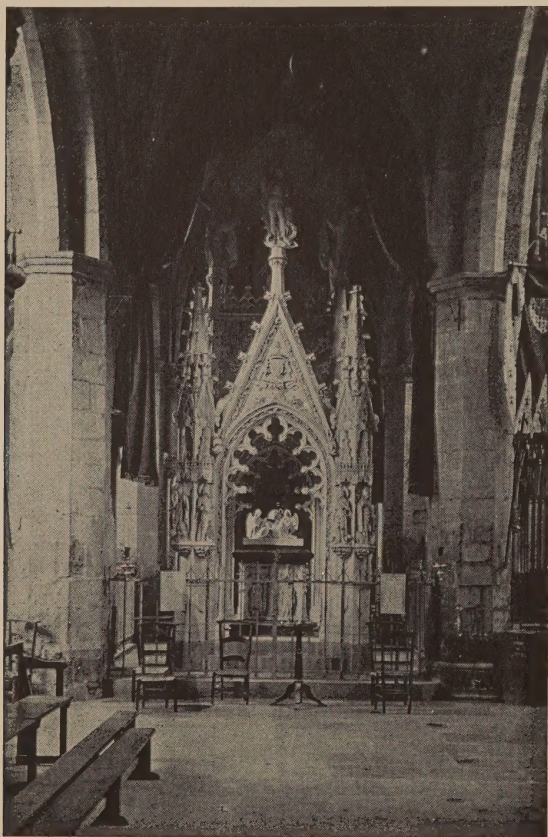
manner of wooden pictures, fashioned with varying degrees of technical and psychological ingenuousness. Fortunately, the carvings of Saint-André are comparatively few and relegated to appropriate positions, the choir stalls and the Bishop's throne are conventionally good; and it is only the pulpit, and the reredos hidden in the chapel, which recall the rococo style of pious emblem formerly so dear to the Bretons.

The large, white tomb of Saint-Yves, at once the

artistic and the devotional shrine of the Cathedral, is surmounted by a dais which is held by six arches, and is ornamented with pinnacles and statues of triumphant angels, the Virgin Mother, and Saints who stand in the niches between the arcades. Beneath the dais, on a marble sarcophagus, lies, as if in state, the recumbent figure of the Saint, his feet resting on a lion, his pillow supported by two Angels. The face of the dead man is imprinted with peace, as of one who sleeps in Christ, after a life of holy and sanctified labour; and to the devout worshipper, it seems as if the Angels from their pinnacles tell of his glorious death, and as if the Saints in the niches are guarding their loyal comrade. It is a pleasure to know that this Gothic tomb, so ornate and so dignified, is a work of the XIX century. The churches of to-day are so often stiff, formal, angular imitations of older plans, and our monuments, such misshapen masses of stone, that Monsieur Devrez's design is doubly remarkable. "Inspired" in the truest sense by the illustrious models of the XV and XVI centuries, it has both beauty and religious fitness.

To meditate near it is the "duty" of many a Christian,—some press close to its side, some burn candles before it, and others kneel humbly in a corner of the aisle from which they can catch a glimpse of its gleaming whiteness. The church "is left open until very late," writes Renan, "for the prayers of the people. Lighted by a solitary lamp, with the damp and warm atmos-

phere peculiar to ancient edifices, the enormous, empty interior is full of the Infinite, full of terrors."



"THE WHITE TOMB OF SAINT-YVES IN THE CATHEDRAL."

—TRÉGUIER.

The Cathedral, he writes again, "with its high aisles, its astonishing boldness of architecture, its pretty spire which is prodigiously tall, and its venerable

Romanesque tower, the remains of an . . . antique structure, seems to have been erected expressly for the fostering of noble thoughts."

To sit in the Sanctuary, to walk about the quais and streets, and to watch those who buy and sell in the market-place, is to perceive—if one will—the causes which lead the citizens to leave Tréguier and abjure its ways, and to understand also the reasons which induce other citizens to remain "at home."

Here is everything which conduces to the development of the contemplative mind,—quiet, no tempting opportunities for gain, no vulgar, financial turmoil, and hardly any of that "little knowledge" which is "a dangerous thing." Simple living with small care for money, and high thinking in the great Cathedral or the restful garden,—these are ideals easily realised by the dreamer of Tréguier.

A less imaginative or less optimistic person sees the reverse of the picture,—the bigotry among the ignorant, the narrowness of the petty provincial, the stupid hostility to the new that is good as well as to the new that is meretricious, the gossip and all the uncharitableness which may be found in small cities under a multitude of proper disguises. The person who sees only the drawbacks will long for "broader opportunities"; he will wish, as he flounders ungracefully in his life struggles, to be lost in the press of the unobserving crowd; and if he can, he will "go away."

Many of the humble have reason for migration; and



"THE LUMBER SHIP AND THE SHORE."—TRÉGUIER.

if you tell a woman of the quais of the failures in the large cities, she will reply in the words of a sturdy girl who said to the Traveller, "Yes, yet even then I could not be rougher than Marie nor coarser than Jeanne, nor sicker than Anna Marie who walks no more,—no, nor poorer nor more hopeless of the future in this world than I myself who stand before you. What does life hold for women who carry planks from the lumber ship to the shore? Curses from some of the men and, perhaps, from some of our comrades, broken backs at times, fatigue always, food, and heavy sleep,—a few sous and a weary heart for me. For, look you, Monsieur, I am but eighteen; and I know that at thirty I shall be without strength to revolt, without strength to think,—a living carcass, like the hulk of a stranded vessel which may still be recognised and—which is of no use. The women of our town, Monsieur, may have bad air in their tiny shops; yet they have a moment to sit in the church, they are not brutalised; and the farm-wives also,—but why speak of them?

"My youngest sister is happy, for she had, there is no doubt, the real vocation; and writes us from the great Pasteur Institute in Paris. My baby sister is not devout, but she too shall have a chance. I dream of a journey for her, far from here. Of me it is best not to speak."

As she talked vehemently, the girl had been eating slices of bread which an older woman cut and handed to her. After her last bitter sentence, she had shrugged

her shoulders; and saying in a half cheerful tone, "Good-bye, Monsieur; good-bye, Mother, and thank you," she trudged toward the ship.

The Traveller turned to the mother, who was sitting on a stone by the roadside.

"Yes, Monsieur," she volunteered, as she packed the knife and the rest of the loaf in her wicker basket, "she is my girl, and although she brings her own food, I come down whenever I can and spend the lunch-hour with her. I owe her much reparation, Monsieur. It is a sad tale, and would not interest a stranger, but she was the eldest and heartiest—all could not go to the Sisters, and I sacrificed her,—not willingly, Monsieur, nevertheless knowingly. And as it happened, she was perhaps the most restless of the children, needing most the books and the example of the patient nuns."

She glanced towards the workers who had begun to carry their load; and leaned her head on her thin, wrinkled hand.

"I have had what I denied to my Ernestine, Monsieur, for in my youth I went to the good Sisters. One learns to read from books, which is excellent, and I for my part take comfort that I can follow the Mass with the help of the meditations and the beautiful prayers of my *Paroissien*. They claim, too, that much more is now taught than was the case formerly. That also is excellent. But there is something which helps more even than books in the solving of the problems of life,—and

that something, Monsieur, will never be taught in the lay school."

She paused and seemed lost in thought. "What is the something called?" asked the Traveller.

"That is just what I was considering," she answered, "and I find no word, or at least, no one word with which to express myself. Some say it is the indestructible power of the Church; but this is a big sentence, Monsieur, like a sail full of wind. For very unprofitable persons covered with the cloth make very unprofitable impressions, whatever their priestly powers,—I am ignorant, but I have seen that. No, Monsieur, it is nothing miraculous; the best I can say to explain myself is that,—well, that it is the Sisters' way of surrounding common things, so to speak, with a little halo.

"I was discussing with old Pierre-Marie awhile ago, he has ceased to believe in the good God, and he said it was surrounding things with lies. However, it is not, Monsieur. For instance, my girl leaves in the morning with her bread in any bit of paper, and her bottle of cider with no glass. I come down with bread in a clean cloth whitened by the sun; I bring also a glass; and a flower if I can find one, and my Ernestine eats twice as much as was in her paper.

"I do not explain to her,—she would not understand; but I myself understand dimly, and I know it is an idea which I got from the Sisters. And that which is true of outer things is as true of those within. O, Monsieur, the memories that help! The memories that help!

Just now, as I was coming up the hill, the mist was close to a bit of rain, the day was dark, and it was chilly. One after one, I told myself these truths; and at each one, the hill became more steep and slippery.

“Suddenly, Monsieur, the memory of Holy Thursdays, long past, rushed into my mind. It was—and almost always is—cloudy then; and as the Sisters led us out of the school, a fog like a thin veil hung in the air. We walked solemnly up the street and out the lane till we reached the tower of Saint Michael; for in the silence of the sad days, the church-bells were to go to Rome and ask our Holy Father’s blessing, and we were going outside the town to see them on their way.

“Monsieur knows that Saint Michael’s church was destroyed long ago, and only the tower remains. We climbed the little mound among the ruins, and gazed out over the earth. Tréguier looked far away and dim as a reflection in troubled waters; the walls of the ancient belfry were gaunt and cold and empty, and very, very high above us; the fields and the sky were of one colour, and it seemed to me as if they formed a broad, grey road which I could see for miles and miles. My eye began the journey,—the road, I thought, must end in Rome. At this moment, Sister Marie-Joseph whispered, ‘Shut your eyes, my children,’ and we glanced around quickly, then we prayed quietly, and closed our eyes. Before me, the broad, grey road opened again; and as I waited on one side of it, the bells commenced to pass without noticing me. Some were big, as those of the

basilica must be; others were small, like those of my grandfather's parish church; and all travelled with one purpose, dressed in the white linen and lace of their baptismal day.

"Not a sound came from them, as they kept steadily on their appointed course,—and I looked and looked, but I could not see the end, I could not see Rome.

"I came back, which is to say I opened my eyes, with a gasp; and when we returned to the Convent, I ran to my favourite and beloved Sister Jeanne-Marie and told her everything that I had learned. The good Sister knelt beside me, and talked quite a time, and bade me remember the day and its holy meaning. Pierre-Marie, who does not believe in the good God, scoffs at me; but to-day, Monsieur, when I remembered our Lord for whose sake the bells were silent, when I thought that Rome was at the end of their road, and that Easter Sunday followed sad Good Friday, I forgot the rain and the hilly street,—I could not see Rome, but it was there; I cannot see the end nor heaven, but peace and good cheer do lie before those who are of 'good will.' Farewell, I have tired Monsieur, and I must go to my other child,—if Monsieur will, pray, pray for my Ernestine."

As the mother trudged away, a loud "Sacré-é-é-é; hasten!" came from the man near the ship; and the toiling woman answered with a shrill cry, half protest and half jeer.

Sordid realities lived by the river-side, dignity and

idealism materialised in the Cathedral on the hill, conservatism, radicalism, religion, and unbelief,—in the warfare of these opposing forces, mankind is enlisted even in Tréguier, at “the end” of the Breton’s “earth.”

**Saint=Pol=
de=Léon.**

Although it is perhaps literally true that the houses of mediæval settlements were huddled within walls for protection alone, the cheerier inland strongholds of the Léonnais, like Morlaix, look as if their inhabitants had chosen to live together for the sake of companionship, in order to accentuate the human touch, and, by the solidarity of an intimate life, to vanquish the dreamy, haunting loneliness which comes with the rains and mists of the north.

A salient contrast to such cities is offered by Saint-Pol-de-Léon, built on one of the many narrow strips of Breton land which project into the cold and changeable waters of the English channel. “I can remember nothing amid my experiences of . . . travel,” writes the author of an “Autumn in Western France,” “so unique, so solemn, so melancholy, and so majestic as the first impression of Saint-Pol. . . . Far off, rising statelily above wide . . . plain, barren shore, and silvery sea, you see,” dominant and imposing, the twin spires and the high, brown walls of the Bishop’s church; and nearer, “towering far above, the airy, glorious tower of the Kreizker . . . so deservedly the boast of the county of Léon. Slowly the distinctive



"ITS STREETS ARE QUIET."—SAINT-POL-DE-LÉON.

features of the scene are made out,—the town clustered around the . . . Cathedral, the . . . fields stretching to the sea, and the Kreizker crowning all, its light yet solid spire pierced with star-shaped openings letting in the day."

Once within the precincts, "there is no more movement than in a plague-stricken spot; no sound of wheels, no noise except the clattering of sabots on the unpaved ways, . . . only nuns and priests and country folk with a Spanish . . . haughtiness and a Spanish picturesqueness in dress, . . . peasants, stalwart and dark complexioned, . . . and toil-worn, weather-beaten women" in sombre gowns and white head-gear.

This picture is almost as true of Saint-Pol to-day as of the Saint-Pol of fifty years ago. It is tourists and English "trippers" who bring a factitious gaiety; and if the "transient" foreigners were kept away, the city of Edwards's recollection would almost reappear. Its broad streets are still white and dreary beneath the hot sun of summer, often wind-swept and filled with eddies of dust, and oftener beaten by dull and steady rains.

In his moments of leisure, the townsman leaves these streets and goes along the path which leads to the Calvary. Here he stops reverently before the Christ on the Cross. Then, his eye wanders over the sandy, stony, scrubby heights, and finally, from long habit, he turns to gaze earnestly, fixedly, at the sea, as if he could not escape from pondering wonder at its mystery, its changes, and its slumbering power.

The author of "The Last of the Bretons" has described so admirably the native of Saint-Pol and of the territory round about that any book on Brittany is enriched in quoting him. "The Léonard," he begins, "is considerably taller than others of his countrymen, his step is slow, . . . he moves as a Christian under the eye of God, and his joy is sober, shows itself by flashes, and as if in spite of him. Grave and concentrated, he exhibits little spontaneity in his intercourse with the outside world, . . . his life is drawn completely from within; and his exterior resembles that of a mountain, rough, frozen on the surface, boiling in its depths. His language, more harmonious than that of Cornouaille, is a kind of psalmody, whose tones he alternates with the more or less of sweetness he wishes to give to his words.

"He does not know the dances of the mountains, nor the 'jabadaös' of Tréguier. His dance, moving to the monotonous notes of bag-pipe and oboe, is stiff and severe, and usually takes place on the sandy beach to the majestic sound of an echoing sea,—for, by instinct, he mixes a thought of eternity even with terrestrial joys.

"His clothes . . . are loose, flowing, black, a sash of red or blue alone relieving their dulness, and the brim of an immense hat shades his sunburnt features. . . . The women's costume, composed of black and white, is not less lugubrious, and its amplitude and modesty of shape recall the garb of the Sisters of our hospitals.

“Amid the shipwreck of belief in France, the Léonard remains devout, deeply stamped with that seriousness and resignation which reveals the real presence of Catholicism. He performs no important act without religion—the house he is about to erect, the new barn floor, the ground which should yield his harvest . . . demand pious ceremonies. . . . We questioned a member of the procession which, at Rogation-time, wound round the cultivated fields.

“‘It must be done,’ was the reply, ‘the sterile earth grows fertile beneath the stole of the priest.’

“The church, besides, is the sole point of reunion for the Léonards. Shut up in isolated farms, . . . they assembled only as a parish to pray, and again at the cemetery to rest among the dead.

“All Souls’ Day sees the entire population . . . rising in sorrow and draped in mourning; it is a true family festival, and the hour of commemoration and hours during the day are spent in prayer. Towards the middle of the night, after a repast eaten in common, they retire; and the meats are left on the table,—for there is a touching superstition that,” at midnight, the departed leave the cemeteries and come to take their annual meal under the roof where they were born.

“If the influence of the priests is paramount, . . . it must be recognised that they generally have . . . the qualities necessary to preserve it. Our Breton priests, taken yesterday from the plough and still interested in it, wear under their alb the coarse serge of

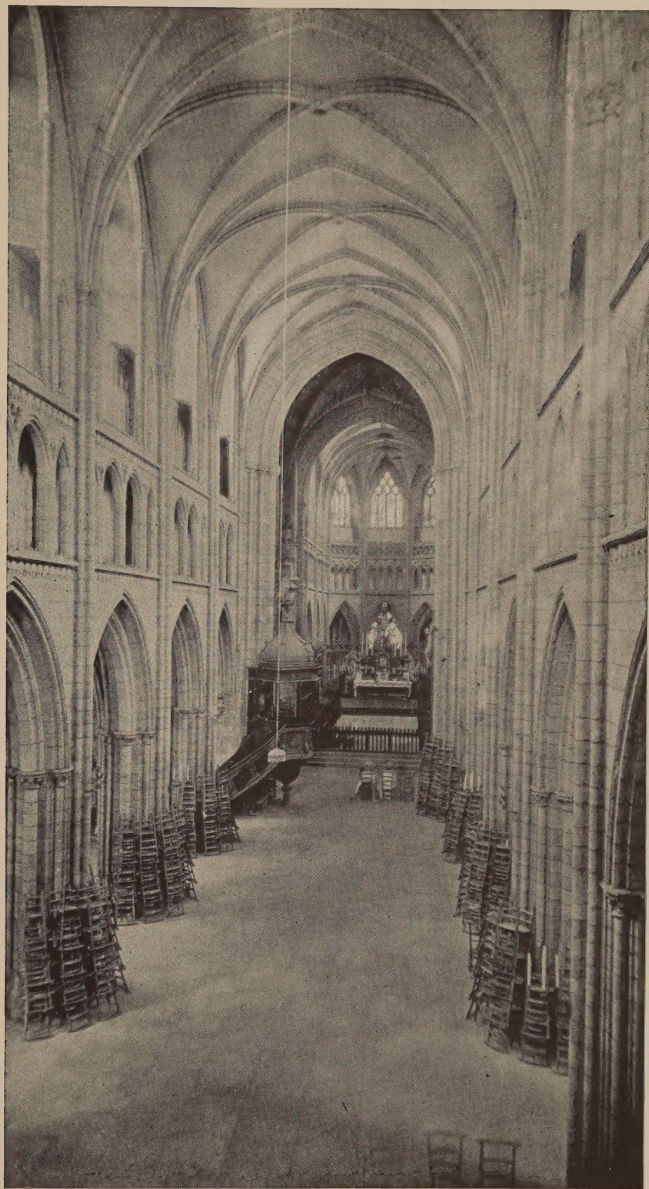
the ox driver. . . . Clad in rough soutanes which are stained by rain and sun, shod with hobnailed shoes, staff in hand, they journey by marshy roads, through inaccessible heaths, carrying the Viaticum to the sick, and the prayers of redemption to the dying.

"Ignorant, sometimes, as the fishers who left their nets to become fishers of men, like them, they have faith that animates words, . . . only he who has heard a Breton sermon can understand the authority of these men once put in the pulpit. . . . And this influence is also the fruit of the good accomplished by the Breton priest,—he is not solely a minister of heaven, he is a friend, a counsellor, a valuable protector. . . . Not a misfortune happens in the parish but he runs to console; and were the peasant to personify hope, it would be in the black soutane of the rector."

In the "hard, rugged town" of Saint-Pol, whose "houses are granite, and . . . whose people are . . . stern," the thing of beauty is the church, the ideal of life is expressed by religion; and it is not surprising that at the High Mass, where women and men "sit separately," the aisles should be crowded with attentive, devout worshippers.

Architecturally, Saint-Pol is one of the six great Cathedrals of Brittany, yet it is not the greatest among the six, nor is any portion of its fine structure original or supremely grand.

The most admirable part of the interior is the nave, which is built of richly toned, yellow stone. Its single



"THE MOST ADMIRABLE PART OF THE INTERIOR IS THE NAVE."

—SAINT-POL-DE-LÉON.

lateral aisles, low and cloister-like, have Gothic windows; and to the southern aisle, a spacious chapel has been added.

Unfortunately, the central nave itself has a noticeable defect,—the poverty of the design of its triforium. A few, elegant arcades near the west end are a mere suggestion of what might have been, and are almost hidden by the organ. The actual gallery, which is said to be the result of XV century repairs, has a series of plain and somewhat irregular arches and, above and below them, a frieze of trefoils; and with a trite and feeble effort at adornment, other trefoils are cut in the wall between the arches.

The first massive XIII century pillars offer a marked contrast to the poor triforium. They are well moulded, their foliated capitals are gracefully sculptured, and the arches are generously broad.

The clerestory, with its practicable walk, has windows that are neither majestic nor stunted; and arches between them protect the walk. As a whole, the nave is impressive, with the dignity of simplicity and of good and ample proportions.

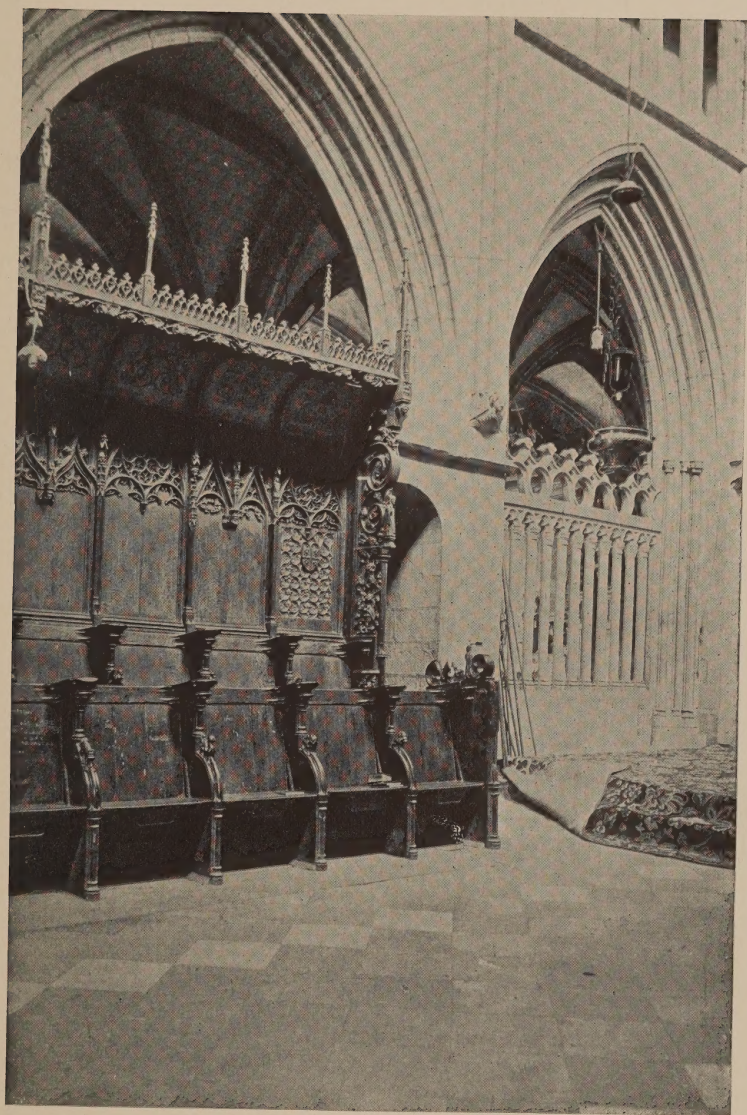
In 1365, "the city, with the church, was burned"; and it is believed that the old choir was then so completely destroyed that a reconstruction was imperative. The present choir was re-created between 1439 and 1472. Its triforium is too ornate, the balustrade beneath the clerestory is overly elaborate, and a section of the window panels, which should be filled with stained glass,

is a blank wall of stone,—in a word, compared with the nave, the hemicycle of the Sanctuary shows the decline in purity and strength of style between the XIII and XV centuries.

The tall arches of the hemicycle, however, do not partake of this mediocrity; in the double ambulatory, the perspectives are notable, and the pleasurable sense of space was accentuated when the angular alcoves were opened at the extremity of the aisles. The principal apsidal chapel, dedicated to All Saints, has a square end-wall, and seems like the lovely, little miniature of a Gothic hall, the remaining chapels are rather irregular, and those at the transepts, whose pillars have no capitals, are exceedingly harmonious.

The four arches which serve as entrance-ways to the ambulatory lend much effectiveness to the crossing; and although lower than the nave, the transepts are unusually imposing. At the north, they are lighted by a pointed window; to the south, by the big Rose of Saint Lawrence; and it is in these aisles of the interior that fragments of Romanesque work are easily differentiated from the predominant and characteristic Gothic forms.

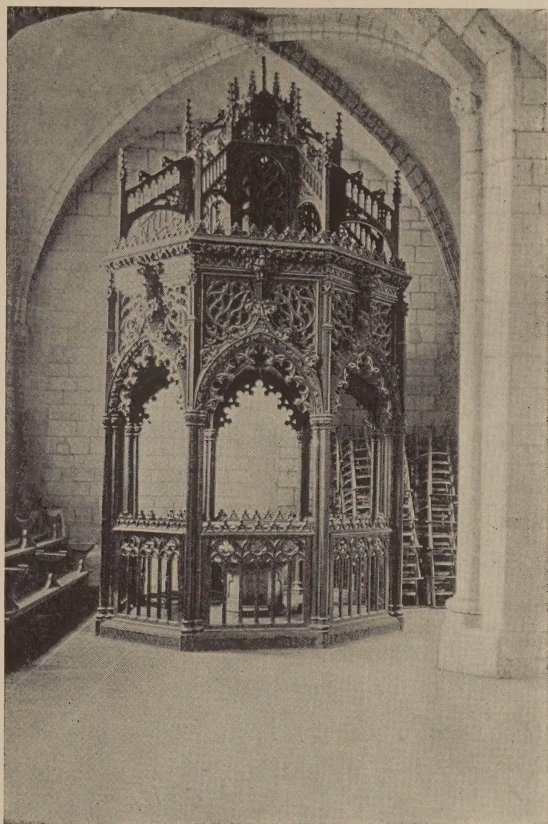
Prominent among the Cathedral's details are its early XVI century stalls and the baptismal font. The latter is literally covered with carvings. The stalls, on the contrary, are partially, moderately ornamented with small figures and larger, architectural patterns which are delicately and exquisitely traceried. It is a



"THE EARLY XVI CENTURY STALLS."—SAINT-POL-DE-LÉON.

far cry from Saint-Pol to opulent Amiens, but if the Bretonchoir-wood is not as marvellous, it is none the less the conception of an artist.

The tombs in the ambulatory are interesting,—particularly “the carven Bishops,” who lie in state with the dragon of Saint-Pol at their feet, “and are attended by several



“THE BAPTISMAL FONT.”—SAINT-POL-DE-LÉON.

quaint conceits.” A pudgy, contented Angel holds a Crozier, a monk sits by the side of a prelate and is apparently reading aloud; and there are similar touches of that ingenious humour which delighted mediæval folk.

Another sculptured tomb, empty for ages, is said to

be the sarcophagus of Conan Mériadec, the renowned ruler of Bretons who died at the beginning of the V century. It was probably the coffin of a chief, made after "Conan" had become a generic name and a title, and is the deep, trough-like font of the south aisle, now used for Holy Water.

The Breton church is often a treasury of shrine and legend; and besides its numerous altars, Saint-Pol has especial shrines which vary in pious fame, from the tomb before the Chapel of Notre-Dame de Cahel to the venerated Bell.

The former is the grave of Amice Picard who, in 1652, "departed hence in the odour of sanctity, after having been led through strange pathways." It is claimed that for seventeen years the devout woman took no food except the Blessed Sacrament, and that she suffered every day—and sometimes visibly—the martyrdom of the Saint to whom the day was dedicated, "so that she was called . . . 'a living Martyrology.'" Her memory is still honoured, and parents beseech her to pray for all children who are lame or unable to walk.

The Chapel of the Relics contains even more precious treasures,—the bones of the Saints, and the Bell which "once hung in King Mark's castle in the country of Wales." According to the ancient story, Saint-Pol, then Abbot of a monastery on the Island of Batz, had no means of "summoning the Brothers to prayer, meditation, and their various successive duties"; and he

begged King Mark—who had no need of it—to give him the Bell. The King refused. The Abbot asked again; again the King refused and “the monk felt keen sorrow and disappointment.”

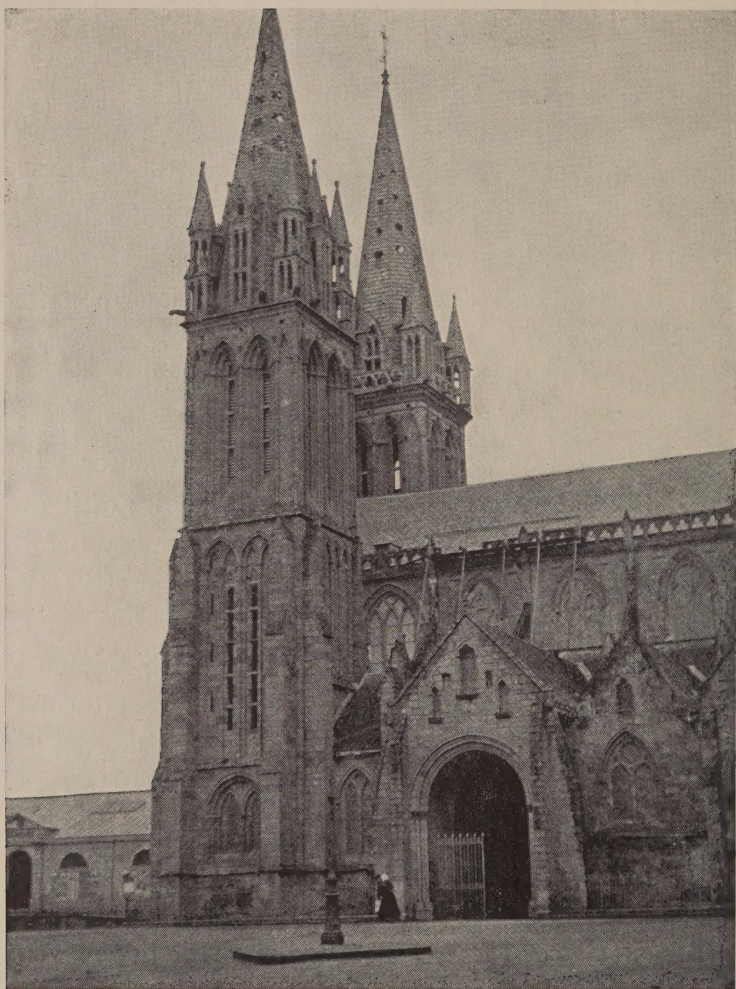
“One morning, some fishermen, according to their custom, brought the Saint a fine fish; and in its mouth, to his surprise, he saw the object which he had so long desired,—God had taken it from the avaricious monarch and had caused it to be miraculously conveyed across the Channel to the very door of the Abbey.”

Since that event, the Bell is believed to have been endowed with power to help “any who suffer with trouble of the ears and eyes.” Little copies of it are valued by the Faithful, pilgrims come to pray before it, and “twice annually, it is solemnly rung in the presence of the kneeling multitudes.”

The exterior of the Cathedral is not grimly severe, nor is it prim or stiff. It is almost without sculptured figures, and partakes of that simplicity of line which distinguishes many of the noted buildings of the northern provinces.

The west front has two doors,—one which is insignificant and leads beneath the south tower, and a main, central portal whose dividing pier bears the huge statue of Saint-Pol. A broad porch of good style, pierced by a single arch and surmounted by a balcony, shelters the portal.

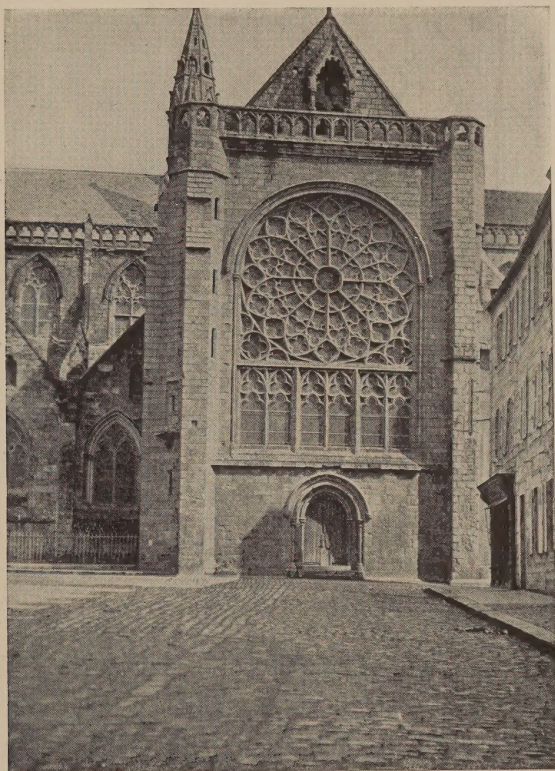
The façade's second stage is decorated by three lancets; the next tier has an arcaded gallery with an-



"THE STATELY TOWERS."—SAINT-POL-DE-LÉON.

other balustrade; higher yet, there is a narrow strip of blank wall with a clock, and at the top, a third balustrade "unites the two towers."

These stately towers of the XIII century have their stages of blind arches, their elongated lan-



"THE TRANSEPT IS CONVENTIONAL."—SAINT-POL-DE-LÉON.

cets, and the "splendid stone spires of a slightly later period, which are carved with roses and adorned with pinnacles." The three comparatively tiny, conical pyramids which rise above the roofs of the crossing, although in themselves pretty and

graceful, are not proportioned to the size of the edifice.

The flanking walls of the Cathedral, on the contrary, are well-proportioned and conventional, ornamented by two tiers of large, pointed windows, supported by flying-buttresses which are not remarkable, and crowned by a balustrade. On the southern side, two important entrance-ways are found,—the Door of Catechism, and the XIII century Door of the Lepers which, like the western Portal, is preceded by a deep porch.

Owing to the angularity of its chapels, the eastern end seems at first glimpse to be as square as a Laon or a Poitiers. But above the chapel-roofs, there is the curve of the triforium and clerestory of the choir; and thus the structure consists of a strange and not altogether felicitous mixture of the two manners of apse-building.

The chronicler of the exterior of Saint-Pol perceives that he has no glorious detail to record and that, as is commonly true in Normandy and Brittany, parts which are merely excellent have been combined in the production of a noble whole. The work, however, is of peculiar interest to the archæologist, —because, belonging to the epochs between the XIII and XVI centuries, it is entirely mediæval, and because it represents the notable degree of power which was attained by Gothic art in a remote corner of Brittany.

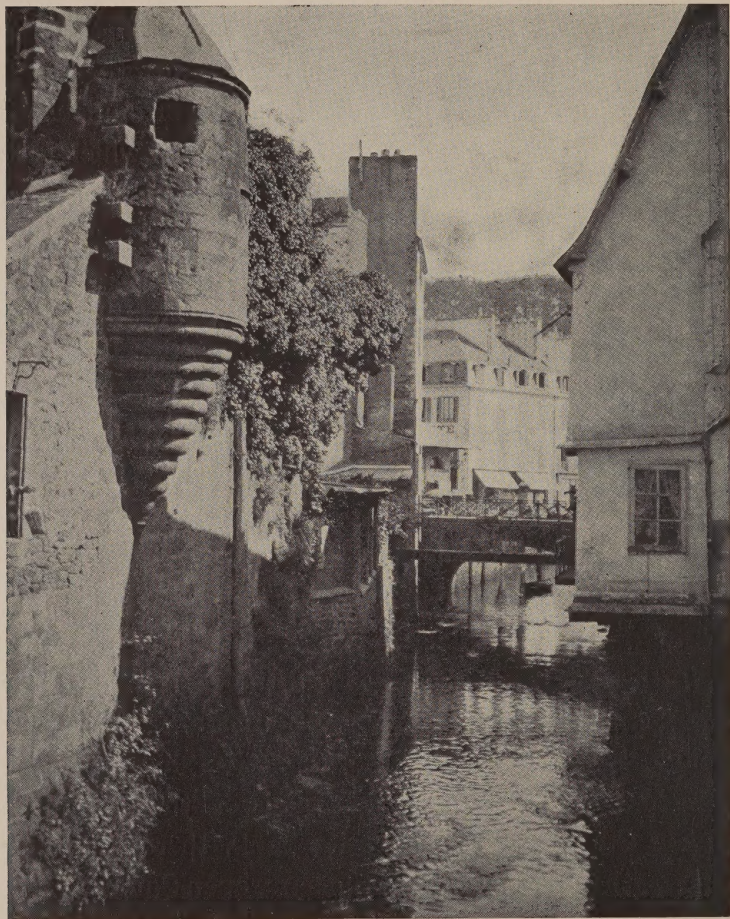
Quimper.

Some cities, like Naples, stand in the midst of wonderful natural beauty; others, like Paris, have become magnificent through the ambitious bounty of their rulers and their citizens; and still others, like Quimper, have neither grandeur of site nor opulence of fine buildings, and yet possess an attraction which is no less potent than beauty, a subtle charm which may not be resisted.

Geography says that the town is situated in the valley where the small Odet is joined by the still smaller Steir. It is also here that the Middle Ages seem to have met harmoniously with modern times, where the one has retained its quaintness, and the other, leaving its annoying hustle and bustle, has come with many of its real "comforts" and "improvements." Quimper might be likened to a serene and delightful provincial lady who, knowing the world and its culture, lives happily in the quiet Breton land.

Until they meet, the Odet and the Steir are shallow streams; they are bordered by houses and crossed by diminutive bridges; and the attractive shops and the principal cafés line the shady quais of the north side of the Odet. On the opposite bank, there are fewer houses, the Prefecture, and the bare, open Square which is often the camp of the travelling theatrical troupe, the vender, and the merry-go-round. The Allées of Locmaria, with their rows of ancient trees, stretch into the distance, and back of the river rise the steep,

green slopes of Mount Frugy. On summer evenings, when the cafés are brilliantly lighted and people crowd



"SOME CITIES POSSESS A CHARM WHICH MAY NOT BE RESISTED."—QUIMPER.

around their tiny tables, when conversation is animated, and the popular tunes of the merry-go-round sound

gaily, life seems a pretty picture of pleasure,—and this is the modern town.

After the Steir has joined the Odet and formed the “estuary harbour” for little vessels, the quais appear prosaic; but behind them, and behind the cafés and hotels of the river promenade, are numbers of narrow streets, odd, high, peaked houses, and the squares where peasants in cap and costume flock on market-days. These houses constitute the old town; and in its midst is a Cathedral with two of the most beautiful spires in the world.

Quimper belongs not only to the Middle Ages, it existed in a more remote period which is vividly described in the traditions of the province, and, it is believed, was “once tributary to a King who likewise possessed Ys, a stronghold by the sea.” Ys far excelled its rival. It had gates of forged iron, and a Palace which was covered with metal “of golden hue”; the stables of the King’s daughter, Dahut, were paved with white, black, and red marble “according to the colour of the horses in them”; and the royal gardens, filled with flowers and with avenues of trees, were surrounded by balustrades that shone like polished steel. “Being lower than the level of the ocean, the ground was protected by strong dykes” and the citizens lived in such prosperity that they weighed their grain in utensils of silver. So marvellous and renowned were the splendours of the wealthy city, that the French people, seeking a name for their capital, could find none

nobler than "Par-Ys,"—that is to say, the "Equal of Ys."

Unfortunately, the coveted Breton grandeur was founded on wickedness and sorcery. It was by magic that the King's daughter had forced the wretched natives of Cornouaille and Vannes to forge her iron



"THE ENTOMBMENT."—QUIMPER.

and build her stables; and it was through Black Arts that she tamed the sea-monsters which she had given to the citizens, "for their coursers to search rare merchandise over the waves." She was all-powerful in Ys, and wore at her neck the silver keys of its gates.

Grallon, her father, who was "as exalted and rich as any son of Adam could ever be," was a Christian; and deeply grieved at the Princess's evil ways, he retired to Quimper.

One day, continues tradition, "while he was seeking distraction in the goodly sport of the chase, he lost his way . . . in a forest at the foot of Ménéhom, and at last arrived at the retreat of a hermit. Grallon rejoiced; but the attendant nobles, suffering with hunger, regarded the miserable dwelling of the Saint with sad looks, whispering to each other that they would sup on prayers alone. Corentin, enlightened by God, divined their thoughts, and asked if his royal guest would accept a collation; and after the King replied that he had not tasted food since cock-crow, the Saint called for cupbearer and cook to prepare a fitting repast against so long an abstinence.

"Conducting the two to the fountain . . . he filled the golden jug of the first with water, and for the second, cut a morsel from a fish that swam in the stream. He then desired them to lay covers . . . and when cupbearer and cook asked if he considered gentlemen of the Court beggars, to be offered bones of fish and wine of frogs, Corentin simply told them not to be troubled for God would provide.

"Soon they realised that the water contained in the golden jug had become wine, as sweet as honey, yet as heating as the fire; while the . . . morsel of fish had so multiplied itself as to satisfy twice as many as the suite numbered.

"Grallon was quickly informed of the marvel by his servants who, in an excess of wonder, showed him the tiny fish from which Corentin had cut a part,—it was

swimming in the fountain as well and entire as if the knife . . . had not touched it.

"At that sight, the ruler of Cornouaille, struck with admiration, cried to the hermit, 'Man of God! . . . Your Master and mine has forbidden the placing of light under a bushel. You are to quit your hermitage for Quimper, of which I name you Bishop; my Palace shall serve you as dwelling, and the town shall be yours.'

"Grallon consequently withdrew to Ys; and discovering that the Princess Dahut had usurped his authority, he was forced to stay in one end of the Palace, abandoned by the world, like a grandfather who has given over his heritage to children."

In his loneliness, the pious monarch sadly watched the "revels which . . . never ceased. . . . Attracted by the fame of the Court, gentlemen and even Princes arrived from the furtherest lands; and to the young who were handsome, Dahut gave a magical mask which enabled them to join her secretly by night, in a tower . . . on the edge of the waters. In the morning's light, when swallows flew by the tower windows, the Princess returned the . . . mask" to her visitors, it closed "about their throats, and choked them.

"Then a black man hid the dead in a bag . . . and threw it to the bottom of a precipice."

Outside the Palace, Grallon beheld sights as tragic as those within; for, emulating their sovereign mistress, "the inhabitants passed the days and nights in

drinking, dancing, and gambling, united in the occupation of losing their souls.

"Riches had rendered them vicious and callous. Beggars were chased away . . . like wild beasts; and the Christ Himself, had He come in the habiliment of toil, would have been repulsed. The single church in the city was so forsaken that the beadle had lost its key, nettles grew on the threshold, and sparrows nested in the hinges of the doors.

"Saint-Corentin, instructed of what was happening in Ys, repeatedly warned Grallon that the patience of God was at an end,—and the King was helpless.

"There now appeared at the Palace a Prince from the remotest regions of the earth, a personage of immense height, clothed in red, and so bearded that one scarcely perceived his eyes, which yet sparkled like stars as he spoke with a wit and power which astonished the Court. What most surprised them was to observe that the stranger was more familiar with evil than they themselves,—he knew not only all that human malice had invented since the creation, but all that sin and cruelty will imagine to the day when the dead shall rise for Judgment.

"The Princess and her people felt that they had found their lord, and resolved to take lessons from the bearded Prince. Accordingly, he proposed a new dance, which was nothing more nor less than the *Passepié* as executed in hell by the Seven Deadly Sins. Taking advantage of the wild frenzy produced by its music,

the Unknown stole the silver keys of the gates and fled from the revels.

"At this moment, Grallon was alone in his fast darkening hall, seated near the dying fire of the hearth. Suddenly the door flew open, and Saint-Corentin appeared on the threshold, moving in a mist of perfume, a circle of fire about his brow, the Bishop's Crozier in his hand.

"'Rise,' he cried, 'take what is precious to you and flee.'

"Frightened, Grallon started up; and seizing his treasure, got on his black horse and followed the prelate who glided through the air like a feather. The moment he had passed the dykes, the King heard a great roar of water and saw that the bearded stranger, who had resumed his form of Devil, had the keys and was unlocking the sluice-gates.

"The sea was already pouring over the city . . . waves were lifting their white heads as they mounted to the assault above the roofs; while the dragons, chained within the port, roared with terror, for animals presage the approach of death.

"Grallon would have uttered a shout of warning,—the Saint again commanded him to flee; and at a gallop, he rushed through the streets and through the park, pursued by the flood, his horse's feet in the waves.

"As he passed the Palace, . . . Dahut, her dishevelled hair flying like a widow's, leaned over the balcony;



"THE LOVELY, MODERN STATUE OF OUR LADY OF HOPE."—QUIMPER.

and with a spring, she seated herself behind her father. The horse . . . staggered, and the water mounted.

"'Help me, O Saint-Corentin,' cried the trembling King.

“‘Shake off the Sin that rides behind you,’ came the reply, ‘and by the mercy of God you will be saved.’

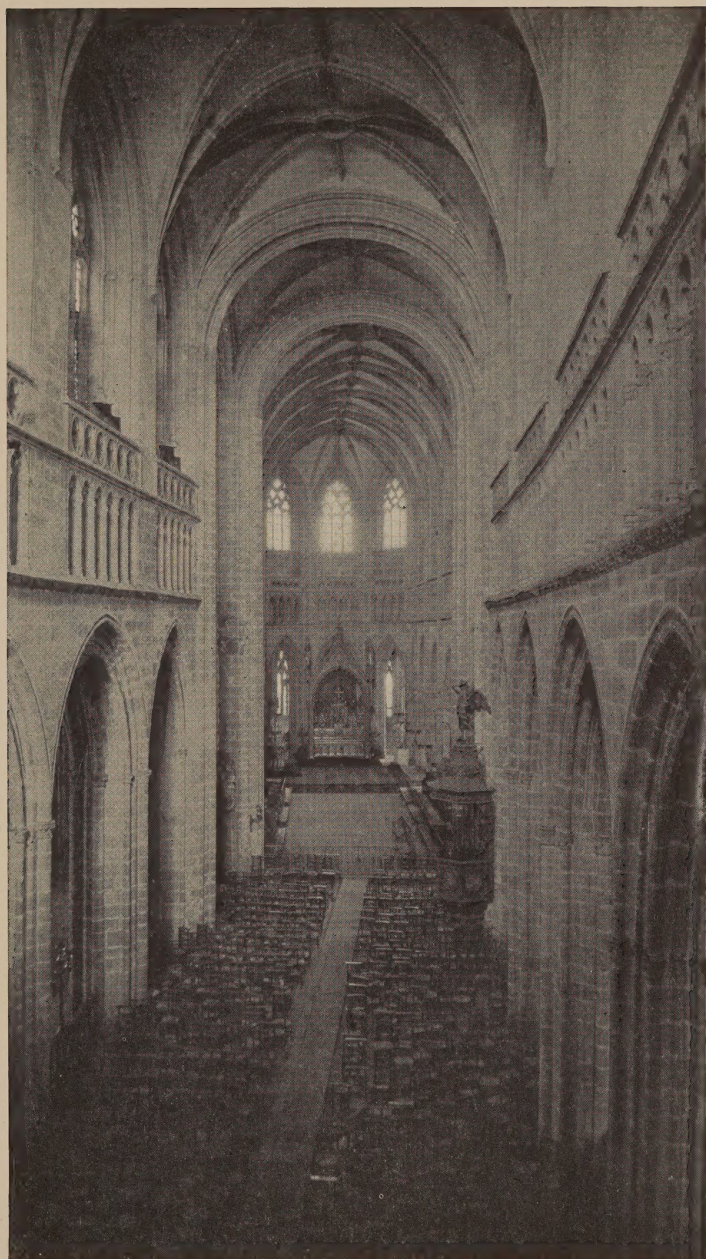
“Grallon, in spite of everything was a parent; and knew not what to decide; and the prelate touched with his Crozier the shoulder of the Princess, who slipped . . . and disappeared in the . . . Whirlpool of Ahez.

“The horse, thus freed of his burden, dashed forward and reached the Rock of Garrec where the print of one of his hoofs still remains.

“The monarch knelt to thank Heaven, then turned toward Ys to judge of the danger from which he had so miraculously escaped. . . . He searched in vain for the ancient Queen of the Seas. Where she had been with port and Palace, with wealth, and thousands of inhabitants, there was a deep bay which reflected the stars; and at the horizon, on the last remnant of the submerged dykes, stood the Red Man, displaying the silver keys with a gesture of triumph.”

The Quimperais have not forgotten the ruler who introduced the Bishop to his See. As was fitting, they dedicated their Cathedral to the hermit; but on the highest pinnacle of the façade-wall they placed a statue of their sovereign, and until the Revolution an inscription beneath the statue read:

As to the Pope the Emperor Constantine
Gave wide domain, so to Saint Corentine
By Grallon, King, was equal bounty shown—
He who possessed the Armoric Bretons' throne,



"THE GOTHIC IN MATURE AND STATELY FORM."—QUIMPER.

Who, as we learn in chronicles' true word,
Rendered his faithful soul unto the Lord
In the year of grace four centuries and five,
A hundred years ere Clovis was alive—
Clovis, first Frankish King who to Christ knelt;
Here was his Court; here he in triumph dwelt.

But since all things, howe'er so good, are mortal,
This image of him, horsed, above this portal
Is placed, that his dear memory may last;
Sculptur'd in stone it is, firm, new, and fast,
To endure until the doors themselves decay.
His body lies at Landévenec far away;
O may his soul, through Christ's most holy tomb,
Into God's mercy come!

From Cambry's "Travels in Finisterre in 1794," we learn that once a year, on Saint Cecilia's Day, the citizens thronged in the Cathedral Square or crowded at the windows of the neighbouring houses, and that "at half-past two in the afternoon, all the clergy gathered . . . about . . . the figure on horseback between the two towers, and a hymn was sung, with a grand chorus and accompaniment of musicians. During the tune, one of the servitors mounted behind the royal rider, and holding a bottle, a glass, and a napkin, poured out some wine, presented it to the King, and after swallowing it himself, wiped the mouth of his Majesty, and threw the goblet down into the Square. Everybody rushed to receive it. He who had caught it unbroken would have been paid a hundred crowns,—that event never happened, and the ceremony ended

by placing a laurel branch" in the hand of the Prince.

At the Revolution, statue and inscription were demolished and the quaint ceremonial of Saint Cecilia's Day was perforce abandoned. It was, however, held in remembrance by the Faithful of Quimper; in the peaceful epoch of 1858, another effigy of Grallon was "raised to its pinnacle"; and in the presence of many natives and deputations from "the Celtic folk of Ireland and Wales," the cup was again offered to the far-famed "chief."

"What a pity, what a pity," sighs an earnest priest of the land, "that pleasant customs fall into disuse. People must be amused,—and why not, as here, combine honest jollity with honours to the worthies of pious times?"

Within the Cathedral of Saint-Corentin, comparatively little recalls to the worshipper the earlier era of Gallic and Breton Christianity. He is not surrounded by the efforts of a crude School, the rudely made emblems of a poor and missionary type, but by tokens of religious opulence and stability, by the Gothic in matured and stately form.

This first, and agreeable, impression is quickly followed by a sense of æsthetic discontent which is produced by the choir's marked deviation from the main axis. In the traditions received from the Middle Ages, it is said that such deflections were intentional, made in memory of Christ's Death and the words of

Saint John's Gospel, "He bowed his Head and gave up the ghost." As numbers of churches have the structural peculiarity and as the theology of Mediævalism was instinct with symbols, the tradition is probably true.

The learned antiquarians of the province claim that the deflection at Quimper is an exception to the rule, not to be explained by Symbolism; that the construction of a new apse, which should communicate at the east with a Lady Chapel already completed and on the west with an old nave, necessitated a technical compromise; and that later, when a new nave was commenced, the proximity of the Episcopal Palace prevented a modification of the axis.

Whatever its cause, the inclination of the choir creates the extraordinary angle of two and a half degrees where no angle should be, and led to further modifications,—the south ambulatory has one bay more than that of the northern side; and arches, which are complementary, are of unequal size. The defects are obvious, yet not blatant; and except these deviations, Saint-Corentin's ground plan is the familiar Latin Cross, with ambulatory and choir, nave, side-aisles, and transepts of unusual length.

The big, broad arches of the nave which are heavy and almost rounded, the clerestory, and the huge pillars of the crossing are impressive; and the style of the narrow, foliated capitals, and of the stone traceries of the windows, is graceful and simple. The triforium,

on the contrary, is rather stunted, "stiffly patterned," and much less admirable; the carved frieze, which extends beneath it, is merely pretty; and the modest gallery at the base of the clerestory is of set, geometrical design. The vaulting, too, lacks boldness of curve; its ribs end abruptly, high on the clerestory walls; and it is unfortunate that continuous lines from ceiling to floor exist solely at the crossing, that there is no majestic succession of sheer, lofty, unbroken columns.

The minor portions of Saint-Corentin, the low and spacious side-aisles and ambulatory, and the walk nearest the chapels of the nave, are in consonance with the general scheme.

The choir was erected between 1239 and 1340; and Dom Taillandier writes that in 1424, "a Bishop zealous to adorn the House of the Lord" began the transepts, and the nave which was finished in 1515. As is inevitable, the distinctive traits of differing epochs can be easily traced in the various parts of the edifice. Happily the choir belonged to the noblest of Gothic periods and stood, as it were, a living model for architects of the XV century, who did not disdain the example of their predecessors. The result, which is wonderful when one considers the independence and individuality of the mediæval Schools and their habitual disregard of each other's projects, is an essential unity, with measured and harmonious grandeur.

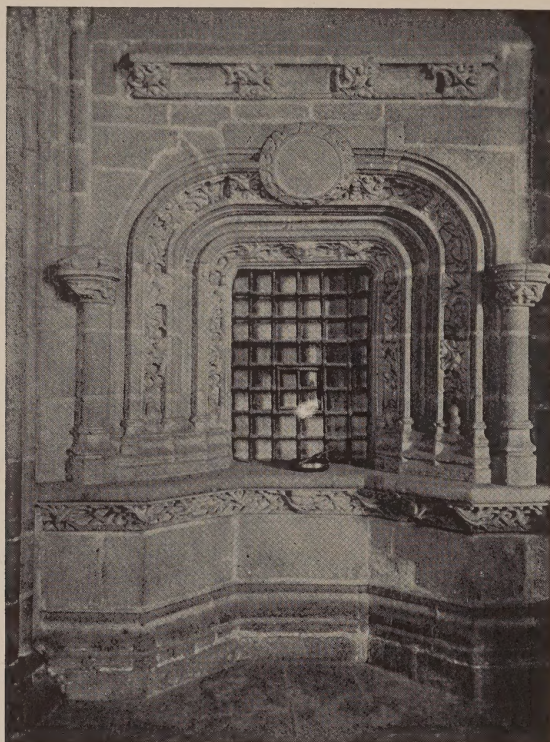
Although mathematically speaking, the interior is not

vast, the dimensions are so well calculated that this is difficult to realise, and it is well-nigh impossible to believe that the vault is barely sixty-six feet above the paving. A nave so short in stature, so sturdily built, should be somewhat lumbering and squat;—Quimper is not so, the mellow, brown tinge of its stone has great beauty, it is a dimly lighted and restful church, massive and full of dignity.

After seeing a Cathedral as “a work,” it is interesting to hunt for its wealth of accessory treasures. Only the leisurely antiquarian cares to peer into all the corners and half-hidden crannies of aisle and chapels. Quimper, however, has a few bits of ornamentation which everybody enjoys,—the XV century alabaster statue of Saint John, taken from the ruined Church of Kerity; the Entombment, which is in the alcove beneath the north tower; and the lovely, modern figures of Our Lady of Hope and the Infant Jesus.

A grated opening in the wall, near the Sacristy, is framed by carvings, and its charming decoration is completed by the sculptured bands above and below, and by a small column on either side. Mystery is attached to the ultimate purpose of the opening, which in the XV century connected a diminutive chamber with the Cathedral. The purpose of the room is equally unknown. Among its little bas-reliefs was that of an Angel holding a knotted whip, a symbol which has been said to designate a Penitential Cell; it has also been thought that the “Bread of the Chapter” was

brought here for distribution. The room has not been preserved; and its elegance of style is suggested by the



"THE GRATED OPENING NEAR THE SACRISTY."—QUIMPER.

ribs of its vaulting which have been used in constructing the vestibule of the stairway of the new Sacristy.

Besides purely artistic details, there are many as valuable because they recall historic traditions and show in a flash of light, as it were, a belief or a habit of some past age. Such is Saint-Corentin's Chapel of the Three

Drops of Blood, and the legend it perpetuates is thus related in the annals of the diocese of Cornouaille:

"Before undertaking a journey to the Holy Land, an honourable inhabitant of the city, who was possessed of an abundant fortune, had given the care of his family and the administration of his property into the hands of a friend in whom he had entire confidence. When he returned, . . . and asked his friend for the money . . . the latter replied that he had never received any.

"In consequence, the unfaithful steward was summoned before a judge of the church; and as no witness came to prove the justice of the complainant's contention, he requested that the case should be decided by means of a solemn oath sworn before the Figure of the Crucifix.

"Both, therefore, repaired to the Cathedral, and just as the faithless friend confirmed his falsehood by perjury, the Feet of the Image of Christ . . . moved, and three Drops of Blood fell from them."

Local report adds that, before taking the oath, the traitor handed a cane to the man he had defrauded. At the time, the spectators scarcely noticed the apparently trivial act; "but no sooner had the Blood fallen on the altar linen than the stick dropped to pieces, the stolen coins, with which it had been filled, rolled and jingled on the hard pavement . . . and the criminal was surrounded by the evidence of his guilt."

It has been customary to keep the Sacred Blood and

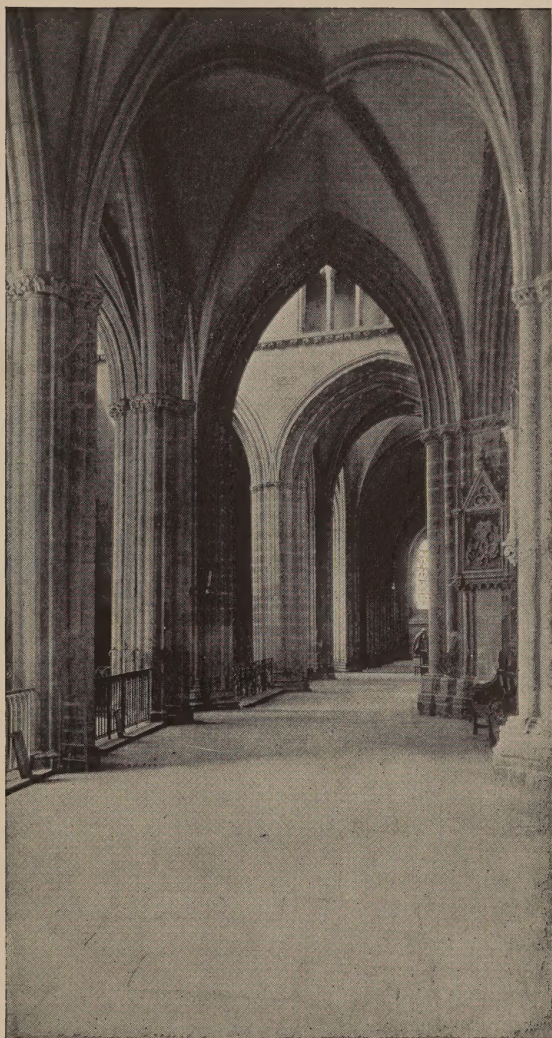
the worn and venerable Head of the Crucifix in a Tabernacle "hard-by the site of the miracle"; and formerly, as is mentioned in the Roman Martyrology, the "Feast of the Effusion of the Three Drops of Blood" was celebrated in Quimper on the last Wednesday before Lent.

As a further commemoration, Monseigneur Sergent, in 1869, ordered that stained glass representing the scene should be placed in a window of the chapel. Unfortunately, Hirsch, "the executant," has depicted the "honourable burgher" in the guise of a knightly crusader, and the "judge of the church" as a Bishop, crossed and mitred; and by lending to the picture an atmosphere of feudal state, has deprived it of the narrative's natural and touching simplicity.

Other modern artists have decorated the interior with mural paintings, which illustrate episodes in the lives of the Saints of Brittany, and their frescoes have real, graphic interest; yet it would seem as if colour should not be applied to the stones which help to make a Gothic edifice.

The exterior of the Cathedral is large; and seen from Mount Frugy, it rises in imposing splendour above the peaked roof-tops of the town. Behind the towers, the long outline of the flanks is almost centrally broken by the transepts; and beyond the rounded apse, the low Lady Chapel projects with its several bays and its square end-wall.

In studying this exterior closely, it becomes evident



"THE GOTHIC AISLE."—QUIMPER

that the only portions in themselves truly remarkable are the towers; and that the fine effect of the remainder of the structure has been obtained by the judicious



"THE FLYING-BUTTRESSES ARE SLENDER."—QUIMPER.

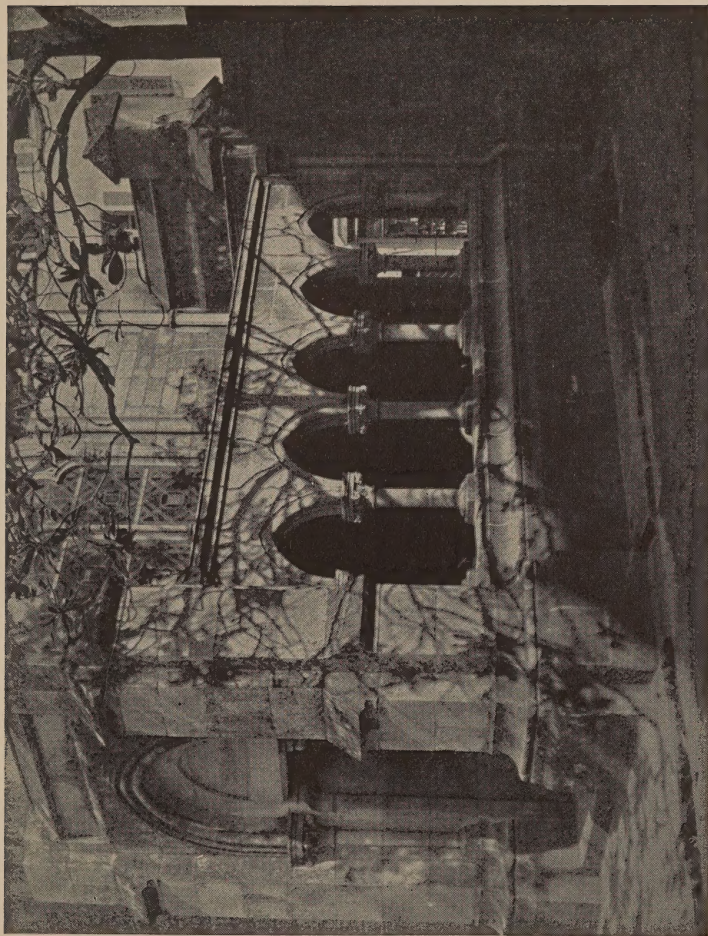
assemblage of well-proportioned and well-chosen parts. The flying-buttresses are slender, the balustrades at the base of the tall, pointed roof and about the flat roofs of the chapels are suitable and ornamental, and sculptured pinnacles clothe appropriately the bareness of the straight buttresses. The architects who con-

ceived these things lacked the powerful creative force that moved a Robert of Luzarches, their originality is not marked, and the sumptuous detail characteristic of the Isle-de-France is unimagined by them. Yet they erected a singularly admirable "Gothic whole" and, through the inspiration of an exceedingly good taste, produced a work which has the notable qualities of "finished" elegance and dignity.

Saint-Corentin has no Cloister, and is practically without "the dependencies," the Calvary, and the Arch of Triumph which are so often found around Breton churches. A charming, little, arcaded walk, which is built near the apse, does not belong to it; and the Ossuary, drawn in the old sketches of the Cathedral and said to have been "richly ornate," was summarily torn down in 1840,—in spite of the just protestations of the Archæological Society.

"In nearly all great Gothic designs," writes Le Men, "three portals are cut in the . . . façade, and one at the extremity of each transept, a . . . disposition . . . not adopted at . . . Quimper; which presents in its façade but one portal. Two others are near the tower, on either side of the nave; . . . and a fourth, . . . in the northern transept," is an unimportant construction of the XV century.

The second entrance-way of the north side is called the "Porch of Baptisms" because it leads to the Chapel of the Fonts; and as its title indicates, it is not merely a door, it is also a vestibule. Straight buttresses, which

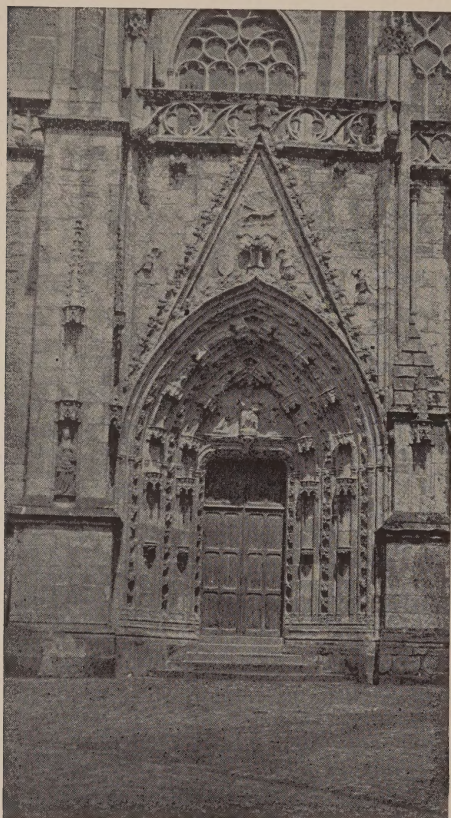


"A CHARMING LITTLE ARCADED WALK."—QUIMPER.

contain empty niches with dais, support an outer wall whose lower half is pierced by two narrow arches and whose upper half of solid masonry is surmounted by a traceried balcony. The expanse of plain stonework is adorned by few coats-of-arms and by carvings applied in the shape of a gable. At the top of the gable, signifying pre-eminence, are the helmet and the shield of John V of Brittany; beneath, in due order, appear the armorial bearings of his wife and of a Bishop; and two distinguished families have been allowed to attach their insignia near-by. The vaulting of the vestibule bears the arms of a Canon; and along its inner walls, there are recesses for the statues of the Apostles, and a stone bench where the poor and weary may rest. The juxtaposition of the emblems of holy religion and of earthly rank occurs commonly in mediæval Cathedrals, —in a window, in the height of the choir, or in the depths of a chapel. The shields of the Porch of Baptisms, within close range of vision, are especially obvious; and besides being a recognition of their owners' generosity, they proclaim the intimate relationship between noble and Church which existed everywhere throughout the Middle Ages, and nowhere more firmly than in Brittany.

Kindred heraldic devices constitute the sole similarity between the north porch and the corresponding southern entrance, which is simply a graceful, tiny door. It has been named for Our Lady because the bas-relief of its tympanum is a Virgin and Child worshipped by Angels, and is sometimes called the Portal

of Saint Catherine, perhaps because a pleasing figure of the martyr stands in a niche of the western buttress.



"IT HAS BEEN NAMED FOR OUR LADY."
—QUIMPER.

The door itself is too small to be described by any grandiose adjective; but the proportions are happy and its carving is exquisite.

The single, spacious door-way of the façade is of the same general style as that of Saint Catherine and is of the same period, the XV century. Although modern changes have materially modified it, the first plan is present in the large and heavy outlines and the finely chiselled niches and

dais; and it is one of the best of the conventional Gothic portals of the province.

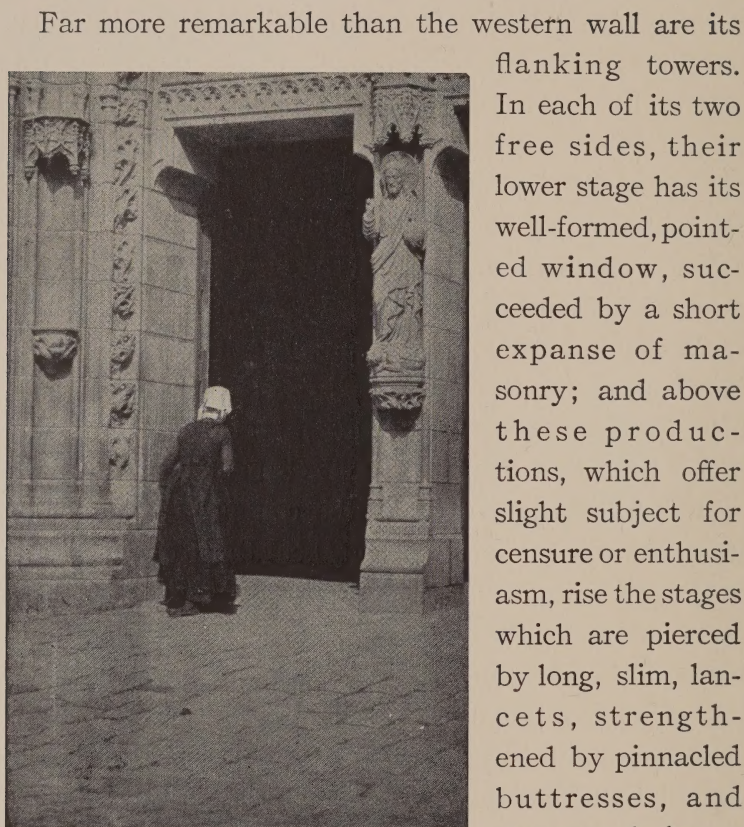
Formerly the scene of the tympanum represented the Eternal Father receiving the homage of His Angels;

and the dividing pier supported an equestrian statue of Duke John, a bountiful lay patron. The statue was demolished during the Revolution, and later, in order to admit processions easily, the pier and the tympanum were removed, rash mutilations which were followed by a strange restoration,—the “counterfeit resemblance” of the knight was replaced by that of the Saviour, and the new tympanum was given the stone traceries suitable to a rose window. From the viewpoint of religious art, the presence of Christ is appropriate, that of the Duke is not. Analogous argument cannot be adduced in favour of the traceries,—and the sight of the Angels of the arch, gathered in adoration around a pretty geometrical pattern, is not without elements of absurdity.

Both within and without the confines of the gable, the shields are numerous,—they bear the arms of Jeanne de France and her sons, of a prelate and his father, and of several puissant vassals of the Bishops of Quimper, and the Lion of Montfort holds the escutcheon of the sovereign Duke. The architect discovers scant significance in such ornaments. To the enthusiastic antiquarian, they are full of meaning, the “most beautiful heraldic page which the Middle Ages has ever inscribed on the granite of a Breton monument.”

Above the portal, there is a balcony; higher still, a big, commonplace window of the XV century; and the last story is filled with an arch which shelters impressive, twin windows. The top of the structure is adorned by another balcony and by the statue welcome alike to

antiquarian and architect, — King Grallon on his horse.



“THE CHRIST AT THE DOORWAY.”—QUIMPER.

Far more remarkable than the western wall are its flanking towers. In each of its two free sides, their lower stage has its well-formed, pointed window, succeeded by a short expanse of masonry; and above these productions, which offer slight subject for censure or enthusiasm, rise the stages which are pierced by long, slim, lancets, strengthened by pinnacled buttresses, and crowned by a Flamboyant balustrade,—the bold and magnificent conception of the XV century.

Spires, which had been commenced, were destroyed by fire in 1613; and the zeal of the Cathedral Age being spent, squat and economical peaks were “substituted,”

and the people, in just derision, dubbed them "Saint Corentin's snuffers."

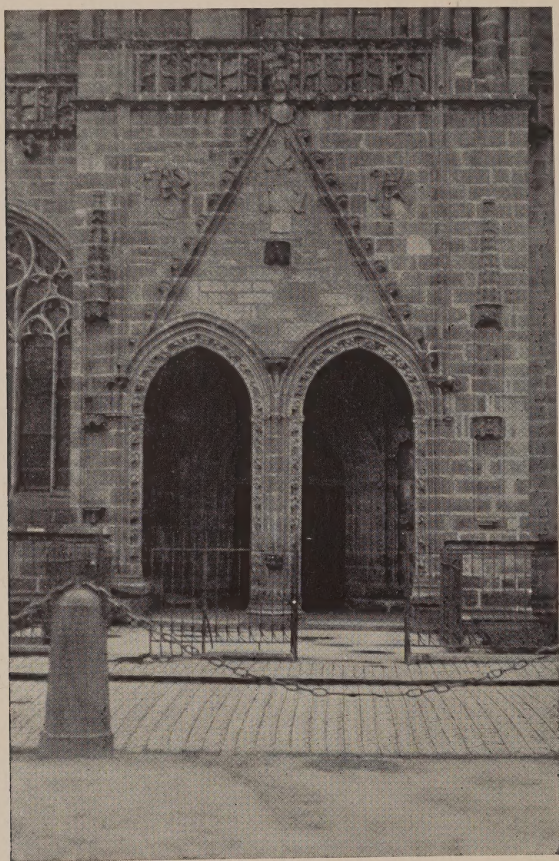
It is here that the story of mediæval architecture usually closes. The Pseudo-Classic was inaugurated; and the XIX century, which aided in priceless restorations, contributed less lavishly toward the completion of old churches.

Owing to the courage of Monseigneur Graveran, Quimper is a proud exception to this rule. His biographer tells us that "the Bishop had no resources, yet he could not resign himself to the deformed aspect . . . of the towers; and one afternoon while he was sadly contemplating . . . their dull and opaque cones of lead, he calculated that one sou donated by each of his flock for five years would provide a sum sufficient to pay for the necessary spires.

"He called his architect and discussed the matter with him; then he addressed a letter to the Faithful of the diocese, asking them for 'Saint-Corentin's penny.'"

"How many times," wrote the prelate, "how many times, in admiring . . . the manifold charms of our Cathedral have the learned who are enlightened by culture, and the untutored guided only by instinct . . . expressed surprise at the spectacle of the misshapen roofs. . . . You have perhaps heard the grotesque appellation, which . . . falls spontaneously from spectators' lips. We are not affected by inoffensive raillery, but we admit that praise . . . would be sweeter to our ears.

"Do not think, . . . beloved brethren, that we desire to flatter your hearts and our own, . . . a



"THE PORCH OF BAPTISMS."—QUIMPER.

thought possesses us which is holier in its aims, . . . God is sovereign Grandeur, Sovereign Beauty; and everything which is beautiful, everything which is grand, lifts towards Heaven the mind which is not

perverted, the sentiment which is not corrupt. And when the Faithful shall approach our city, . . . emotion will fill their souls at the sight of lofty and graceful forms tracing the Name of God in the blue of the sky."

The appeal might have been made in the Ages of Faith, the response was worthy of those enthusiastic days, and the "work" began in 1854. "Unfortunately, it was not given to the venerable priest to behold the realisation of his desire," and the two lovely spires, so slender and symmetrical, were finished during the Episcopate of his successor.

The visitor who climbs to the big roof and studies its wooden framework will find, near the middle of the edifice, a few scorched beams, the supports of a central spire which was built in 1468 and burned in the XVII century. The structure "was of wood and covered with lead," and is reported to have been "richly provided with arcades and pinnacles." It may have been like that of Notre-Dame of Paris, it was of approximately the same period and perhaps of the same style as "the pretty caprice" at Amiens; and in any case, unless its proportions were actually bad, it must have added greatly to the excellence of the church's outlines.

From such vague words, it is difficult to reconstruct a definite picture; and to us, the scorched beams suggest not so much the spire itself as the narrative of its destruction, a description so vivid that he who reads it seems to live through the excitement of that perilous and miraculous event of "the long-ago."

"On Saturday, the first . . . of February, 1620," the ancient document relates, "a grave misfortune and disaster befell Quimper-Corentin,—a handsome and elevated pyramid . . . , was . . . consumed by the . . . fire of heaven, without any remedy being possible.

"And that the commencement and end may be known,—between half-past seven and eight in the morning, a thunder-bolt louder than the others was heard; and at the instant, a horrible . . . Demon was visibly perceived in the midst of a torrent of hail,—the said Demon, who seized the pyramid, being of a green colour.

"Now neither fire nor smoke appeared until nearly an hour after noon-time, when smoke started to issue from the highest point; and flames . . . came, little by little, till they extended from top to bottom so huge and so terrible that it was feared the whole church would be devoured, and not alone the church, but the city too.

"Finally . . . the Holy Relics were carried to the roof . . . before and in front of the fire; and in the absence of My Lord the Bishop, the Gentlemen of the Chapter commenced to exorcise the wicked Demon whom every one saw appearing in the flames now green, now yellow, and now blue. They threw *Agnus Dei* and almost a hundred and fifty hogsheads of water and forty or fifty waggon-loads of dung into the blaze, and nevertheless it continued. And as a last resource, they threw in a loaf of rye bread . . . in which the consecrated Host had been placed; and then they took

Holy Water mixed with the milk of a virtuous, nursing mother, and all this was poured in also.

“Whereupon the Demon was forced to depart; and being away, the conflagration was extinguished. And shortly after, the loaf of bread was discovered . . . unhurt except that its crust was a bit blackened.

“The peril was conquered” at half-past six; and in the darkness of the bleak February evening, the people went home to supper. A few hours later, as they were gathered about their hearths, discussing the events of the day and divided between sorrow and joy, they heard the solemn tolling of a bell, and they hastened through the streets to the cold and sombre Cathedral. Flickering tapers in the Chapel of the Trinity showed them where to assemble; and there “the Canons, with the choristers and the musicians, sang a *Te Deum* and a *Stabat Mater*.”

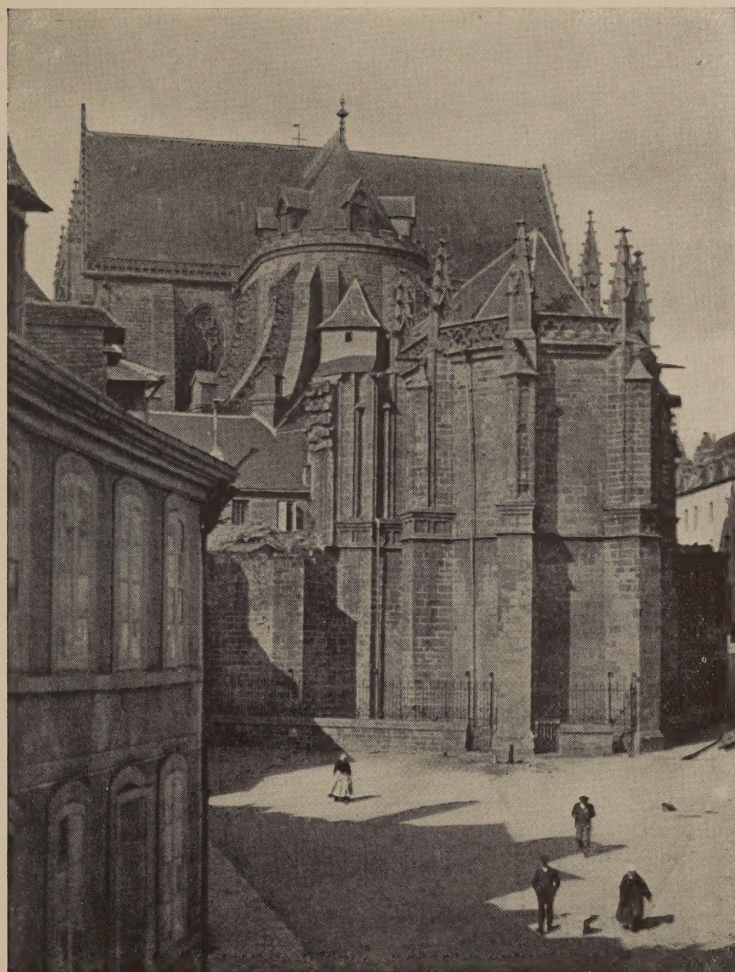
The Bishop who loved his See so well once wrote, “the traveller descends the fresh valley of the Odet, in the midst of its verdure and its running streams, and his attention and his heart are divided between the smiling charms of nature and those, more religiously severe, of our church”; he constantly sees and rejoices in the commanding yet gracious Sanctuary, rising in the midst of its quaint town and surrounded by one of the garden spots of Brittany; and he echoes the *Te Deum* sung by the “Gentlemen of the Chapter” in gratitude for the preservation of their Cathedral.

Vannes.

It has been well said that "every inch of ground" about Vannes "teems with associations." Here lived those Celts who claimed "to have colonised the Adriatic and to have given a name to Venice." This was the home of the "last inhabitants of Gaul to submit to Cæsar," who declared that they had "bodies of iron and hearts of steel"; and here lived the people "cursed by a warlike spirit" who, in the V century, threw off the yoke of Rome and chose native rulers to govern them.

Vannes still has "its mediæval memories," suggested by the Tower of the Constable,—scene of Voltaire's tragedy, "*Adelaide du Guesclin*," of Peter II's coronation, and of the convocation in which the Estates of Brittany, frightened and bought, announced "the death of feudality by voting the reunion of the province to France." It has some quaint houses, the old Prison Gate and the Gate of Saint Vincent, and the Square where, in 1380, before Duke John IV and the Duke of Buckingham, "five French Knights fought and vanquished five Englishmen," and where, less than forty years later, Saint Vincent of Spain preached in his mother-tongue to throngs of Bretons who "miraculously understood."

The city has been tersely and harshly described as a "dull place." Situated on a river, about ten miles from the sea, it has a modest "port"; the once terrible Constable's Tower now lends romantic variety to the



"THE EASTERN END."—VANNES.

view of the ramparts, the streets are clean and peaceful, and it requires imagination to picture the Place des Lices filled with thronging crowds and reverberating

with the sonorous sound of Saint Vincent's impassioned Spanish. Vannes is quiet,—yet there are many who would hesitate to apply to it the epithet “dull.” It could be more kindly and more truly called a pleasant town, comfortably picturesque, and mildly dominated by its Cathedral of Saint Peter.

Throughout its history, Saint Peter's seems to have been doomed to architectural mediocrity. Burned by the Normans in the X century, its reconstruction was attempted in the best of Gothic epochs, but within the next hundred years, it was again “tumbling into ruin.” Calixtus III, in 1455, spoke of it as “deserted and uninhabitable”; Pius II “exhorted to repairs”; Calixtus IV declared that, in his day, the Cathedral “had partly fallen”; and finally in 1514, Leo X wrote to the Vannetais in the same despairing strain.

Repairs and re-building followed in the XVI, XVII, and XVIII centuries; and the Saint Peter of to-day has a large western portal made in 1875, a nave of the XVI century, a choir erected in 1771, an eastern chapel which was commenced in 1536 and completed in 1637, and one short modern spire, whose companion is a tower of the early Gothic period surmounted by a new pyramid.

It is evident that the edifice to which the melancholy chronology relates can have little grandeur or harmony; and whether from the harbour, from the promenade of the Garenne, or from the ramparts, the Cathedral is unimpressive. The long, heavy roof, the northern

tower, pretty and stunted, and the dwarfed pinnacle which caps the trunk of the south tower and is scarcely higher than the façade, create cumbersome and monotonous outlines.

In nearer view, the façade appears as a good and unimportant structure composed of several styles,—with the dissimilar towers; a single portal in excellent, somewhat precise imitation of the XIV century type; above it, a balustrade, a terrace, and three well-modelled, pointed windows; another, higher gallery; and the pinnacle with its oculus and stone Cross.

The lateral walls are entirely without distinction; and the commonplace, Gothic plan of the transepts is not worthy of any detailed study.

An unfinished wall, the beginnings of an apse abandoned at the Renaissance, partially encircles the eastern end of the church and above this wall, behind the looming roofs of the transepts, rises the unpretentious, rounded apse of the XVII century, with its ugly, curved buttresses and its crenellated balustrade. Still lower, another structure, with straight, pinnacled buttresses and a carved balustrade of the poor, simple Gothic of a decadent era, looks as if it were a lesser apse, and is the chapel "in honour of Saint Vincent Ferrier."

Saint Peter's interior presents a number of confusing perspectives. The nave, perhaps the finest portion, is a big, vaulted, aisleless room, with a gallery and clere-story, and arched entrance-ways into a series of lateral chapels. With the exception of the elegant "dome-



"THE NAVE IS A BIG, VAULTED ROOM."—VANNES.

covered recess" in the north aisle, these alcoves are not noteworthy; and as in the exterior, the shallow transepts with their galleries and windows have slight æsthetic value.

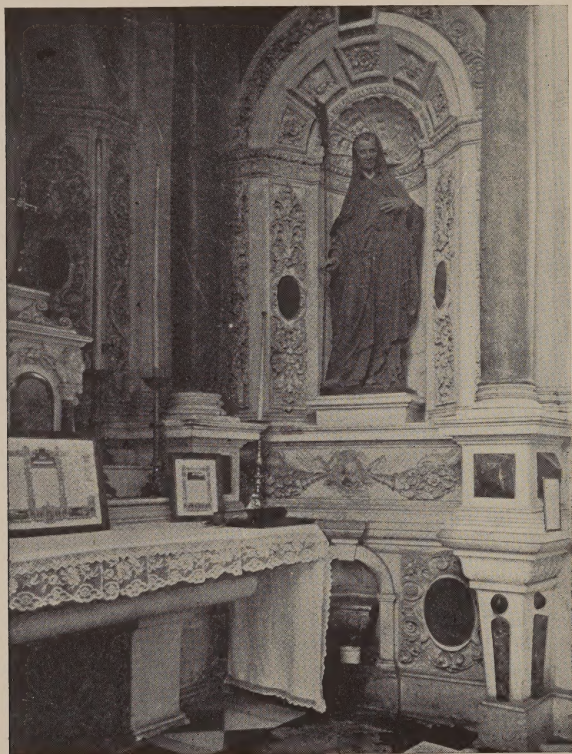
An insignificant choir lighted by round-headed windows, and the quaint ambulatory-walk offer great contrast to the hall-like chamber of the nave. To separate them, or to better enclose the High Altar, which is in the crossing, a kind of partition has been designed; and in the middle, it is pierced by a tall arch which permits the worshipper to see the Altar. On either side of the broad opening, a curious pillar-but-tress is crowned by a funereal, urn-like ornament. Smaller arches in the outer wings of the partition lead into the ambulatory; and



"ARCH OF THE CHAPEL OF SAINT VINCENT
FERRIER."—VANNES.

above each of them, there is a balcony and a traceried window. A more awkward "makeshift" cannot be imagined,—an evident effort to reconcile the unreconcilable.

Behind the choir, one enters into a "Romanesque" chapel, which has two windows; and further eastward, a slender arch opens into the XVI and XVII century



"THE BLESSED FOUNDER OF LANDÉVENEC."—VANNES.

chapel of Saint Vincent Ferrier, a long, white, impressive cell which seems to express in material form the Dominican's pure and austere ideals.

The quiet, isolated spot is not the grave of the Spanish preacher. His tomb has been placed in the

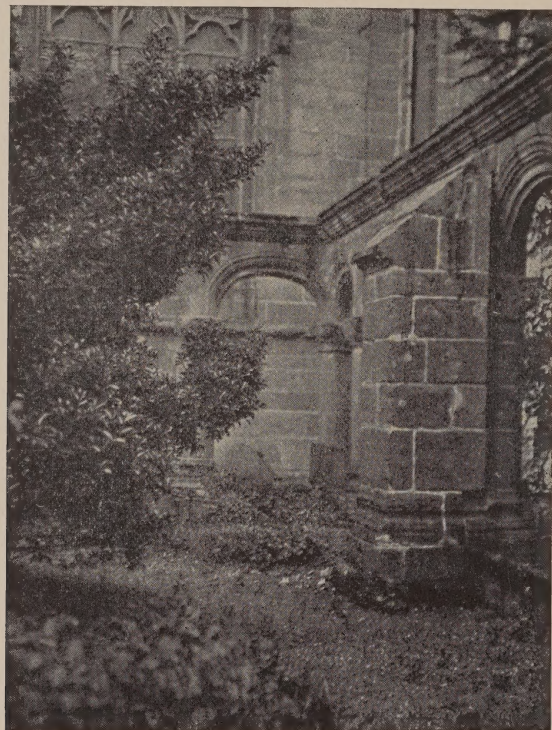
north transept, not far from the "glorious company" of holy personages who are buried in Saint Peter's,—Saint-Cadoc, Saint-Belo, and Saint-Guenuin, natives of Brittany, and the first Bishop of Vannes, Saint Paterne, who is invoked in time of drought. Here also is the tomb of Saint-Guenaël, who died in 504, and the memory of the blessed founder of Landévenec is further perpetuated by a statue representing him as an Abbot, "artistically, a model, and ecclesiastically a pattern for the young monk and the seminarist of to-day." This statue within, and the few, low, picturesque arches of the ruined Cloister which stand without, are interesting. But in spite of a few details that are gracious if not distinguished, the Cathedral itself is not a notable structure; on the contrary, it is scarcely more than architectural patchwork, "a poor building," writes Augustus Hare, "quite without beauty," and surpassed by many a parish church of the countryside.

Nantes.

The history of Nantes has thrilling and romantic pages; and in reading them, it is not difficult to imagine dramatic subjects for the walls of some Breton Pantheon, great and varied themes which might well have inspired the genius of a Puvis de Chavannes.

There is the advent of the good Saint-Clair in the III century, the picture of his preaching and of his converts, and, in darker background, the menacing onlookers

who remained true to warlike gods and were hostile to a religion of renunciation and peace. In the next picture, the hostile pagans have pressed forward in num-



"ARCHES OF THE RUINED CLOISTER."—VANNES.

bers and power, dispersed the Christians, and offered to their angry deities a bloody sacrifice, Donatien and Rogatien, native missionaries of the invincible, unwelcome Faith.

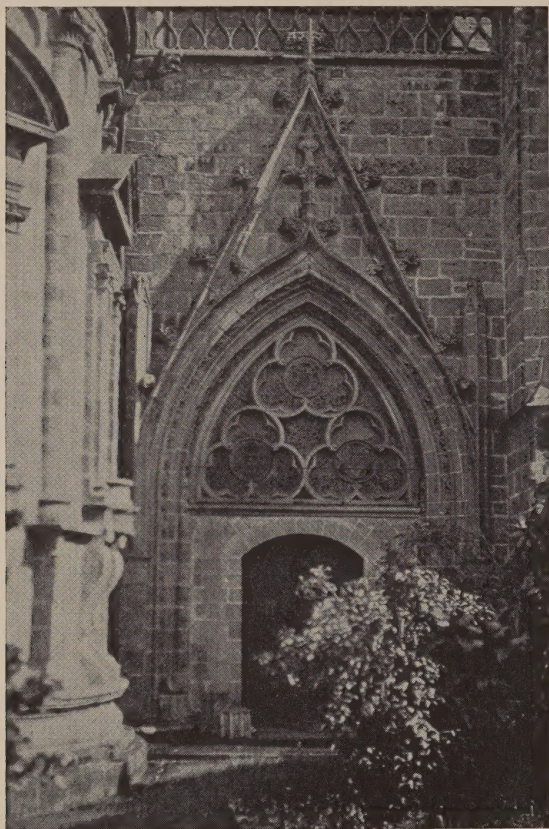
A few hundred years later, the city was invaded by foreigners of very different character, the ruthless

Normans. Timid burghers and townsfolk, deserting their homes, fled into the neighbouring fields; and their foes, after rushing through the streets, shouting, pillaging, burning, and overturning everything which they found in their path, sailed away laden with booty,—and Nantes was long left a mass of broken stones and debris, overgrown with roots, weeds, and straggling bushes. In the X century, Alain, “the Liberator,” led his Bretons into the deserted fortress, and was obliged to cut his pathway through a tangle of thorny branches; and when he reached the desolate Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul and saw its gaping walls, he wept, and praying for the aid of the Holy Apostles, vowed to make Nantes his capital and to build strong earthen fortifications about a new church.

The Middle Ages give the sequel to the picture of the Christian soldier kneeling among the ruins,—another Nantes with walls and Castle, celebrating the marriage of its Duchess with a King of France. The Renaissance gives a still stranger scene enacted within the sternly Catholic stronghold,—a keen-eyed, gay, and smiling King daring to sign that important document of the XVI century, the famous Edict which bestowed the protection of the Crown upon the “heretical” Protestants.

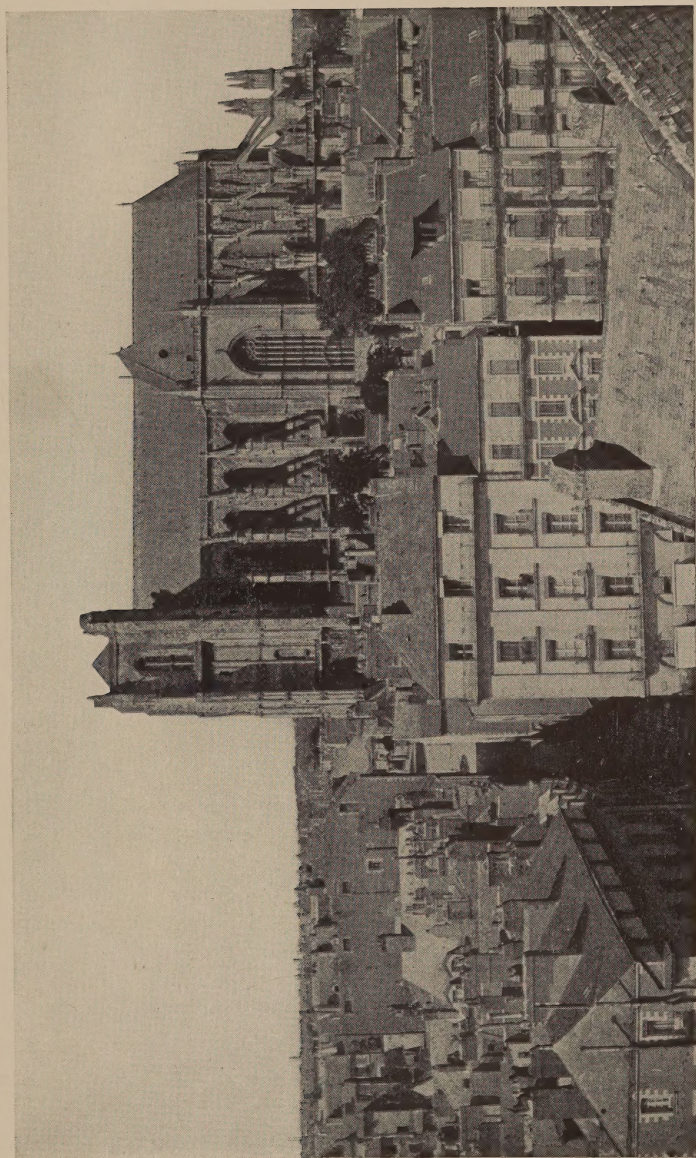
The local Revolution of 1793 and its atrocious horrors are described in the *Memoirs of Madame de la Roche-Jaquelin*. A hundred victims were sent to Paris, and escaped the guillotine only because they arrived after

the death of Robespierre; ladies were arrested, thrown into dark cells, and forgotten; drowning, a popular



"THE DOORWAY OF THE CATHEDRAL GARDEN."—VANNES.

method of execution, was grimly called the "republican wedding," and so many were condemned to this mode of death that "no ship could cast anchor in the Loire without drawing up a corpse."



"THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT PETER."—NANTES.

Of all these scenes, the Nantes of to-day shows little trace. Its large squares are bordered by modern structures and showy cafés, streets are filled with handsome shops, and filled, too, with the noise of the tramway; other streets are a succession of sordid shops and eating-houses; commercialism is rampant and the industrial struggle for life is insistent. French towns, generally, have kept their waterways beautiful, and several of the most charming perspectives of Paris include the banks of the Seine; but at Nantes, the Loire is the drudge of the merchant and the manufacturer and belongs to the ugly, "work-a-day" world; and it is typical of the city that the finest view of its mediæval Castle and Cathedral is obtained from the open space in front of a biscuit factory.

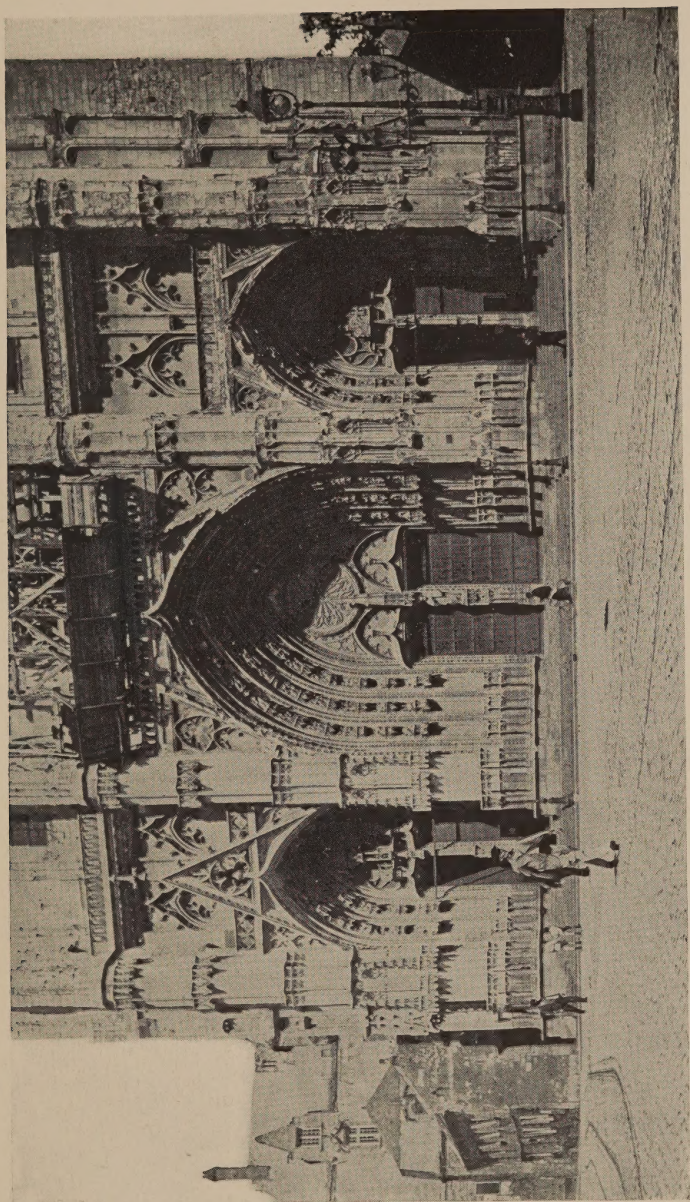
There are, happily, avenues of escape from the pervasive spirit of commercialism;—there is the lovely oasis of the Jardin des Plantes, the small public garden behind the Court House, the hill of the Hermitage, and the stately Cours Saint-Pierre, which extends from the river and past the Cathedral.

For the favoured inhabitants, there are also comfortable and magnificent houses and attractive lawns, hidden behind dull, high walls by a people who are intensely jealous of the privacy of their homes. Here live a folk whose existence the traveller may have divined as he wandered along the busy, dusty quais,—the "traders' families" of whom Michelet wrote, who, like the burghers of mediæval Nürnberg, have been

"distinguished through generations for slowly growing, honourable fortunes, economy, and the close tie of kinship, keenness in business which leads them to fulfil their obligations," and finally, "morals which are better than those of any other maritime port."

The stern presence of an unrelenting orthodoxy, for which Brittany is still noted, is not patent in Nantes as in the lesser towns which seem to cluster closely about their parish church, nor is it as marked as that of Rennes where the signs of ecclesiasticism are so numerous; yet, in the midst of the honest spiritual unrest and the blatant scepticism which affect all places that are invaded by "progress," Nantes is "Breton and Catholic." It has its cultured priesthood, and a few among the laity who are at once learned, broadminded, and devout; but its faithful burghers are too often the clumsy bulwark of an obstinate bigotry; and, behind their dull, high walls, members of the old régime, forgotten scions of nobility, continue to confound religion with the emotions of a fierce and impotent political fanaticism.

The Cathedral of Saint Peter, symbol of the Catholic Faith of noble, townsman, and priest alike, divides with the great Castle the attention of the archæologist. Except in its substructure, it is Gothic of the efflorescent, decadent period, the XV century; and it possesses, naturally, the essential characteristics of this late epoch,—a certain want of true unity and, at times,



"THE WESTERN PORTALS . . . DUE TO THE MUNIFICENCE OF THE HIGH AND MIGHTY . . . DUKE OF BRITTANY."—NANTES.

stiffness in guise of simplicity, and poverty of invention with profusion of ornament.

Unlike Quimper, Saint-Pol-de-Léon, and Tréguier, the exterior is its least admirable part, it needs much restoration, it is incomplete, and was not, even in conception, the best work of its creators. We read that "the towers and the west portals were due to the munificence of that puissant and mighty Duke, John V of Brittany";—the "frontispiece" appears to be "due" rather to the necessity of protecting the nave than to a bountiful "munificence," and the towers are low and ugly. The portals, on the contrary, have a weak and pretty exuberance of Flamboyancy. It is pleasant to study the delicate carvings of the vaulting and the traceried windows which fill the tympana; it is somewhat melancholy to see the mediocrity of the solitary, large figure, a modern statue of Saint Peter; and these mutilated western doors and the entrance-ways in the north and south walls of the towers have an artistic value which is comparatively unimportant.

The lateral walls are not more inspiring; and the apse, constructed in the XIV century and in consonance with the ideals of the early architects, has angular outlines. Its flying-buttresses are small and stiff, its severe, straight piles have been crowned with pinnacles, the arches of the tall windows and the balcony have been similarly adorned,—the plan seems to demand the adjective, "correct," and if, by some freak of destiny, a conscientious and intelligent Puritan or Quaker had



"ELABORATE DECORATIONS . . . AT THE THRESHOLD."—NANTES.

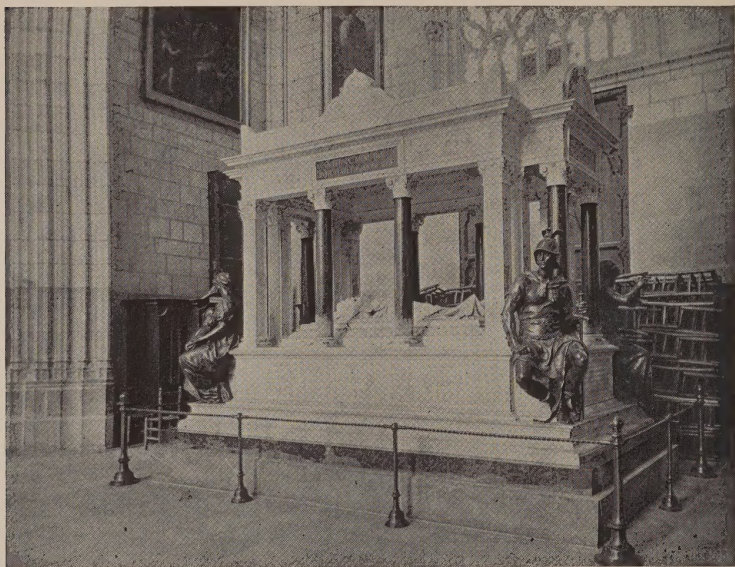
been compelled to build in the Flamboyant style, he would probably have reduced its lovely vagaries to the quiet orderliness of Saint Peter's apse.

The Traveller thought that in no church of France

was the light so searching and glaring as in the interior of Nantes. The little good glass in the shallow transepts and a little in other windows is scarcely enough to temper the crude, shadowless tones; every defect is thrown into clear relief; and the critical sense, irritated, tends to become captious. It would be, for example, impossible to deny that the elaborate narthex is out of harmony with the simpler and majestic forms of the nave, and that the arrangement of its ornaments lacks co-ordination. Yet the spiral staircase which leads to the organ and the vaulting beneath the loft have much grace; and in a subdued light, this kneeling Duke of Burgundy, these Patriarchs, Saints, and prelates in stone would be symbols of religion instead of imperfect works of sculpture, and would suggest the pious thought which prompted their creators to place them, as if in welcome, at the Cathedral's threshold.

Saint-Peter has two notable treasures,—the monument of Francis II, last Duke of Brittany, brought in 1817 from the pillaged Carmelite Church and placed in the south transept, and the tomb of Lamoricière in the northern transept. The contrast between the tombs is interesting because the one represents the Renaissance, the other, the XIX century; and because each is undeniably fine, a "masterpiece" of its particular type. Neither has the dignity of the pure Gothic ideal, where the tones are quiet whites or greys, and where details are subordinated to a principal theme, the dead in solemn effigy. Colombe's carvings, begun in 1502

after the sketch of the painter John of Paris, are executed in black, white, green, and red marbles. Figures of the Duke and of his second wife lie upon the sarcophagus, which is embellished with statues of Apostles



"A MASTERPIECE OF ITS SCHOOL."—NANTES.

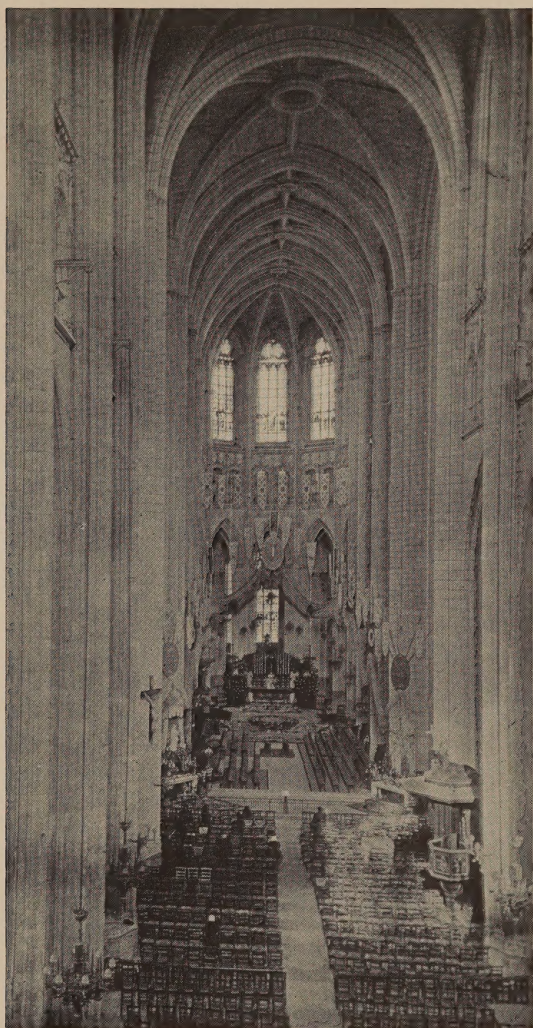
and Saints and "mourners." Very original and life-sized figures stand at the angles,—*"Justice"* presumably personified by the Duchess Anna, a sober-visaged, young *"Strength,"* *"Temperance,"* and a double-faced *"Prudence"* who may be judicial and is certainly *"calculating."* The general effect is somewhat confused, lacking in homogeneity,—the merit of the separate parts is quite remarkable.

The same lack of unity and the same degree of artistic force may be found in the later memorial, which was designed by the architect, Boitte, and Paul Dubois, the sculptor. The contrasts are broader, only black and white marbles were used, and as in Colombe's conception, admiration is excited by the greater details rather than the lesser whole, by the strong, kind Charity, the aspiring, inexperienced Faith, and above all, by the youthful warrior who is Courage, and by the aged and thoughtful philosopher, History.

The other "adornments" which have been given to the Cathedral have barely a tithe of the distinction of its tombs, and the architectural details, the chapels, and the little doors are not unusual examples of their Gothic epochs. The lancets of the southern transept, which should lend magnificence to the interior, have not enough stained-glass; and a section of the little crypt, which lies beneath the choir, has been converted into an episcopal burial-vault that is plain and practical. The larger portion of the subterranean church, with its aisles, its angular capitals, and its severe, squat pillars might have been restored to its ancient and pious usage, lamps should swing before a primitive altar, and worshippers should again be allowed to seek solace in its dim solitude, but its venerable age was not respected in the restoration of the XIX century, the exceedingly utilitarian ceiling of the modern builders has destroyed much of the character of the holy structure, and it is now left to dust, darkness, and neglect.

In the pitiless light of the interior, inherent defects become obvious. The long, narrow windows of the nave do not fill the clerestory, the pillars of the south aisle have capitals and those of the northern side are plain, and a decided imperfection is the excessive ornamentation of the triforium. It is vainly called "rich" and "elegant." Its small and almost rounded arches and their pretty, Flamboyant decorations are trivial, the windows of its outer walls are scarcely half the height of the arch, and one need only look at the bays which are hidden on either side of the organ to discover a triforium and a clerestory which would be more in consonance with the dominant style. They are also Flamboyant and perhaps also too ornate. Yet the arches are fewer and broader and taller; and the bays of the clerestory which rise above them, if lower than those which were subsequently constructed, are completely filled with glass; and the whole conception is literally "rich" and impressive.

The side-aisles and the ambulatory have the distinguished simplicity and elevation of the French Gothic, lofty chapels open into them, and there is a Lady Chapel which is not architecturally differentiated from its companions. All these large subdivisions are in harmony with the rest of the interior; and it is here, in the central nave and the Sanctuary, that the architects of Saint Peter's have achieved the best work. Their beautiful pillars are made of numbers of sharply cut, clustered columns; delicate columns rise, broken only



"A VERY WHITE AND LOFTY NAVE."—NANTES.

by slight, foliated bands, to the curve of the vaulting; and others, well-formed and exquisitely slender, reach unbroken, to its distant height. One dimension—the length—is defective; but in spite of the comparative shortness of the perspective, the impression which the aisle produces is one of noble simplicity and grandeur. It is a very white and lofty nave, and suggests asceticism in its most ideal form of seraphic purity and holy and exalted aspiration.

The year 1434, which saw the beginning of this new Saint Peter, recalls strange and sombre incidents in the annals of Nantes, the story of the “Blue-Beard” of the Renaissance, a horrible, farcical creature who would have graced the Thousand and One Nights, and the pages of some unprintable Latin book of the imperial decadence. The terrible hero of a terrible tale, Gilles de Rais, belonged to the nobility of Brittany. Intelligent, wealthy, and idle, he is a picture of the “gilded youth” of the period, and as has been well said, his life throws “a singular and sinister light on the moral history of the age.”

His biographer informs us that Gilles, when scarcely more than a boy, had a mounted escort of two hundred men, and a train of about twenty-five persons who “took charge of the religious pomps of his household and accompanied him in his journeys.” Among his chaplains, clerics, and choristers, the Lord de Rais distributed such ecclesiastical titles as he considered appropriate to their exalted service,—the chief Almoner

became by his authority a "Bishop," priests were made Canons and Archdeacons, and Gilles then wrote to Rome "to have the remarkable state of things recognised."

Besides religious and military splendour, he had manors and castles, "the most gorgeous furniture, the most sumptuous tapestry, . . . and his Hôtel de la Suze at Nantes eclipsed the Ducal Palace."

At twenty, he was wearied to satiety of the simpler pleasures of life; and although the outward tenor of his existence appeared to be that of a soldier, a noble favoured by his King, and a dutiful son whom Mother Church had made Canon of Saint Hilary's of Poitiers, de Rais had turned to a netherworld of insanity and dissipation, and here was the real life in which all his interest and strength were secretly expended.

Like another Doctor Faustus, he professed to desire "knowledge, riches, and power"; and, like Doctor Faustus, he "sold himself to Satan." Necromancers from Brittany and from Paris advised him; and he tried every art of sorcery,—the tracing of circles and figures at certain places and propitious hours, the melting of gold in magic furnaces, and the mad search for the Philosopher's Stone.

Since these efforts resulted in loss, the unhappy noble summoned from Florence a greater necromancer than those whom he had formerly consulted, Prelati, "nuncio of Satan"; and to aid the disciple of his cult, the depraved Italian suggested ghastly means of invo-

cation. Together, they prayed to Beelzebub, As-toreth, and other questionable "divinities," offered "conjurations recorded in human blood," and imagined ceremonials whose horrors grew more and more elaborate.

The Baron de Rais, in the meantime, continued to invite numbers of children into his household;—he needed them as choristers and pages, for a multitude of small services, and for the pageantry proper to a notable lord. "Little by little, it was noticed that the tiny boys and girls . . . disappeared." Often chosen from the families of the humble, carried in the performance of their duties to remote parts of the country, and taken first from this distant estate and then from that, the fate of the children was frequently unknown and hard to trace.

Rumours grew louder, and murmurs and complaints were muttered from Nantes to La Rochelle; but lowly folk were comparatively helpless, especially in cases whose supreme judge was also the supreme criminal, the Lord de Rais in person.

It seemed as if the impunity of the young noble would be undisturbed, until, in an evil day for himself, he "committed a secondary act of violence which infringed the ecclesiastical immunities."

The Church immediately awakened to his existence, the Bishop of Nantes considered the problem, the Inquisition offered its wisdom and redoubtable experience in aid of secular justice; and de Rais was brought

before a terrible trio of judges, the Grand Justiciar of Brittany, the Bishop, and the Vicar of the Holy Office.

Detail after detail, the revolting tale was told by the material evidence which had been discovered in the Baron's castles and manors,—sorcerers' robes covered with strange devices, the "mechanism" of necromancy, an iron boot, an "estrapado" used to "produce strangulation," an "immense broadsword" with which victims were beheaded, a hand of wax, and finally, the bodies and arms and heads of at least eighty victims; and it was conservatively stated that the prisoner, who was just thirty-six years old, had killed by hideous torture almost two hundred children.

Confronted by all the horrible proof, de Rais "tried arrogance and intimidation," but his judges had nothing to fear and the Grand Justiciar was equally beyond the reach of his threats. Gilles then thought best to humble himself utterly and to "ask pardon of God and man in offering himself to the expiation of punishment." It was the day of repelling reprisals, when the "Third Degree" or an American lynching of modern times would have been an ordinary or even a merciful fate. For heresy, there was the rack, the white-hot grill, the smoking iron, the stake, and many other excruciating tortures; and civil justice did not lag behind ecclesiastical ingenuity. The Baron was condemned to pay a large fine, and he and two retainers, his chief accomplices, "were to lose their lives as well."

Punishment being then a sort of judicial vengeance,

it would be natural to turn with horror from the pages which describe de Rais's miserable end. To burn the eyes which had seen his crimes, to have chopped off the hands which committed them, cut out the tongue which spoke the diabolic incantations, to have hung, drawn, and quartered the quivering body, burned it, and scattered the ashes to the wind would have been an ordinary procedure for the Middle Ages.

The Baron, however, was not a professed heretic, he was merely a blasphemer, not an assassin of Kings but a butcher of little, "common" children,—and if not altogether changed by these salient facts, his fate was arranged with care.

On the twenty-seventh of October, 1440, a procession formed within the walls of Nantes. Monks with arms folded and eyes downcast, priests, people, the executioner, and the condemned walked slowly through the gateway and out into the meadows. Here stood three stakes piled about with fire-wood; and before one of the stakes, a table had been set.

The onlookers, in multitudes, pressed about the scene.

Then Gilles de Laval was brought forward and placed upon the table, and the hangman fastened his neck to the pillar. The two accomplices were also bound, and placed on their piles of faggots. The priests prayed, the lips of the monks moved unceasingly, the Cross was held before the prisoners' dying eyes,—their last moment had come, and the crowd waited with bated breath.

The young Baron had asked to die first,—and the

table being removed from beneath his feet, he was strangled. "Whereupon the three piles were lighted"; and as the crowds became engrossed in the writhings, shrieks, and agony of the burning accomplices, the fire about the dead man was extinguished. "His body was given to the ladies of his family," and he was buried at Nantes in the Church of Notre-Dame des Carmes,—it was the XV century and he was a noble.



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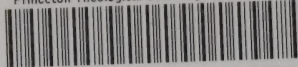
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